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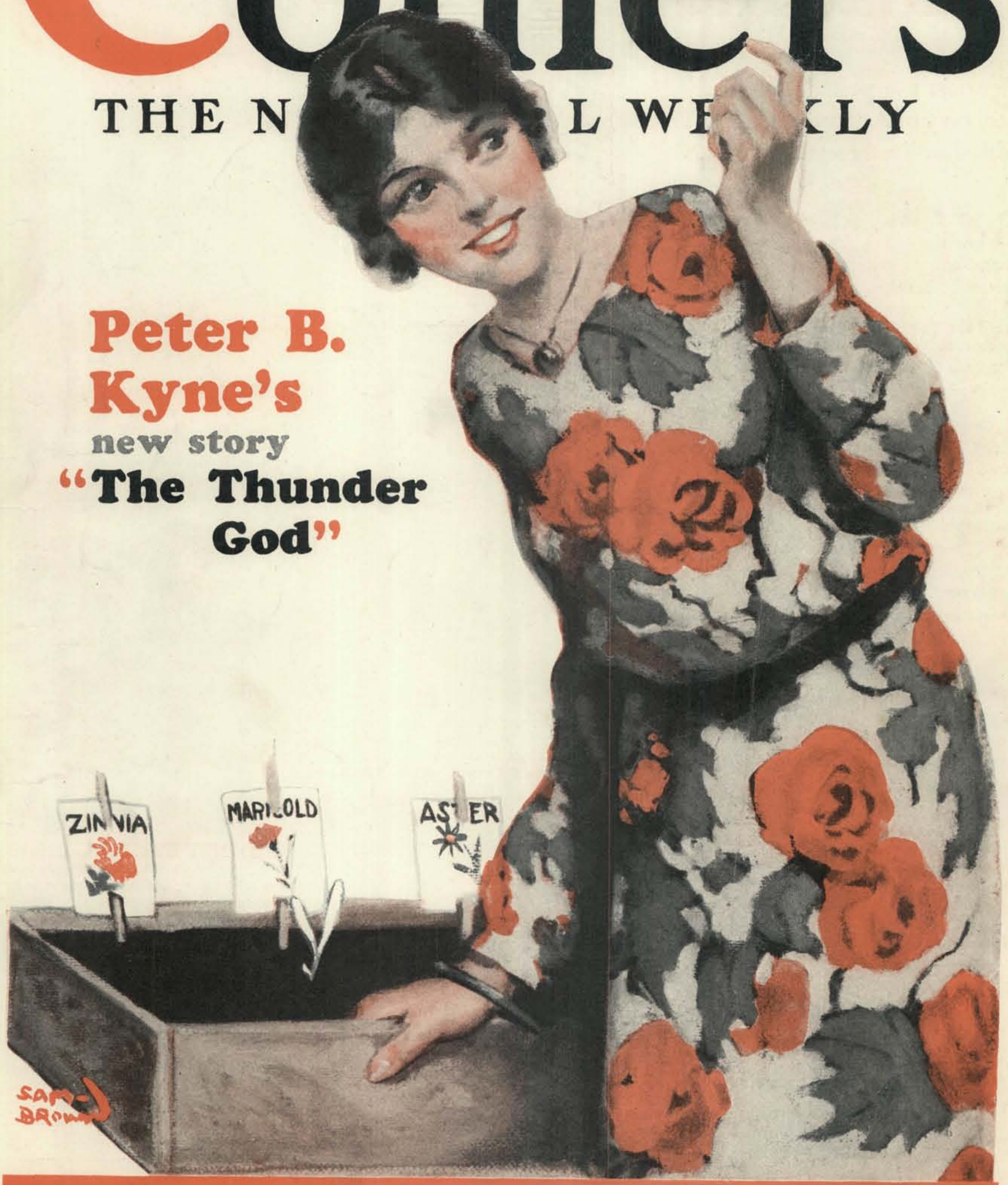

Peter B. Kyne's
new story
"The Thunder God"

"A Woman looks at Hoover" **By KATHLEEN N**

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May 5, 1928

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Where every house needs Anaconda Copper—*and why*

Contrast the permanence and economy of Anaconda Copper with shortlived rustable metals.

BEFORE you buy or build a home, you have this option. You can save a substantial amount every year or spend it unnecessarily for upkeep and repairs.

If the gutters, leaders and sheet metal work are Anaconda Copper, your expense is ended. Anaconda Copper cannot rust. It needs no repairs nor replacements.

If you use metals that rust, you have a temporary installation, for rust inevitably destroys. Repair bills result and eventually complete replacement is necessary.

Putting it bluntly, and based on an average seven or eight room house costing about $15,000, you can save $24.00 every year in unnecessary expense if you use Anaconda Copper in place of rustable metals. If yours be a mansion or cottage, the saving would be proportionate.

The labor cost of installing copper and metal that rusts is substantially the same. Anaconda Copper costs somewhat more—not a great deal—and the extra cost is soon offset by the yearly saving.

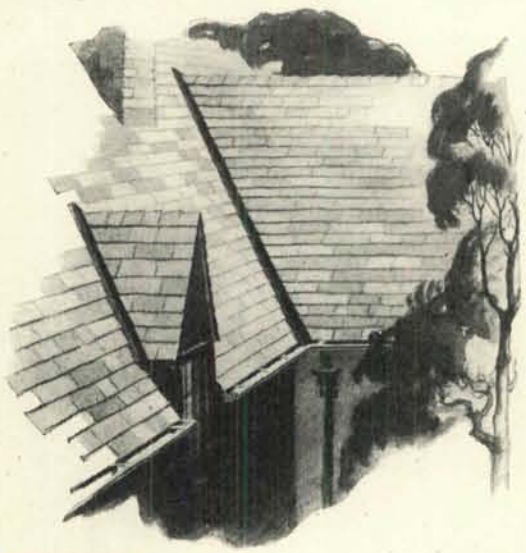
Sheer logic should warn you against the folly of installing rustable metals. Make sure Anaconda Copper is used on the house you buy or build. Look for the name Anaconda in the metal. It will pay you to insist.

May we tell you more about Anaconda Copper? Mail the coupon for a free copy of "Rust-proofed."

Sheet Metal Work of
ANACONDA COPPER

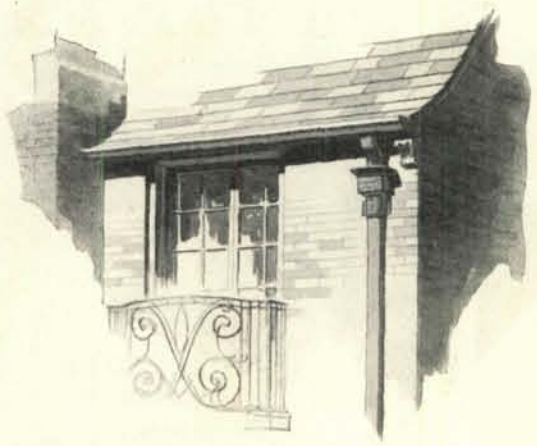
ANACONDA

GUTTERS: For permanence and fine appearance, nothing equals Anaconda Copper. It cannot rust. Leaky gutters let water penetrate eaves, often rotting wood. Leaks stain the side of the house. Rusted gutters are an extravagance—a makeshift.

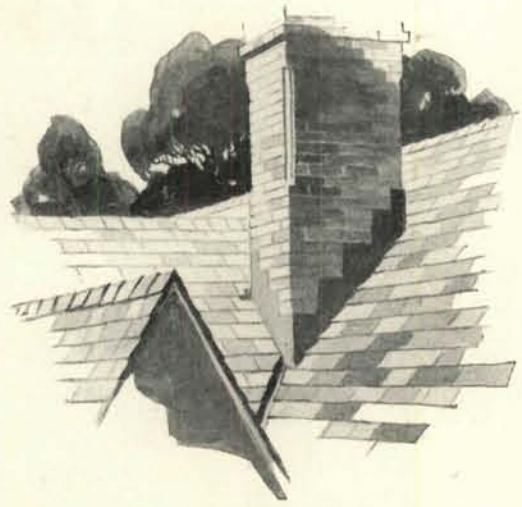


VALLEYS: The weak spots in any roof unless properly protected with rust-proof copper. Anaconda Copper lasts indefinitely. No painting expense. No ripping off—no mysterious leaks.

ROOFING: Dormers, bay windows, porticos, roofs—wherever elusive leaks can create damage—use Anaconda Copper. Repairs are doubly expensive at such places—usually whole sections must be removed and replaced.



RAIN-PIPES: For permanence and beauty, rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper are unequaled. Rustable metal is a constant expense and annoyance because it is so temporary. Frequent painting and repairs, eventual replacements. Rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper last as long as the house, and soon save the little extra they cost.



CHIMNEY FLASHINGS: Here is a leak spot many people overlook. Too many roofs built unwisely leak around the chimneys because of rusted metal. Flashings of Anaconda Copper, which cannot rust, are a protection from leaks. No damaged walls., No rotted wood. For a little more you can have Anaconda Copper instead of rustable metal.

C-94

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me booklet "Rust-proofed"—telling how to rust-proof the home.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

ANACONDA COPPER · BRASS · AND · BRONZE

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There's POWER to spare in this NEW USL

Remember the last time your battery was too low to start the car? Even cranking by hand wouldn't get it started. You probably wished you had a spare battery as well as a spare tire.

What would you have given then for a battery with 20% to 30% more starting power when starting is hardest? Wouldn't it have saved inconvenience, delay and expense?

The new USL battery delivers 20% to 30% more starting power, under adverse conditions. Many tests have shown as high as 54% increased power.

This means a margin of safety in battery performance that adds immeasurably to the satisfaction enjoyed by USL users. It means plenty of power when you need it most. You can count on the USL for that *extra* turn of the starter that will set your motor humming.

This new USL battery is the result of nearly three years of intensive research and field tests. These tests have definitely proved that the USL has this extra starting ability and, in addition, has not lost one iota of its recognized long life and dependability.

Your nearest USL service station can supply this new battery at prices lower than ever before.

BACK OF USL—

Four great factories—29 years of battery building—over 16,000 service stations and dealers—approval of the engineers of practically every car manufacturer—millions of satisfied users.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION
NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK
Other USL factories at Oakland, Calif., Toronto, Ont., and Sydney, Australia

USL auto batteries

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"Why can't we save some money?"

The question of saving money is up again in the MacNulty family. Last night they were at the family accounts long after the children had turned off the radio.

Lucille does not get the roadster. Mrs. Mac loses out on the fur coat. The living-room will not be redecorated this year. And the new electric refrigerator is put back a season, too. Will they hold to this Spartan schedule? Heavens, NO! They even overlooked the fundamental point in the whole discussion—money is saved by shrewd buying and not by going without the things that make life interesting.

But Mrs. Read, across the way, has found that out. Mrs. Read studies the printed pieces that come in the mails. Before she sets out to buy, she is fully informed on the exact difference in the products that the salesgirl puts before her.

Mrs. Read knows how to cut grocery bills by adding variety to simple foods and left-overs. A booklet told her.

Mrs. Read re-dressed her living-room with an inexpensive wall paper, a lacquer brush, and a few yards of cretonne. A booklet offered by a wall paper advertisement described just how good decorators set about it.

Mrs. Read knows how to dye a georgette blouse to an even tone, how to wash a sweater to prevent shrinking, and a dozen other tricks of the wash-basin. A brochure packed with the package of soap flakes told her. Mrs. Read is on the mailing list of the cosmetic manufacturers, the home furnishing companies, the fabric people. Not all the literature they send her is worth careful reading. But most of it is; particularly the printed pieces that come to her on good paper. Mrs. Read has found that good printing makes her dollar go further.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with the use of direct advertising have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or, write to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

Mrs. Read seems to have found the secret

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

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The Thunder God

A romantic story of love, hatred and adventure

By PETER B. KYNE

He held her hands, gazing down at her with a pleased little-boy expression. "It's a delight to meet you again, Gloria"

MR. BENJAMIN WHITTON signed the last of a stack of letters and pressed the call button to summon his secretary. He was looking at the clock when she entered.

"Eleven o'clock, Gloria," he confided. "Better get those letters in the mail and then vamose. It's Saturday, and in all probability I shall not need you again until Monday morning. Heraus mit you."

"I'm in no hurry, Ben," Gloria Justin replied. "Something might bob up before we close at one."

"If it does, it can bob down again, Gloria. You've worked extra hard all this week, so take a leaf out of my book and as the bird of time flies over you snatch a tail feather or two. How would you like to take a gallop in the park this afternoon?"

The girl's face lighted pleasurably. "I'd love it. With you, of course," she added.

"No, alone. I have a horse out at the academy, and he requires exercise."

"So do you, Ben."

"You're presuming to argue with your easy-going employer and ancient friend. I have other plans for this afternoon—and if you were the really kind-hearted girl you've always posed as being you'd exercise my horse for me."

"Oh, I will—gladly."

"Thanks. I'll phone the riding academy to have him ready for you at, say, two o'clock. I'm hung up here. Julian Grannis is calling."

"Indeed! I didn't know Julian was in town."

"Neither do I! I merely have a premonition he's going to call. I'm acting on it."

"How remarkable!"

"Nothing at all remarkable about telepathy. It's always been that way with Julian and me. Julian's mighty brain sends out an S O S for his old pal, and Old Pal never fails him as a receiving station. Julian's in trouble."

"How do you know, Ben?"

"Because I never receive his telepathic S O S unless he is. It may not be serious trouble, but it is of sufficient importance to him to cause him to wish to talk it over with me."

"I hope it hasn't to do with Mercedes, Ben?"

"I HOPE it has. Sooner or later Julie's going to have trouble with that wife of his, and the sooner the better, says old Ben Whitton, flicking the ashes from his cigar."

"Poor Julian!"

Mr. Whitton lighted a cigar preparatory to flicking the ashes from it, then leaned back in his swivel chair and fixed his glance on the chandelier. "Funny about Julian and me," he resumed. "The first time I had a telepathic message from him I was down in Sonora putting in an irrigation system for some American interests there. Julian was in Peru on a job for a big copper mine up in the Andes. All day long I had been bothered by a feeling that he wanted to get in touch with me and talk things over. So finally I cabled him: 'Well, get it off your chest. What do you want me to do?' "

Ben Whitton smiled reminiscently. "That was shortly after we had got into the World War. Back came Julie's answer: 'Want you wait for me stop then we'll enlist together in the same regiment stop starting home tomorrow.'

"Well, I waited for the boy. By the time he reached San Francisco I was all cleaned up in Sonora, so we each secured a captaincy in an engineer regiment and went across. Julian's digestion had gone wrong in Peru, and I discovered he was subject to attacks of acute indigestion. The jackdaw never would take care of himself, so I tucked away in my kit a can of bicarbonate of soda—acute indigestion can kill a man, you know, while one is thinking of sending for the doctor. Well, we were billeted in the same châ-

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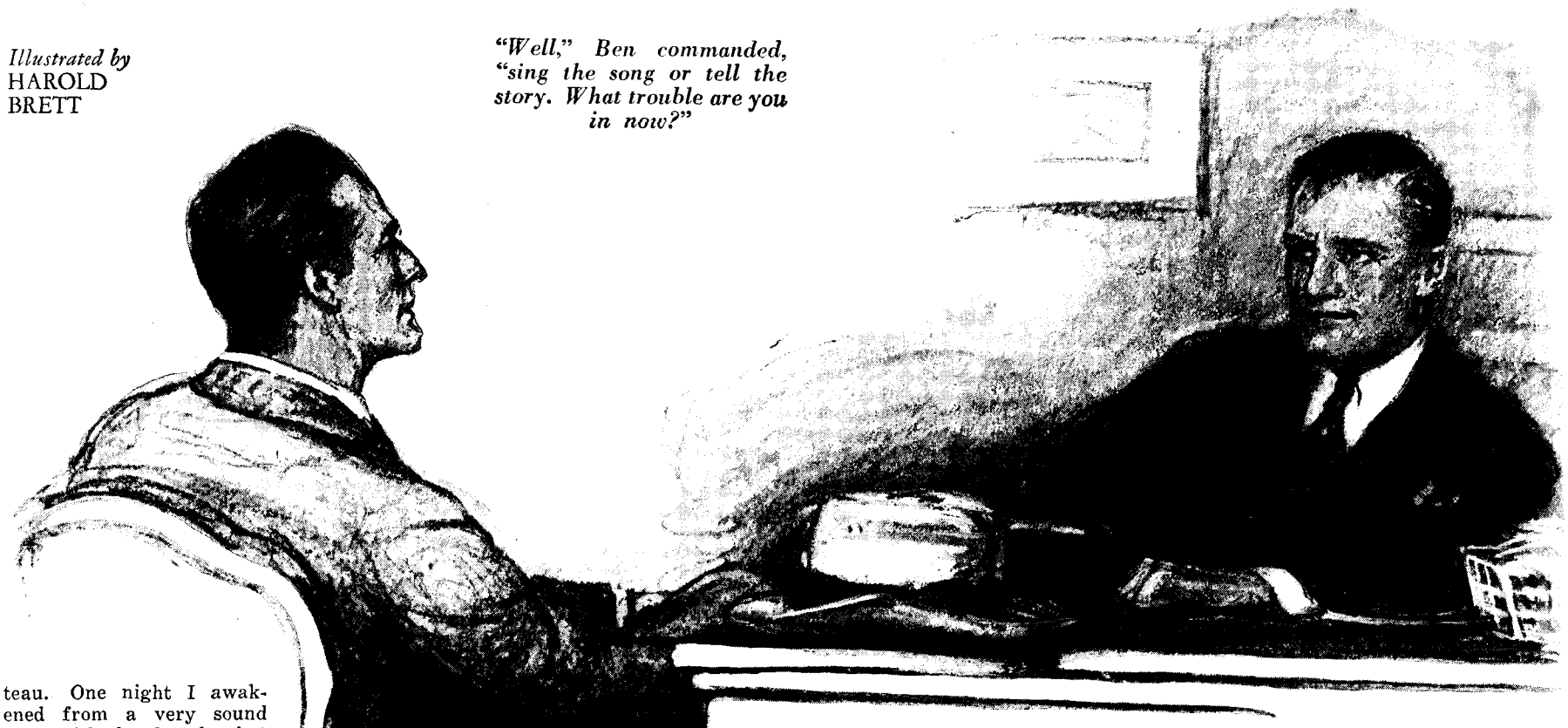
Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

"Well," Ben commanded, "sing the song or tell the story. What trouble are you in now?"



teau. One night I awakened from a very sound sleep with the thought that Julian had just called me in terror and distress. I listened, but heard no outcry and decided I had been dreaming. However, I couldn't go to sleep without making certain, so I popped into Julian's room, and there lay the idiot, all tied up in knots.

"'Julian,' I demanded, 'did you call me?'

"'No,' he replied. 'I wanted to, but it seemed indecent to disturb your slumbers. It's that confounded indigestion again.'

"So I mixed him a bicarbonate of soda highball and relieved him.

"In the Meuse-Argonne show he got knocked over and fell into a ditch among some bushes. He couldn't get out, and nobody came for him. But all night long he kept sending out his S O S for me, and I couldn't come. He was in that ditch three days, and all the time I knew he was alive, although listed as missing, which, in the case of a company commander, means, usually, that the missing one is dead. When we were relieved I went looking for him. Went straight to him like a setter after a dead bird, and got cussed for my pains. And now he's in trouble again. I feel it. But since he hasn't communicated with me, I know he's coming to see me, so I'll wait here."

"But he knows you will not be in your office after one o'clock on Saturday, Ben."

"He knows, my dear, that I'll be here when he wants me. It will never occur to him to remember this is Saturday. In all probability he thinks today is Sunday. Most forgetful man I have ever known." Ben Whitton sighed. "And I did want to go riding this afternoon."

A shadow darkened the ground-glass panel of Whitton's private office. Somebody knocked. "That's the old horse thief," Whitton declared positively.

"I'll bet you a dollar it isn't," Gloria Justin challenged.

"You cannot afford to bet a dollar so recklessly, my dear, and I am not sufficiently grasping to permit you to lose it. Of course that's Julian Grannis. Anybody else would go to the door of the general office. But Julian's a direct creature. He's got me on his mind to the exclusion of everything else; he always cuts across lots to his objectives. Open the door, if you please, Gloria."

The girl drew the door open and stepped back with it, thus shielding herself from the visitor's gaze. "Hello, Butch," she heard him say.

"Come in, Julian," Ben Whitton called. "I've been expecting you."

"Still the same old warlock. I'm glad you waited. Thanks."

THEY shook hands, and then Julian Grannis looked across at the door which Whitton's secretary was closing. "Why, hello, Gloria," he saluted her, his voice resonant with genuine pleasure. "What are you doing here, opening doors for Ben Whitton?" He leaped up and ran across the room to her with eager hands outstretched.

"It's so good to see you again, Julian. I'm Ben's secretary."

"Oh!" And that was all of his comment. He held her hands an appreciable moment, gazing down at her with a pleased little-boy expression. "It's a delight to meet you again, Gloria."

"Proves there's some balm in Gilead, after all," Ben Whitton interjected.

Julian Grannis released her hands with seeming reluctance, and stood lost in admiration. "We don't meet often enough, Gloria," he asserted. "This wicked world is always coming between one and one's old friends. Sit down, Gloria, and let's have a little visit."

"Some other time, Julian. I'm a business woman now and may not sit down and visit with the boss' friends when they call—at least not in the boss' office. Besides, I'm through for the day and am off on pleasure bound."

"But I shall see you on Monday, of course?"

"In the next office." She nodded to both men and left.

Julian Grannis gazed at the door a few seconds after it had closed behind her, then turned his head toward Whitton and, with an inquiring look, jerked it back again in the direction of the door.

"Old Justin blew up," Whitton replied. "Sunk three dry oil wells and couldn't pay for sinking the third. Now he's where the ivy doth entwine. Cirrhosis of the liver—worry. Gloria had to do something, so she went to a secretarial school and then came and asked me to help her find a job. Ordinarily it's awkward to have an old friend for a secretary, but trust Gloria to understand. She's a whiz-bang."

"You're a good old hunks, Ben. Always were, for that matter."

Ben Whitton shoved his humidor across the desk.

"Well," he commanded, "sing the song or tell the story. What trouble are you in now?"

Julian Grannis looked at his friend. He beheld a large man in the early thirties: a man with large freckled hands with hair on the back of them; a man with a heavy stern face; a man with a fighter's jaw and humorous eyes that nevertheless, for all their humorous glint, bored into one determinedly. He sat straight up in his chair, alert, seemingly ready for a spring at anything that might invite being sprung at. His hair was thick and ruddy brown—more red than brown.

Grannis hesitated an appreciable period, and Ben Whitton leaned a little forward. "Money? How much? I have some."

Grannis shook his head.

"Domestic?" Whitton leaned forward and placed his elbows on his desk.

"Partially."

"Tell Father!" The humorous gleam in the dark brown eyes increased. "How's Mercedes?"

"Oh, no change." Julian spoke in the mild tone of one who expects no change and is slightly amazed to think that anyone might. "I'm liable to have the battle of the century with Mercedes," he added regretfully.

"Well, I think that will be interesting—provided you'll fight. You dislike battle so."

"Yes, that's true. Fighting's foolish. Ben, I'm going to change my base."

Ben Whitton looked mildly interested. "Divorce?"

"Good Lord, no. I've quit my job, oldtimer!"

"That's serious, unless you have another and a better one. Have you?"

"All through working for the other fellow, Ben. I've learned all I wanted to learn as general superintendent for the Western Sierras Power Company. I've quit. I'm a capitalist."

"Well, I'm listening, Julian."

"A year ago my Uncle Jarlath popped off. You didn't know I had an Uncle Jarlath, did you? Well, neither did I until his executor got on my trail. Uncle Jarlath was a country banker in Missouri. He doted on eight per cent and deeds of trust. Well, he left me all he had to leave, the estate was settled last week and after selling out everything the executor mailed me a certificate of deposit for $652,408.02 United States gold of the present standard of weight and fineness. Need any money, Ben? See your Uncle Julie if you do?"

"THANKS, I do not. You're going to give me that money to take care of for you? You'd better. If you don't, some low white man will take it all away from you, Julie."

"Aren't you glad I'm rich?" Grannis complained.

"Why should I be glad? You could never be anything but rich, old son, because you were born without a sense of material values. A $50 suit of ready-

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made clothing pleases you quite as well as a $150 suit made to order by the best tailor in town! You regard clothing merely as something with which to cover your nakedness. With $10 in your pocket you're as rich as you're ever going to be with Uncle Jarlath's hard-won dinero; so I fail to see why I should enthuse over your windfall. Of course, it will mean a great deal to Mercedes."

JULIAN squirmed slightly. "That's where the shoe pinches. It isn't going to mean anything to her."

"Of course it will. I know Mercedes better than you do."

His visitor shook a tousled head. "No, Ben. It isn't going to mean anything to her because I haven't told her anything about it, and I'm not going to."

Ben Whitton sat up very straight. "Well, what a savage brute old dog Tray has turned out to be! If you'll take my advice, you'll tell her. She'll never forgive you such deception. Few wives would," he added parenthetically. "Avoid trouble and tell her, Julie."

Grannis clasped a thin knee in his long, thin, good-looking hands. "I'll be in trouble if I don't tell her, and I'll be in trouble if I do. She'll have plans," he added darkly. "Oh, all sorts of plans."

"I daresay. Although a single man myself, I've always heard that women enjoy planning things."

"Well, I have plans of my own, Ben."

"Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun," Whitton urged cryptically.

"I've always wanted a laboratory where I could work out some theories regarding the long-distance high-tension transmission of hydroelectric energy.

"The General Electric Company or the Westinghouse people might be induced to provide you with one, if you can convince them that you have a sound theory to work out. They are aware of your standing in your profession."

"No, they're endowing colleges for that purpose. Besides, I want a free hand. So I'm going to put in a plant of my own and fuss with it in my own way."

"You will, in all probability, spend your six hundred-odd before you solve your problem," the astute Whitton warned him. "Then you'll have to put your trunk on your back again and go looking for another job."

"Well, I can do that if I have to. See here, Ben, I'm set on this plan, and I can't have Mercedes vetoing it. What she doesn't know will not trouble her. Besides, I'm not going to invest all my money in experiments. It wouldn't be fair to force Mercedes to pinch and scrape all her days. No, it wouldn't be fair."

"What salary have you been earning, Julie, since you went to work for the Western Sierra people?"

"Five hundred a month, a nice house to live in, free telephone, fuel, automobile and automobile expense."

"How much money have you saved the past two years?"

"None."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Mercedes couldn't stand the mountain life. And I do not blame her. We lived in Madrone, which is a good-sized sawmill town about a mile from the power house, but the people there were dull and uninteresting—"

"Not to you, Julie."

"Of course not. Almost any kind of human being interests me. But to a woman raised as Mercedes has been raised—"

"Yes, I understand, Julie. So Mercedes has been living in San Fransisco?"

"No, Los Angeles. I managed to get down to see her over the week-ends about once a month. And of course one cannot maintain two establishments and expect to save any money. I didn't blame Mercedes, and I'm not blaming her now, you understand. To a woman of culture and refinement—"

"I understand perfectly. Where are you going to install your laboratory?"

"Somewhere on the outskirts of this city. I'll find an old deserted factory or brewery—cheap rent, you know."

"Mercedes will, of course, rejoin you when she knows you are going to live in San Francisco."

"She has already done so. She's at the hotel now."

"That's comforting to you, I daresay. And you have told her you are going to do—what?"

Julian Grannis smiled with a sort of little-boy wickedness. "I've told her I'm going into business with you, Ben. Whitton & Grannis, Civil and Electrical Engineers."

Ben Whitton smiled a little wistfully. "That is an association I have always wanted, Julie, but I fear it will not work out successfully."

"Oh, this is only going to be a theoretical partnership, Ben. It will not have to work out in practice. Just a blind to keep Mercedes off my trail, you understand, until I've worked out my problem of the high-tension transmission of hydroelectric energy over unlimited distance with practically no loss of energy in transit.

"If she should telephone, you can tell her I'll be back in five minutes and you'll have me call her up. Then you can telephone me at my digs and instruct me to telephone her. If you help me, Ben, she'll never know what I've been up to, and if I win I'll be a multimillionaire and she'll forgive me when she finds me out; if, on the other hand, I lose, she'll never know how close she came to doing a lot of planning. Am I your partner, Ben?"

"You know you are, Julie. I'll be your phonograph and your camouflage. At that, many opportunities will come through this office to bring you fat fees as a consulting engineer."

"Don't want 'em," Julie answered plaintively. "Not," he added, "until my money's all gone. Time enough to wear a collar again then." He drew a rectangular piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to his friend. "That's my fortune, Ben. Put it in your safe. Every time Mercedes sends my clothes out to the cleaners she goes through my pockets, of course—and I can never tell when she'll take a notion that my clothes require pressing and cleaning. She has to have everything just so."

"Well, she'll never succeed in having you just so," Ben Whitton rejoined with faint bitterness. "So that's all of your trouble, Julie?"

Julie nodded, hugely pleased with himself.

"Of course," Whitton, the practical, assured him, "you can make that legacy pay you five per cent net with safety—thirty thousand a year at least. That's a lot of money for you, boy friend. Almost too much. Before embarking upon this laboratory scheme I'd think long and hard if I were you. You have here the means with which to live in ease and comfort the remainder of your days."

"I couldn't stand idleness, Ben."

"Well, work if you must, but don't work too hard. Will you and Mercedes dine with me tonight, Julie?"

"Sorry, old man, but I suggested the same thing to Mercedes this morning. She was so sorry, but she had already accepted an invitation for us to dine with some friends of hers from Los Angeles."

"Well, then, some night next week. Julie, I hate to chase you out, but I think I have time to ride a few hours in the park this afternoon. You'll lunch with me, of course?"

"Of course. Come to think of it, I'm hungry too. I was so busy this morning I forgot to eat breakfast."

A passer-by heard him murmur, "Remarkable. I must visit Upsala"

BEN WHITTON chuckled softly. How like Julie it was (he reflected) to forget to eat breakfast and only remember it when luncheon was suggested! He locked the draft in his safe, and, as he spun the combination, queried:

"Who's your banker?"

"Haven't got any old son. Never have had. Mercedes does the banking for the Grannis family."

"That is, she has heretofore."

"Exactly."

"Hum-m-m! Julie, I doubt if you'll want to be bothered keeping your own accounts at that laboratory. You'll have to write letters, too, from time to time. You'll keep your accounts in this office, and Gloria Justin will be your secretary. For this you will pay her a moderate salary, which she can use nicely. Understood?"

"Delighted." (*Continued on page 50*)

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A Woman looks

Keystone

Kathleen Norris, beloved novelist, is a voter first, a Democrat second

Mrs. Herbert Hoover International

WE APPEAR to have reached, as a people, one of those crises in our history when our need—our urgent, solitary need—is for a MAN.

We do not need more money, more power; we do not need more legislation and more constitutional amendments; we are menaced by no foes without, threatened by no factions within. We feel no necessity for radical changes of policy, nor the installation of elaborate new machinery. We do not, like Germany, need friends; nor, like France, need babies.

No! But we do need someone at the head of our affairs who is wise enough to appreciate the advantages and possibilities we have and strong enough to use them. We need a man at Washington who loves America and believes in her; who loves decency and goodness and the law, and believes in them too.

Happy the nation that, in such a moment, can find him. Or rather, happy the nation that does not have to try to find him now, at this last moment, when the air is thick with the smoke of political strife and filled with the clangor of party issues! Happy the nation before whom he stands, appraised, tested, adequate, the people's proven servant for the people's hour of need!

For there is no superficial election-year excitement to color the opinion in which Herbert Hoover is held by the American people. He stands on firmer ground than that. No frenzy of campaign oratory is going to affect in the least our opinion of him, because we know him already. We have known him for years. We know his history, and we know what he thinks about some of the more vital questions that are before us just now. And, finally and fundamentally, we know that what he sets out to do he will do.

Who Wants a Mere Promise?

ABOUT how many of this year's possible candidates do we know as much as that, or one tenth as much? And how blind, how fatuous, how simple we would be to put mere Promise into office, when we could as easily put Proof!

Hoover is the only executive, as far as I know, who ever took the women of the United States into his confidence, and who, over his personal signature, enlisted their aid in a national crisis. Perhaps Lincoln did that at the time of the Civil War, but Lincoln was President then, and Hoover, when he called upon America's women, was comparatively unknown.

When the world crisis came in 1914 he realized that women, and housewives especially, play an all-important part in a great international combat. His signature—if you remember—came into our kitchens in 1917, and we looked up at it, as we substituted the rye muffins for the white bread, and said to it, in our hearts, "We're doing our share. You do yours!"

The fact that Herbert Hoover did do his share, first for the noncombatants of Belgium, and then for every soldier, every man, woman and child in his own broad country, belongs to the history of the World War—the happiest part of it—and to the history of the world. It is a thing of which we American women may eternally be proud. That during this most hideous conflict of all time—when hate and cruelty and stupidity walked the world unchallenged; when the choking, yellow fumes of gas were blowing straight into the young, eager faces of thousands of boys; when the gray submarines were scuttling silently away from the plunging collapse of laden ships—there was a big, silent, efficient American man planted in Belgium, fighting disease and starvation with American food, and fighting hate of the enemy with America's characteristic love for the suffering.

Why, what nation in the world ever gave a thought to the noncombatants before? What nation ever dared mix charity and goodness and common sense into a war? No note half so important to world welfare was ever struck by guns or sounded on bugles. The whole grim, bloody waste of life left no such impression on the history of the universe as did that quiet, tireless administration of what we all need first, no matter who wins or loses the wars—bread, and shelter, and a coat, and a friend.

If ever the wars of the world are to be ended, they will be ended by confidence, not distrust; by generosity, not meanness. In one simple act of kindness between individuals there lies a devastating power that reduces disputes, fear, quarrels to the empty things they are. Every philosopher who ever lived has expressed it in a thousand ways—that hate is a dead thing, subsisting upon material support, and that love lives.

If this is true between individuals, how can it be not true between countries and continents? And, granting that it is internationally, universally true, to what man in public office today—or likely to be in public office in the near future—can we point as having proved by his own life and influence and policy the soundness of that theory as Herbert Hoover has proved it?

He is a man who feels the suffering of the world with a personal pain, and whose life, almost since he grew to full manhood, has been quite simply spent in efforts to lessen that suffering.

A Marriage for Love

THE enemies of Herbert Hoover—and naturally he has them—have sometimes used that very fact to hurt him, or try to hurt him. Being absorbed in the work of the moment, whatever it is, he hears political and diplomatic buzzing only as a disturbing noise, utterly unimportant, outside the realm of his interest. And the probability is that he notes the flamboyant headlines a few days later—those sternly disapproving headlines as to Hoover's refusing to answer, Hoover's disinclination to commit himself—quite as little.

To talk to him socially is to approach a stone wall, a vague, gentle, absent-minded stone wall. He is always tired, at dinner or tea time. He listens, he looks at one thoughtfully; and meanwhile his mind is ranging far away. He is estimating the capacity of a cattle ship, the justice of a miner's working day and wage, or the question of primary-school lunches as related to small primary-school tummies.

His record stands back of that statement. In the first place, he really was a poor boy, and he really did make his own money, as an engineer—he made a lot of it. He married the girl he loved, and he still loves her, and their sons; lately a granddaughter and a grandson have been added to the circle, and I gather they are also popular.

Some years ago, when in his early forties, he had acquired plenty of money for his and his family's really very simple needs. So he retired. And then he began his public service, not to make money, to cut melons, to buy privileges, but to spend it for America.

He Never Failed Them

THIS isn't news. Everyone knows this about Herbert Hoover. He went in 1914 to Belgium, and, because America's women were right behind him, and believed in him, he not only made hundreds of important friends for his country but he saved thousands of lives. The bewildered, starving women and babies over there were his charge. Day after day they turned to him for food and shelter and friendship, and he never failed them—nor us.

It's a truism that Europe does not appreciate, and cannot appreciate, America's attitude toward unnecessary suffering. A certain government official over there once told me that it was only when American tourists began to swarm all over the place that Europe awakened to the fact that countries don't have to have diseased, starving beggars perishing in their streets and parks.

The traveler of twenty or thirty years ago used to be besieged by the whining scores of the destitute; it was the horrible experience of a relative of mine to see two patient, mute, huddled babies, on a doorstep in one rich, proud city, quietly dying, like two small birds, of hunger and cold. It was America, "materalistic, money-mad, dollar-hugging America," who taught them that there are ways of saving our little brothers and sisters such agony. And one of our conspicuous envoys was Herbert Hoover.

He managed the Food Relief in Belgium until America took charge of home supplies. And it was then that he walked into your kitchen and mine.

We know he did this. We know that sugar and meat were saved for the men who needed them—gladly and generously saved, economically and intelligently saved—and that we all made a game of meatless and sugarless and fatless days, because we were confident that we were really helping; that the

man who was at our head was not deceiving us.

In those days Hoover used to work sometimes for twelve hours at a stretch

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at Hoover

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

—this is no uncommon day for him now, by the way. When the heads of his different departments in the Food Administration used to report for duty at half past eight in the morning, he was not only there ahead of them, but he would have before him on his desk a hundred opened letters and telegrams, already assimilated. Sometimes he would tell these men and women exactly what problem was heaviest on his mind.

"I have got to have more wheat—we have got to fill up that ship. Where can we get it? You think it over, all of you, and come in here for a few minutes at three, and tell me what you've gotten."

They would carry away their sheaves of instructions, and the typewriters would begin to clack and the telephone bells to ring. And in the interstices of the crowded days—for he never keeps parasites about him, and he can detect them almost before they have hung up their hats and coats—in the interstices of the crowded days his helpers would rack their brains for ideas. Another dark-flour day? Has Kansas City any flour? Has Evanston—or Sacramento?

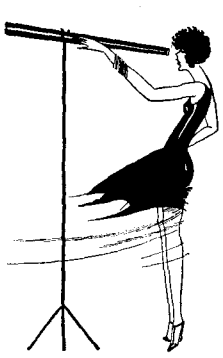
And in the end it was usually Herbert Hoover who had the inspiration. It was curious to see the lightning swiftness with which he would estimate any suggestion. He knew in sacks and pounds and ounces just what advantage a day of abstinence of any sort gave the nation. He knew just what he was asking when he asked for it.

They Know He is a Dry

SO MUCH is readily conceded. But there are other matters, things that have happened since the Armistice, of which the voting women of America are perhaps not so well aware.

For one thing, do they know that Hoover is a Dry—a law abider and enforcer by conviction as well as through loyalty? Most of the candidates are eagerly proclaiming themselves to be all for the law, as I write. Even though some of them frankly admit themselves to be wet in sympathy, and hopeful for a modification of the Volstead Act at least, with a possible annulment of the Eighteenth Amendment to follow, they hasten to add that while the law is the law it will be held sacred in their hands.

But this is campaign propaganda of the rankest sort, and it deceives nobody. Least of all the women who see in alcoholic drink the basic cause of nine tenths—no, not half, not three quarters, but nine tenths of the sin and suffering and sickness of the commonwealth, and who are heart and soul behind that particular amendment! The heroic experiment America made when she put that law into her Constitution must stand or fall, during the coming Administration, before the eyes of a watchful world—and it is not going to fall.

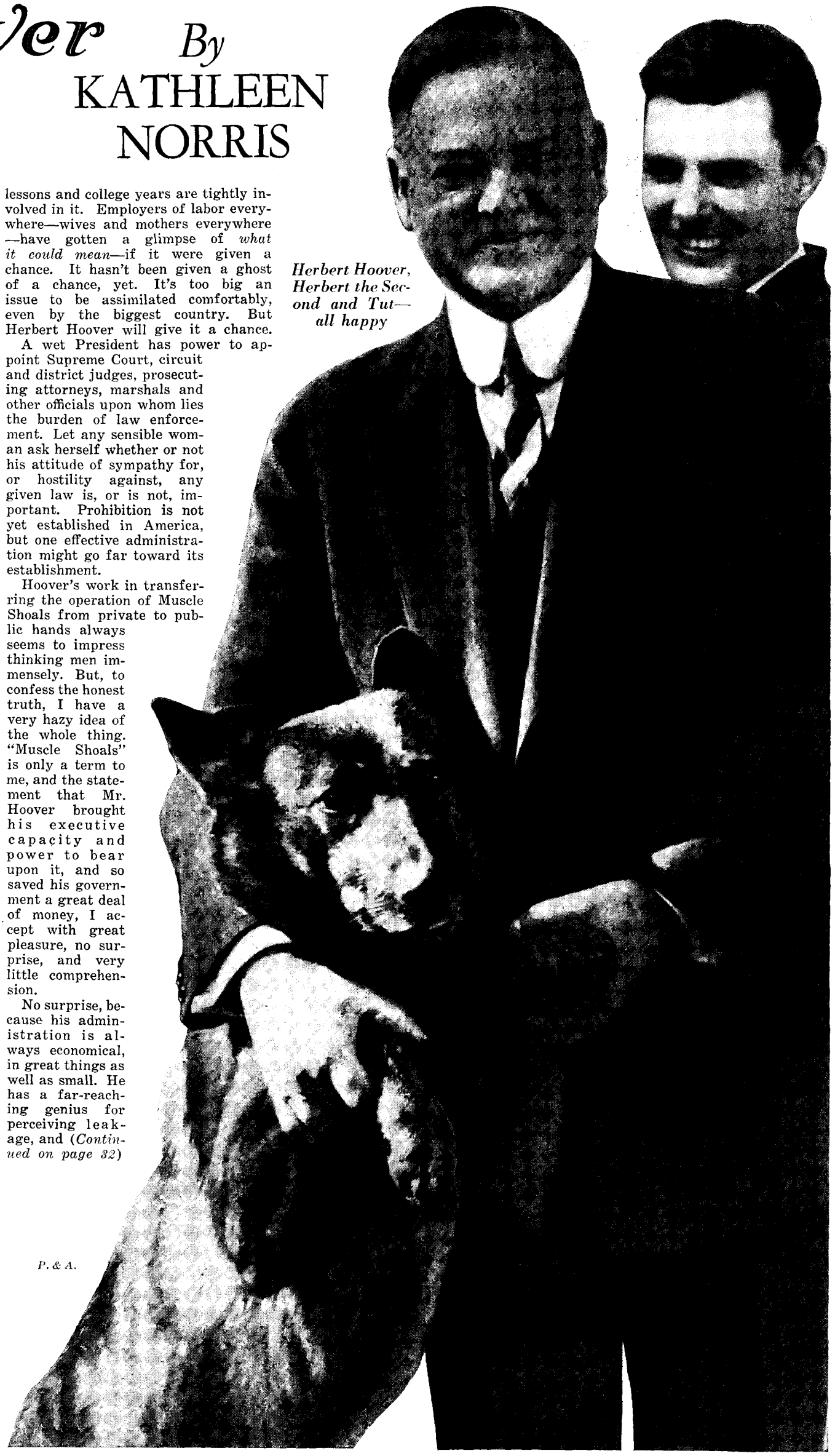


Unprecedented prosperity, unprecedented health, unprecedented national confidence have followed that amendment. Hundreds of thousands of little homes that weren't in the world ten years ago depend upon it. Millions of motor cars and phonographs and kitchen stoves and rugs and ice boxes and music lessons and college years are tightly involved in it. Employers of labor everywhere—wives and mothers everywhere—have gotten a glimpse of *what it could mean*—if it were given a chance. It hasn't been given a ghost of a chance, yet. It's too big an issue to be assimilated comfortably, even by the biggest country. But Herbert Hoover will give it a chance.

A wet President has power to appoint Supreme Court, circuit and district judges, prosecuting attorneys, marshals and other officials upon whom lies the burden of law enforcement. Let any sensible woman ask herself whether or not his attitude of sympathy for, or hostility against, any given law is, or is not, important. Prohibition is not yet established in America, but one effective administration might go far toward its establishment.

Hoover's work in transferring the operation of Muscle Shoals from private to public hands always seems to impress thinking men immensely. But, to confess the honest truth, I have a very hazy idea of the whole thing. "Muscle Shoals" is only a term to me, and the statement that Mr. Hoover brought his executive capacity and power to bear upon it, and so saved his government a great deal of money, I accept with great pleasure, no surprise, and very little comprehension.

No surprise, because his administration is always economical, in great things as well as small. He has a far-reaching genius for perceiving leakage, and (*Continued on page 32*)



Herbert Hoover, Herbert the Second and Tut—all happy

P. & A.

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Monkey Man

"Who made high, low, jack, gimme

BUGABOO JONES lay half asleep upon the foredeck, his head resting comfortably against a sack of sugar and his half-closed eyes gazing disinterestedly ahead at the ever-changing surface of the muddy river. The superstructure of the steamboat shielded him from the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, and the vibration from the engine rocked him like a cradle. Before sundown the John D. Grace would drop her plank at the landing in Vicksburg, and by moonrise the Rose of Sharon Baptist Church would be welcoming all who had fifty cents to satisfy the gate keeper of its benefit fish fry. Bugaboo knew, even while he lay in this state of comfortable inertia, that a solid four-bit piece rested easily in the obscure bib pocket of his overalls.

"Ef'n they's anything I likes," he soliloquized, "hit's catfish. Fried brown." He moved his big hand to the pocket and felt the reassuring outline of the half dollar. "And dey tell me de womenfolks at Sharon sho' do fry 'em brown."

That four-bit piece in Bugaboo's pocket represented one of his tricks. It had been a long time since pay day. Maybe two weeks. Pay day came and went for Bugaboo just like everything else. He would be flat broke for a long time, eating the regular steamboat fare and sleeping on deck at night without so much as a thin dime in his pockets and with no thought of what went on outside of his steamboat world. Then all at once the boat would land at New Orleans, the rousters would line up, and Captain Cooley would pay them off. There would be one wild joyous night "back of town" with women and liquor, and then pay day would be over until next time.

OCCASIONALLY Bugaboo had, without any personal effort, salvaged some loose change from the riotous night and bought sandwiches and pop at the landings. But this change never lasted more than a few days. And some way or other Bugaboo never was very happy with money in his pockets. He worried as to whether he should buy sandwiches and pop at Baton Rouge or wait until he got to Natchez and buy pork chops and sweet cider.

If anything ever came up that required money, he borrowed it from Elder, just as the other roustabouts did.

Bugaboo did not like Elder. Elder was yellow and small and disagreeable. Sometimes he whined, and sometimes he was overbearing. Always he was hateful. But he came in mighty handy when a boy's overalls suddenly got to a stage where they were unwearable and a new pair was required. All a man had to do then was to take Elder with him to the purser, make a cross on some writing which the purser made, and Elder would hand over the money. Then when pay day came again the purser settled with Elder. The rousters thought two for one was too high interest, but they always paid it, just as Bugaboo did.

The cherished four bits in Bugaboo's pocket was something more than admission to the fish fry, although that was enough. It was a trick Bugaboo was playing on the money lender. Bugaboo had it all figured out. Elder would know that he wanted to go to the fish fry, and he would expect him to borrow money to go on. That was where Bugaboo's trick came in.

The announcement of the impending fish fry still was fresh in Bugaboo's mind when Captain Cooley hauled off and had a pay day, and while he held his wages in his hands he remembered the price of admission would be four bits, and he grinned.

"Hit's a dirty shame to cheat ole Elder out'n two for one," he chuckled, "but he wearies me wid all his money tawk." And he slipped a fifty-cent coin into the bib pocket of his overalls and resolved to forget about it until time to pay admission to the fish fry.

Now that the event was so close at hand, Bugaboo decided to "devil" the money man a little. He looked about the sleeping figures on deck and spotted Elder.

"Hey, Elder," he called. "I hyars hit's gonter be a fish fry up at Sharon Church tonight."

ELDER sat up, and a business smile crowded the sleep from his face. "Sho' is," he confirmed. "You goin'?"

"Me?" Bugaboo's voice fairly dripped sadness. "You know how long hit's been since pay day."

Elder walked over and sat down by Bugaboo, ready to discuss business.

"Bugaboo," he said, "you know as long as I got money, you is too. I ain't got so much, but I reckons I c'd let you take enough to go to de fish fry on, scusin' how bad you wants to go."

Bugaboo imagined he could see Elder's fingers twitching in anticipation of the two-for-one loan, and he chuckled. Then he laughed out loud. And finally he rolled over and roared.

"You loves money too good, don't you, little ole money man?"

"Some fo'ks," Elder defended, "loves to run around de fish fries too. And dat costes money."

With an open razor in his hand there was Bugaboo Jones. "Whar dat monkey man?" he yelled

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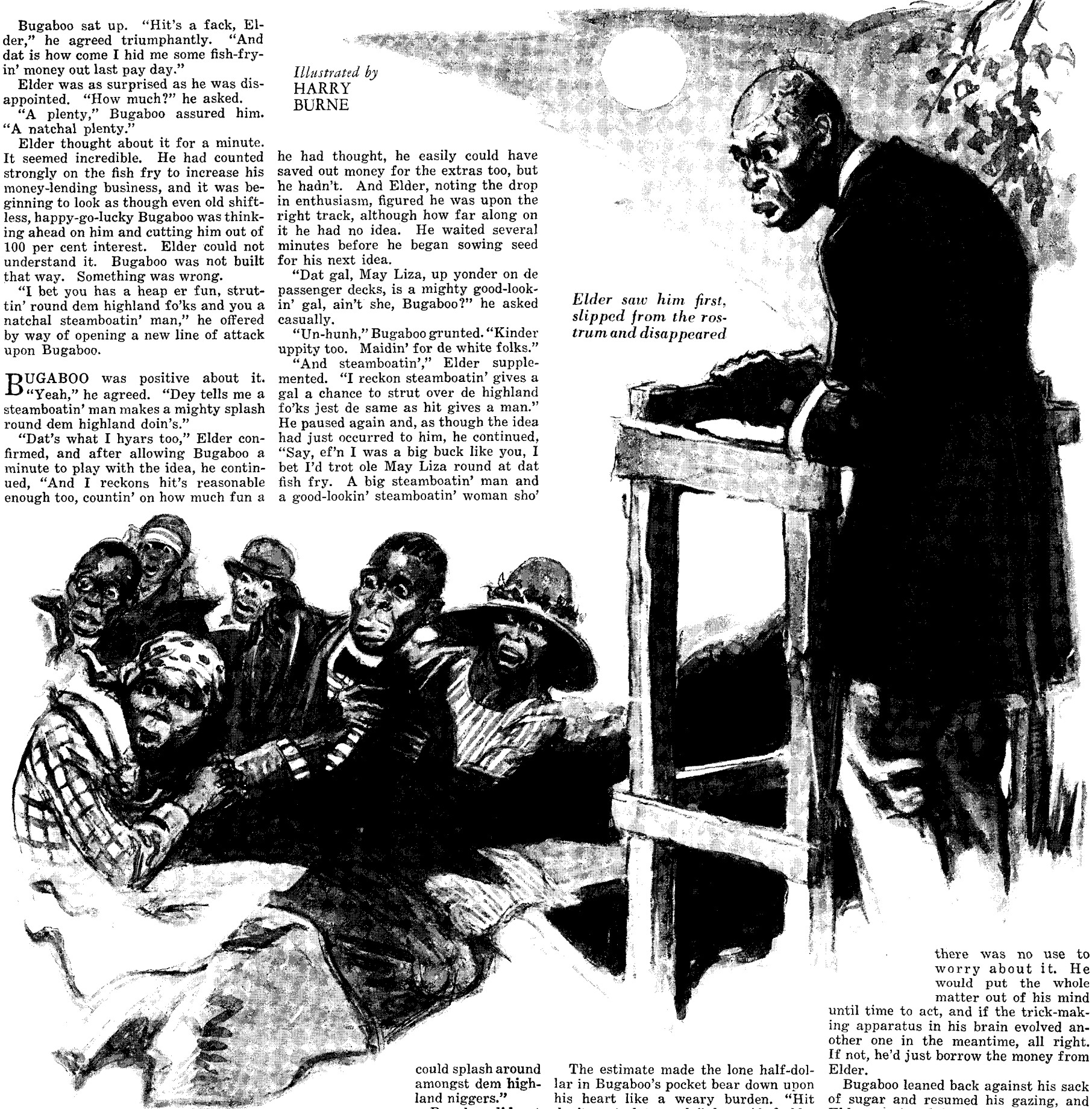
and de game at one lick"

By ROARK BRADFORD

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE



Elder saw him first, slipped from the rostrum and disappeared

Bugaboo sat up. "Hit's a fack, Elder," he agreed triumphantly. "And dat is how come I hid me some fish-fryin' money out last pay day."

Elder was as surprised as he was disappointed. "How much?" he asked.

"A plenty," Bugaboo assured him. "A natchal plenty."

Elder thought about it for a minute. It seemed incredible. He had counted strongly on the fish fry to increase his money-lending business, and it was beginning to look as though even old shiftless, happy-go-lucky Bugaboo was thinking ahead on him and cutting him out of 100 per cent interest. Elder could not understand it. Bugaboo was not built that way. Something was wrong.

"I bet you has a heap er fun, struttin' round dem highland fo'ks and you a natchal steamboatin' man," he offered by way of opening a new line of attack upon Bugaboo.

BUGABOO was positive about it. "Yeah," he agreed. "Dey tells me a steamboatin' man makes a mighty splash round dem highland doin's."

"Dat's what I hyars too," Elder confirmed, and after allowing Bugaboo a minute to play with the idea, he continued, "And I reckons hit's reasonable enough too, countin' on how much fun a man has." He began itemizing, "First hit's fo' bits at de gate."

"And all de fish you kin eat, free," Bugaboo supplemented.

"Yeah," Elder admitted, "fish is free. But de b'iled custard and de pop and stuff is a nickel each. 'Course a man don't has to drink none, but onless he do he ain't gonter he'p de church funds much, and ef'n he don't he'p de church funds he ain't gonter git friendly wid de church fo'ks."

Bugaboo said nothing. He had not considered that phase of it before. If he had thought, he easily could have saved out money for the extras too, but he hadn't. And Elder, noting the drop in enthusiasm, figured he was upon the right track, although how far along on it he had no idea. He waited several minutes before he began sowing seed for his next idea.

"Dat gal, May Liza, up yonder on de passenger decks, is a mighty good-lookin' gal, ain't she, Bugaboo?" he asked casually.

"Un-hunh," Bugaboo grunted. "Kinder uppity too. Maidin' for de white folks."

"And steamboatin'," Elder supplemented. "I reckon steamboatin' gives a gal a chance to strut over de highland fo'ks jest de same as hit gives a man." He paused again and, as though the idea had just occurred to him, he continued, "Say, ef'n I was a big buck like you, I bet I'd trot ole May Liza round at dat fish fry. A big steamboatin' man and a good-lookin' steamboatin' woman sho' could splash around amongst dem highland niggers."

Bugaboo did not even have to close his eyes to picture himself, with the good-looking May Liza clinging to his arm, strutting suavely around the envious landsmen and women. It was too much to resist.

"Hod-do-mighty!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't us stand 'em back!"

"You would now," Elder assured him. "And," he continued with equal enthusiasm, "I figures you could strut dat gal tonight mighty cheap too. Say fo' bits each at de gate is a dollar, and say fo' bits each for pop and stuff is another dollar."

The estimate made the lone half-dollar in Bugaboo's pocket bear down upon his heart like a weary burden. "Hit don't cost dat much," he said feebly, hoping to salvage a crumb of satisfaction from it all. "Nobody can't drink no fo' bits' worth of pop and not bust open. Two bits maybe, but not fo' bits."

Elder acknowledged that a couple could get by on a dollar-fifty, instead of two dollars, "do a man want to ack cheap." He calculated Bugaboo had a dollar, and 100 per cent interest on the additional fifty cents was better than no interest at all.

Bugaboo was sad. He knew he could borrow the money, but, then, his trick was spoiled. It was a pity. He had taken such pride in that trick. Still, there was no use to worry about it. He would put the whole matter out of his mind until time to act, and if the trick-making apparatus in his brain evolved another one in the meantime, all right. If not, he'd just borrow the money from Elder.

Bugaboo leaned back against his sack of sugar and resumed his gazing, and Elder, sensing defeat, sat in glum disappointment. The boat, avoiding the swift current, tacked from side to side of the broad river, cutting mile after mile off the distance to Vicksburg.

PRESENTLY the Uncle Oliver, loaded heavily, came churning down the middle of the current, bound for New Orleans. As the Oliver breasted the Grace the boats exchanged passing whistles and Bugaboo raised up on an elbow—and watched the spectacle.

"Down de river bound," he remarked.

Elder did not even grunt.

"Good runnin', (*Continued on page 34*)

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We Juliets

A Short Short Story

By DON MARQUIS

Illustrated by NANCY FAY

"You're in love now, girlie. Don't lie to Mops. And Juliet is from the inside out . . . it's you"

DREAMS and dust and heartache and illusion and triumph and despair—eternal childishness—the laughter of broken hearts—the substance of life bartered for its painted shadow—the gold of youth traded for the tinsel of artifice—the fleeting hour of glamour that pays for the years of defeat—the priceless recognition of the fellow artist—the undying faith in a future that ever recedes: God help and bless the people of the theatre!

They know these things; they know themselves, and no one else can ever know them as they are: special; set aside; dedicated; game to the last painful breath; full of desperate mirth and quick with new beginnings; foolish and fond and generous and hopeful. Levity and courage are theirs, always courage, courage and levity: masters of emotion and slaves of emotion.

God bless the mimes and troupers, and grant them the death they wish, a sudden death in the wings, applause ringing in their ears, and with a last word and a last glance to some fellow actor who *understands*—for who else *could* understand?

And if they could but only have before they die, all of them, one phœnix moment of victory soaring from the ashes of frustration! As Mops had.

"Girlie," wheezed Mops, "I heard what he said to you . . . and God knows the man's *right!* You aren't any more Juliet than my aunt's cat's pants are!"

Ellen Carter only sobbed. She knew she wasn't Juliet—knew it before Simms, the fat director, kept her after rehearsal to tell her so. But she *had* to be Juliet!

"But you can be," said Mops. "Listen—I'm going to *tell* you about Juliet!"

Ellen Carter looked at the shapeless asthmatic scrubwoman, the only person left in the theatre, who had surprised her in tears; looked at the sagging dewlap beneath her chin; the sloppy shoes; the red elbows and sagging cotton stockings; the bluish lips that betrayed a weak heart; the hands bitten raw with lye water. What could this poor creature, this Mops, this bedraggled backstage menial, palpably dying on her feet, tell her about Juliet? But she looked also at the clear, kindly gray eyes, and she listened; strangely, she saw something in them that *made* her listen.

"Listen, girlie . . . you got to start by forgetting it's *Shakespeare*, and that it's *verse*, and that it's *classic*, and that it's *famous* . . . you got to start with knowing it's just *girl* . . . young girl . . . and *love* . . . young girl, and sudden *first* love. You've been in love, girlie . . . you're in love *now* . . . don't you lie to Mops! I know dam' well you *are* . . . he comes for you nearly every evening . . . it's from the inside out, Juliet is, girlie . . . it's *you*. . . ."

Ellen listened . . . and her tears ceased. This was the first word of sympathy that she had heard. She *needed* it. Simms was against her. She felt it. Jeff Grosscup, the Romeo, was against her. Old Fred Enright, the veteran producer, who had given her the part, was losing faith; she saw it. And it meant . . . *everything*. She was only twenty. She had made a Broadway hit at seventeen. For two years, because of her beauty and her charm and her dewy freshness, she had been cast in good parts again and again. But the past year the critics had been more critical; the public had asked more of her; she had felt herself . . . slipping. If she failed . . . well, she was just about through. And there were the two kid sisters in school . . .

"Listen," wheezed Mops, "if you *are* in love—"

Ellen had told Tom Selby to go to the devil when he had said she would have to quit the stage when they married. *If* she was in love! She wouldn't quit a *failure!* If she *did* quit . . . but she'd show Tom Selby too! If she failed, she wouldn't marry him.

"Listen"—said Mops, and daily she said it for four weeks, after the regular rehearsals were over—"*listen*, girlie. . . ."

AND the night of the dress rehearsal, to which one of the most carefully hand-picked audiences in New York had been invited, Mops stood in the wings and murmured to herself: "Listen, girlie, you *are* in love . . . and it's *him!* . . . There isn't but one thing to Juliet, girlie . . . it's all *girl* . . . just *girl* . . . and you're *it*, and that mutt that's playing Romeo is *him!*"

Old Fred Enright stood beside Mops, and as the balcony scene came to a conclusion, he cried, not knowing to whom he spoke: "It hasn't been played like that since Katherine Engle played it forty years ago!"

"Hasn't it?" said Mops. And turned her face away.

"And that was Katherine Engle's *business* . . . with the *scarf* . . . with the *crucifix* she wore . . . with the *rose* . . . with the *lattice* . . . nobody but Katherine Engle *ever* played that scene *that* way!" cried old Fred Enright, while out beyond the footlights the house rocked with applause, and Romeo and Juliet took curtain after curtain.

"Nobody, Freddy, but Katherine Engle!" said Mops, shaken with a memory too bitter-sweet for words and a great ecstatic agony choking her weary heart.

Old Fred Enright looked closely at her then. He turned her face full into a spotlight. "*Kitty Engle!*" he said. And the old troupers stared at each other with a gaze that could only be interpreted by old troupers.

"Yes," said she.

"Jim?" he asked.

"Paralyzed. I'm a scrubwoman here now, Freddy."

"My God! Kitty Engle! *Scrubwoman!*" Then he pointed suddenly to Ellen Carter, where she stood crying in the arms of Tom Selby, telling him: "I just played it was *you*, Tom; I just played it was you!"

"*You* did that, Kitty!"

"Shakespeare and that Tom and I," said Mops.

"How," said old Fred Enright, "would you like to play the Nurse from next week on?"

"Considerable of a come-down for a Juliet," said Mops, "but just to oblige an old friend, Freddy, I will," she laughed—"even if it does take away my chance of dying on my knees!"

"And I *will* quit the stage, now that I've shown 'em—and shown *you!*" said Ellen Carter to her lover.

"But you won't, girlie!" said Mops. "We Juliets don't."

And the never-dying hope of the actor flared up in the ruined face again; the warhorse sniffed the battle once more: she forgot the leaky valves of her worn-out heart, and she plucked her faded skirt coquettishly above her cotton stockings and pirouetted—pirouetted into a spotlight—the foolish, brave old dying thing!

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The Prairie Prince

A STRANGE contest—the right to the title of "Buffalo Bill"—Brigham's last race—Caught by the redskins—A wild ride—Enter, Phil Sheridan, who likes our hero—Sad, sad story of a mule—The ride of rides—Off to save "Wild Bill" Hickok—Caught in a blizzard—Louisa gets a shock—A fight with Indians—Peaceful days, at last — Another Cody arrives — War again.

By W. B. COURTNEY

A SPOT of tawny prairie twenty miles east of Sheridan, in Kansas, was selected for the great buffalo-killing contest between the two Bills—Cody and Comstock. Toward it, shortly after dawn on the appointed day, rode the men of the prairies — a bickering, boisterous crew, each backing his favorite with oaths and dollars.

Holiday distinction was added when a special train steamed out over the new Kansas-Pacific tracks, bearing excursionists from St.Louis. For the first time the effete city had a practical chance to observe how the fringe lived.

Besides, there was an ancient appeal in the impending contest. It was the medieval joust brought down to a new world and a new age. Two knights of the saddle, buckskin their armor, and one with the incentive of his lady fair. For Louisa Cody, envied of the hoop-skirted and beribboned ladies, had come on the excursion train.

Over from Fort Wallace, at the mouth of Rose Creek on the Smoky Hill River, rode Billy Comstock and his cohorts, noisy with confidence.

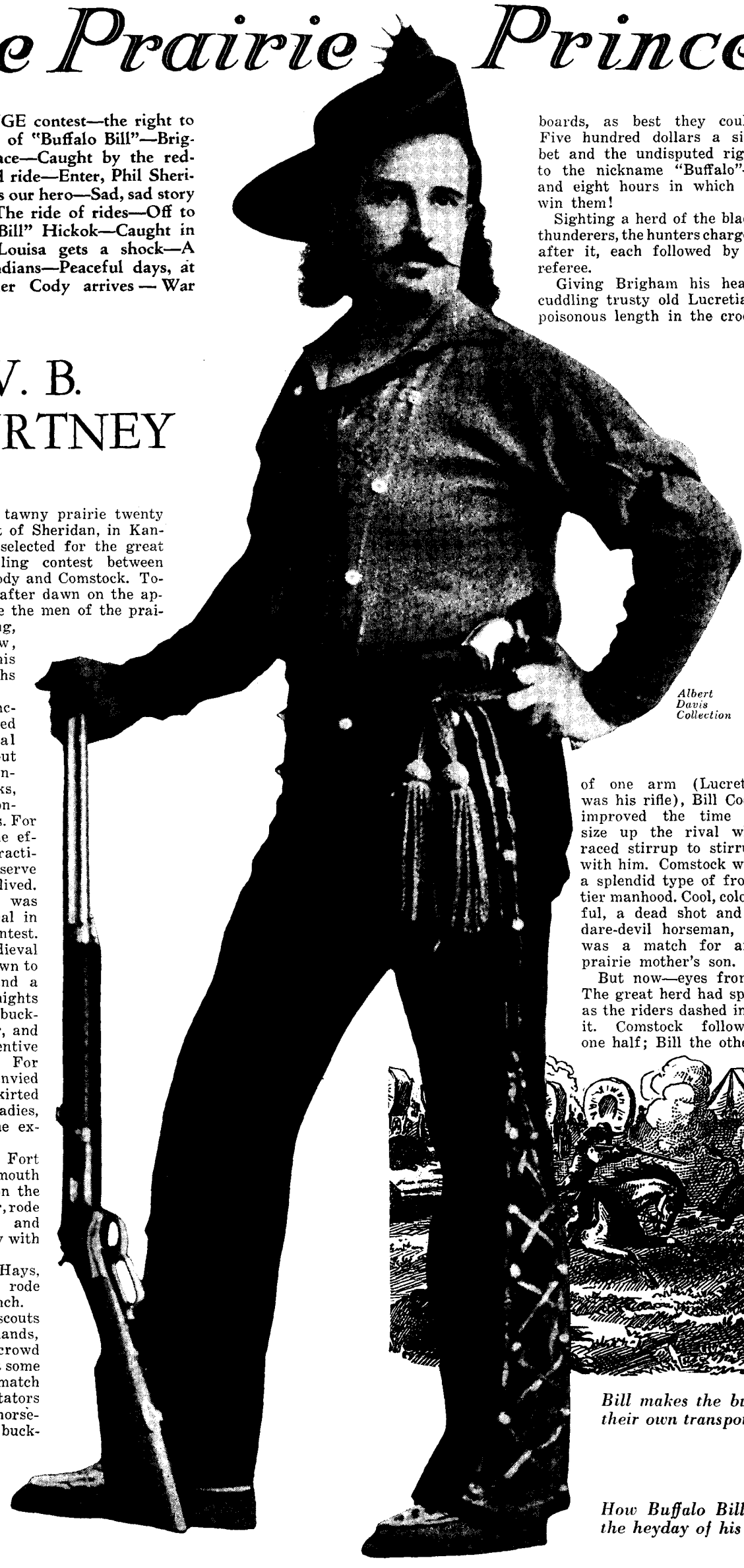
From Fort Hays, on Big Creek, rode Bill and his bunch.

The champion scouts met, shook hands, grinned. The crowd cheered—and bet some more. Then the match was on, the spectators keeping up on horseback, in army buckboards, as best they could. Five hundred dollars a side bet and the undisputed right to the nickname "Buffalo"—and eight hours in which to win them!

Sighting a herd of the black thunderers, the hunters charged after it, each followed by a referee.

Giving Brigham his head, cuddling trusty old Lucretia's poisonous length in the crook of one arm (Lucretia was his rifle), Bill Cody improved the time to size up the rival who raced stirrup to stirrup with him. Comstock was a splendid type of frontier manhood. Cool, colorful, a dead shot and a dare-devil horseman, he was a match for any prairie mother's son.

But now—eyes front! The great herd had split as the riders dashed into it. Comstock followed one half; Bill the other.



Albert Davis Collection

How Buffalo Bill appeared in the heyday of his public career

Using his favorite tactics, Bill threw a free rein to Brigham, who stretched his long nose and legs to the head of the herd and began to sidewipe the leaders, edging them off their straight flight until at last he had them coursing around and around in a small circle—the peculiar heaving gait of the buffaloes giving the whole mass the appearance of a shaggy, undulating whirlpool.

"Cody's doin' a lot of fancy ridin'," cried Comstock's backers gleefully, "but our Billy's doin' a lot of fancy killin'!"

It was true that Comstock had shot his way to a commanding lead. With his fast-shooting Henry rifle, which was of lesser caliber than Lucretia but could blast out more shots per minute, Comstock spattered death right and left until toppled buffaloes extended behind his herd on the prairie like a tail to a prostrate kite.

"Our Bill's just gettin' ready—now watch him open up!" yelled Cody's friends among the crowd, which was sweating to keep in view of the spectacle. Bill Cody made its efforts the easier.

For while Comstock stretched his kills over the horizon by dint of desperate riding and shooting, Bill nursed his buffaloes as coolly as a billiard player sets his balls. When he had them nose-to-tail to his liking, Bill began to kill off the leaders—shooting down, true as a plumb line, into the heart beneath each muscled hump.

As the leaders fell away the survivors naturally wheeled into smaller orbits, and when the referee signaled the end of the "first run" thirty-eight buffaloes lay at ten-yard intervals in orderly concentric circles.

Comstock had slain twenty-three—strung out over three miles.

"We ain't licked yet!" shouted the ardent Comstockians.

"You will be soon!" boasted the Codyites.

"Here comes another herd!"

Showman Born

THE fresh game proved to be cows and calves—much swifter in flight than the heavy bulls. Sprinting into the drove the hunters engineered a split—then resumed their personal methods.

In short order Comstock had fourteen of the quarry prongs down.

But the exultant yelps of his followers gave way again to bewilderment as Bill Cody etched another round pattern on the sands—this time made up of eighteen erstwhile frisky cows.

The score now stood fifty-six for Bill to thirty-seven for Comstock, and a general rest was in order for lunch.

"Had enough?" cried the merry Codyites.

"Not on your life!" yelled Comstock.

"Suits me," said Bill, smacking his lips over a bumper of champagne, "and I'll tell you what I'll do on the next run: *I'll ride without saddle or bridle!*"

And he did, scorning the apprehensions of the onlookers; sitting as straight and as steady on Brigham's back as though nailed to it.

The third run was after a small herd, and Comstock had to ride

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Bill makes the buffaloes furnish their own transportation to camp

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and shoot frantically to bring down nine buffaloes.

Brigham, meanwhile, poked another thundering eddy into life—for Bill to serve with death. Soon but one buffalo was left alive of the circle—a mammoth, fierce old bull.

A mad jest flamed in Bill's champagne-touched brain; his knees pressed a signal to Brigham, who instantly shepherded the buffalo straight for the buckboards.

A gasp—then a rustle of horror.

"He's lost control! The buffalo is running away from him!" shouted the plainsmen.

There was a huddled group of women, frozen with panic, directly in the path of the bolt of black lightning.

When its slashing hoofs were but a few yards from his own Louisa, Bill, with a wild shout, urged Brigham alongside the great bull and crumpled it with a bullet almost at the very feet of the ladies—to whom, from the back of his rearing horse, Bill now swept off his hat with a bow and a grin.

"Dedicated to the ladies, with my compliments!"

Sixty-nine to forty-six—Bill Cody had confirmed his right to be known as the one and only "Buffalo Bill."

Slow Liars Need Fast Mules

THE excursion broke up after a general gathering of buffalo heads for trophies. Throughout his later life, in hundreds of railroad stations and other public places all over the country, Bill was to see the mounted heads of buffaloes adorning the walls—selected monarchs of the thousands he had brought down while the railroads were pushing west.

Now the track-laying through Kansas was halted by an outburst of Indian hostility. The red man was beginning his last great stand against the trails of steel and the iron horses that rode thereon; and Buffalo Bill, chief of the white men, leaped for the gantlet.

Louisa and baby Arta were shooed hastily to the safety of Leavenworth. Then a queer catch in Bill's throat turned his attention to Brigham.

"Old friend, there's hot work ahead. The redskins mean business this time, as true as my name's Bill Cody. And it would break my heart to have an Injun bullet put an end to you—"

Bill could not afford to pension the horse. So thirty of the best men in Kansas, hand-picked by Bill for kindness, sobriety and known humanity, were given the much-sought privilege of paying ten dollars each for a chance on Brigham. Mr. Ike Bonham, of Wyandotte, Kan., was the winner.

Almost immediately after he reached home, and before his friends learned the identity of his purchase, Bonham rode the "poky-looking plug" to a horse-show tournament. A prize of $250 was put up for the horse that could first reach a point four miles away. Five of the finest thoroughbreds in Kansas, fresh from winning all the show prizes, were instantly entered. Then Bonham entered Brigham.

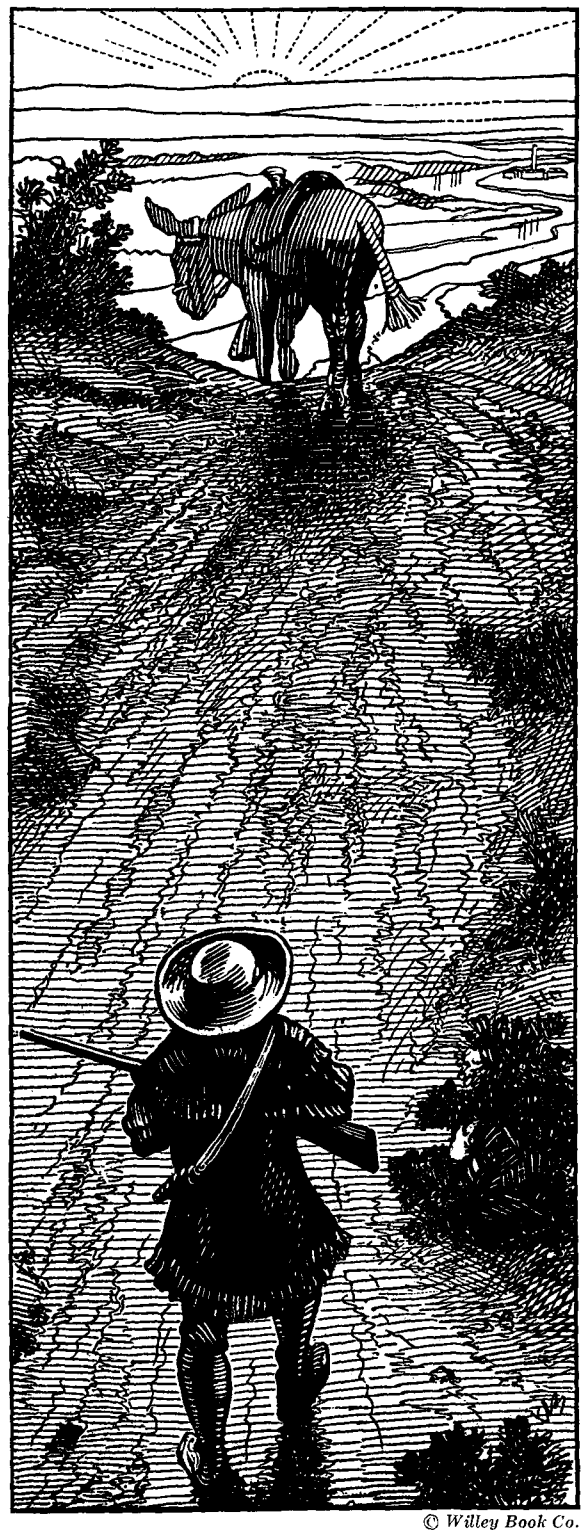
"It's a practical joke!" laughed the crowd.

The race started. Brigham clumped along genially for the first mile, the thoroughbreds lost in dust clouds ahead. Then, as his old blood warmed up a bit, he stuck out his long neck, and—well:

"Say," explained one jockey afterwards in awed tones, "the critter actually *yawned* when he passed we-all!"

Further west, where Bill Cody had gone, there were no sporting hours now; the war drums were beating and painted braves were dancing o' nights around council fires, while old men and squaws howled and signal smudges carried the message of bloodshed from ridge to ridge.

Bill reported at Fort Larned, on Pawnee Fork, near the Arkansas River in Kansas. Three hundred lodge poles of Kiowas and Comanches dotted the surrounding plain, where Chief Santanta and his advisers—Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Sittamore and other great fighters—made much furtive talk as to whether they should throw their tomahawks in with the warring Sioux and Cheyennes and Arapahoes.



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Long Ears kept just out of Bill's reach

General Hazen, at the post, endeavoring to quiet these moody Indians, took Bill as his special scout. One morning they started for Fort Harker. At Fort Zara, on Walnut Creek, two miles from the Arkansas River, the general felt that he could make the rest of the trip without guidance. So Bill turned back to Larned.

At Pawnee Rock Bill was suddenly jumped by a band of Comanches and stunned by a tomahawk before he could bestir his government mule.

When the wits came back to his aching head, Bill found himself before Chief Santanta. It would take a heap of lying to escape the torture stake!

A long and cautious account of how he had been out looking for food supplies which General Hazen was sending to Santanta and his people won Bill momentary release. But no sooner was he clear of the camp than his ruse was suspected and braves tore after him. Bill's mule was slow, and he barely reached the post ahead of the angry Indians' bullets.

Bill found the fort seething with excitement in expectation of a mass attack by the Comanches, who greatly outnumbered the garrison.

"You were lucky, Bill," said Captain Parker, in command, "to think of that cattle yarn. But for that little game your hair would now be an ornament for a Kiowa lodge!"

"Bill," spoke up Dick Curtis, chief scout at the post, "the captain is anxious to send some dispatches to General Sheridan at Fort Hays, and none of the boys seem willing to undertake the trip. They say they don't know the lay of the land well enough to find their way at night."

It was an assignment to give pause to the bravest. Hays was sixty-five miles north, across hard country where the hostiles were known to be sifting in force. And as night came on black clouds and jagged lightning were heralding one of the fierce midsummer storms of the prairies. Curtis, knowing the terrible risks, was unwilling to order any scout to go.

A Storm Anchor Holds

THERE would be no blame from anyone if Bill, like his mates, turned his face. But Bill welcomed every chance to prove that he was not an ordinary scout.

"I'll go, provided I'm furnished with a good horse. I'm tired of being chased on a government mule."

"Bill," said Captain Parker, eyes alight at the picture of a man's man unafraid, "you may have the best horse in this post. But are you sure you can find your way on such a night?"

"I can almost find my way by the bleached bones of the buffaloes I've killed," laughed Bill.

In the dead of night and storm, soldiers armed to the teeth against any rush from outside opened the gates of Fort Larned wide enough for Bill and his horse to squeeze through.

The wilderness in its most vicious moods reserves signs for its own. That night Bill Cody had to exhaust the secret privileges of his instinct. And just when he began to relax in the knowledge that he was well on his way, there came a sickening wrench—and crash. . . .

His horse had stepped into a gopher hole and gone down in a twisting lunge, throwing Bill in a somersault that landed him, stunned, many feet away. The horse struggled to its feet, and ran away into the darkness. . . .

Forearming against just such exigencies of the trail was what made Bill a great scout, however. The horse had not fled many yards when he was yanked up by a shock which also brought Bill to his feet, blinking, but alert enough to thank the stars that had led him to attach one end of his lariat to the horse's bridle and the other to his own belt!

His Pony Express Ride Outdone

FORGING ahead again! The horse's head was a restless blob in the murk under Bill's rain-filled eyes. Coming to a country of ravines and sudden turns and drops, Bill had to rein down to a walk, for there was imminent danger of plunging over a cliff. Bill, taking advantage of horse instinct for avoiding dangerous obstacles, let his mount pick its own way. But this was painfully slow and perilous because he was now where war parties roved thickest.

Suddenly Bill found himself in the midst of a herd of horses. A dog howled sharply. Startled Indian gutturals rasped on every side. He had stumbled into a hornets' nest!

Wheeling his horse, Bill ran for it. He heard the Indians mounting—pursuing. By disregarding the danger of galloping over treacherous ground, Bill was able to outdistance them.

The storm passed with the night. Just as the eastern horizon paled, Bill crossed the Smoky Hill River and struck the old Santa Fe Trail ten miles from Fort Hays. Reveille was sounding when he urged his steaming horse into the post and reported in person to General Sheridan.

No man ever lived who could better appreciate a horseman than General Phil Sheridan, dashing cavalry leader and himself the hero of a famous ride to the battle of Cedar Creek down in the Shenandoah Valley in the Civil War. He knew what that night ride from Fort Larned had meant, and when he learned the whole story he was filled with admiration for the young scout.

Bill's chief needs were food and rest. And he had enjoyed but little of the latter when he overheard some of the Fort Hays scouts talking:

"The general's r'arin' to get dispatches off to Fort Dodge. But that's a hundred miles of mighty ticklish goin'. I ain't hankerin' to make it. Neither is the other boys. Injuns got the last few scouts that tried to make the trip. They hang along the trail watchin' for the general's dispatch riders. It'll take more than the bonus the general is offerin'—"

Bill waited to hear no more. He thought of the many uses to which several hundred dollars of bonus money could be put in the little cottage in Leavenworth. He thought too of his reputation for going where others faltered. He presented himsef to Sheridan:

"General, I'll take those dispatches to Fort Dodge!"

The gleam in Sheridan's eyes was abundant reward in advance; and when the general personally selected the best horse in Hays, and started Bill off with a hearty "Good luck go with you, my boy!" the proud scout was determined to outdo himself.

Bill husbanded the strength of his mount through the long daylight hours. In the night he met a troop of cavalry and obtained a fresh horse. This enabled him to stage an extra spurt, which swept him into Dodge at nine o'clock.

Here he found important dispatches waiting to be carried to Larned. And, as at the other posts, the scouts were hemming and hawing over the risk.

"Give 'em to me," said Bill wearily. "Larned's my home post, and I want to get there, anyhow."

"Can you (*Continued on page 26*)

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Dear Sir:

"The streets are white with the bones of men who've broken under the strain of carryin' Senator Borah's correspondence"

Uncle Henry

"Mammoth movin' vans back up to his office every evening just to take away his epistles"

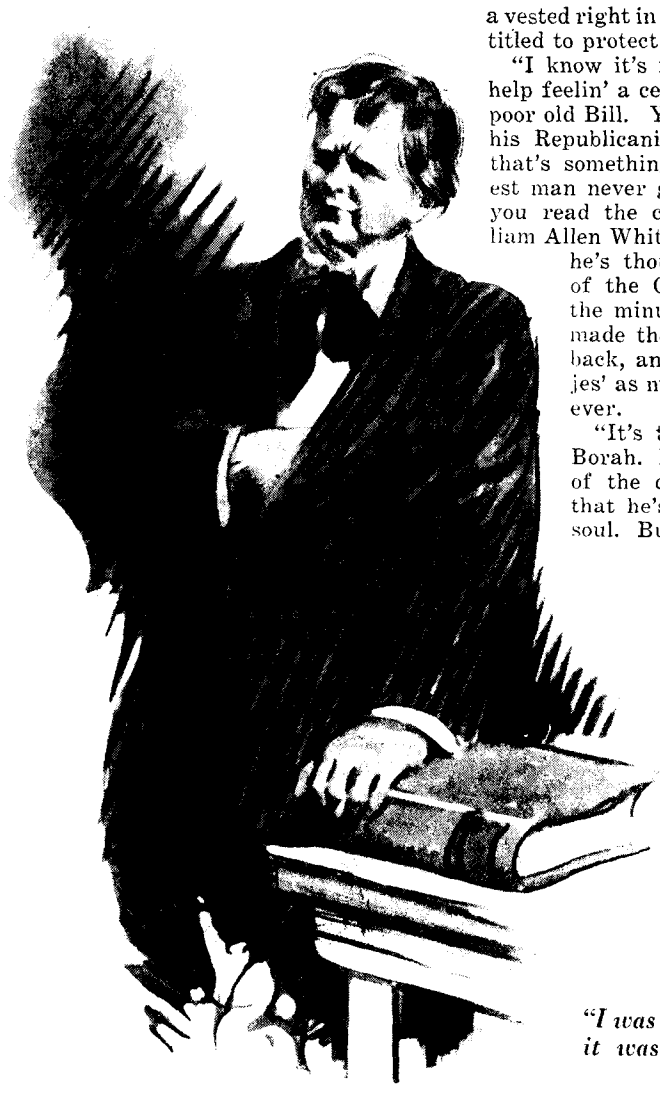
"OUTSIDE of St. Paul," remarked Uncle Henry, "who spent most of his life keepin' up a one-sided correspondence with the Ephesians, Romans an' Corinthians, I don't suppose there ever was a more energetic letter writer than good old Senator Borah. Eighteen mammoth movin' vans, tractor-drawn, back up to his office door every evenin' jes' to take away his epistles.

"An' it's not only Presidential candidates that he's bombardin' with his questionnaires. Last week I got a letter from him askin' me to tell where I stood on church socials, companionate marriage, the new Ford car, Christmas gifts, vivisection, the new styles in women's clothes, birth control, installment buyin', capital punishment an' facial surgery.

"Darned if it isn't a regular reign of terror. Postmaster General New is almost crazy, for the streets an' highways are white with the bones of men who have broken under the strain of carryin' Borah's correspondence. He's about the heaviest writer the world has ever seen. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he didn't get at least five more pounds to the letter than Cal Coolidge."

"What's eatin' him, anyway?" Mr. Stubbs demanded. "I don't see that he's got any right to be puttin' every candidate for President on the grill."

"No right at all," agreed Uncle Henry, "but a very intense personal interest. Senator Borah has jes' got to know where other public men stand on the burnin' issues of the day, otherwise he's liable to wake up some mornin' an' find himself in a state of agreement.



"I was out, but whatever it was, I'm against it"

For years Bill's labored to perfect his detached an' distant position—a vested right in isolation—an' is entitled to protect it.

"I know it's foolish, but I can't help feelin' a certain sympathy for poor old Bill. Y'see, 'Lonzo, he got his Republicanism in Kansas, an' that's something even the strongest man never gets over. Haven't you read the confessions of William Allen White? Time after time he's thought himself cured of the G. O. P. habit, but the minute a nomination is made the old cravin' comes back, an' he finds that he's jes' as much of an addict as ever.

"It's the same way with Borah. Right up to the day of the convention he feels that he's the master of his soul. But no sooner do the bosses come out of the back room an' announce the name of the latest Lincoln than poor Borah gives a low, despairin' moan an' ambles forward to cast his vote along with the Southern delegates.

"The worst of it is he never loses consciousness. I saw him in 1912 when Teddy Roosevelt took the Progressives for a buggy ride, an' again in 1924 when La Follette left the reservation an' pulled off his ghost dance. If ever a man wanted to go native, that man was William E. Borah, but although his heart was passionately willin', his legs refused to function.

"Can you wonder that he has made a study of isolation? That he can't find any position between campaigns that's too distant an' detached? It's his way of tryin' to forget, so the next campaign won't find him miserably beggin' for another shot in the arm.

"Until recently it was comparatively easy to play a lone hand, for in those Victorian days before the World War nobody thought it a shame to be *for* somethin'. All that Senator Borah had to do was to put one hand in the breast of his frock coat, lettin' the other rest lightly on the Constitution or a telephone book, wag his head profoundly, an' say, 'I was out of the room when the proposition was propounded, but whatever it was, I'm against it.'

Such a Wave of Modesty

"BUT nowadays *everybody* is against *everything*. Look at H. L. Mencken, who has risen to the highest position in American Literature—whatever that is—by darin' the world to prove that he was ever *for* anybody or anything. Or take the case of Jim Reed, Missouri's famous Cave of the Winds. He's runnin' for the Democratic nomination solely on the strength of never havin' supported a man or a measure.

"Bill's flooding the country with letters because as soon as he locates what everyone else is *against* he can decide what to be *for*—an' once again play the lone hand. Already he's spoken favorably of world peace, although keepin' his method such a secret that nobody has had a chance to agree with him.

"But I'm afraid he's not goin' to have very much luck. Never in all my life have I seen a campaign like the present one. It's more like a game of hide an' seek than anything else. As you walk along the street at night, an' see a man hidin' in a doorway or peekin' furtively out of a dark alley, there's no easy way of tellin' whether he's a footpad or a Presidential candidate.

"Back in the old days candidates ate an' slept right in the public square, but since this wave of modesty has swept the land not only does the office have to seek the man, but it has to employ detectives, get out a search warrant an' beg the services of a posse.

Nerve's the Word

"DARNED if I can make out what the idea is. Even when Herb Hoover broke cover an' announced that he could no longer resist the sobbed appeals of America's millions, he turned tail at once an' was last seen clingin' to some rushes at the bottom of a Florida lake that hadn't yet been sold for villa sites.

"Charlie Dawes, once the life of the party—a regular tomboy—has gone into the silence, an' can only be distinguished from the furniture when the furniture moves. Frank Lowden, that bluff dirt farmer whose voice used to ring out with all the effect of a clarion, now opens headquarters only to close them, an' is so secret that he even employs a silencer when drinkin' his mornin' coffee.

"Al Smith is far from bein' a shrinkin' violet yet at mere mention of the Presidency a burnin' wave of painful color suffuses his cheeks, an' he hides his burnin' face in the sofa cushions. McAdoo, Meredith, George, Tom Walsh an' all the rest are actin' much the same way. Jim Reed is the only one who has had the nerve to come out in the open. Nerve, by the way, is the right word used in the right place."

"What about Carter Glass?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "He's always impressed me as a good man."

"Virginia was once the Mother of Presidents," said Uncle Henry, "but of late years she seems to have gone in for birth control."

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The Five O'Clock Boy

The only reason Oscar Shaw abandoned soap peddling for the stage was that he wanted to woo a certain chorus girl. But why did he stay on? Well, just look over his fan mail

By HUGH LEAMY

Oscar Shaw took four years to make Louise Gale Mrs. Shaw

Florence Vandamm

SOME years ago a personable young man was going about ringing doorbells in what seemed to be endless rows of homes in Atlantic City.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he would begin whenever persistent ringing brought him the opportunity, "but would you mind telling me what brand of soap you use in your home? Ah, I see. Well, now, this brand which I am introducing contains no lyes, acids, or potash of any kind and is guaranteed to outlast one and a half cakes of any ordinary soap because our soap is hardened and well-seasoned."

At this point the worthy housewife would remark tersely, "Git off that stoop," or else, "All right, young man, I'll try three cakes."

It's safe to assume that the latter reply was the more frequent because you have only to watch Oscar Shaw go through one musical-comedy number to realize that he must have had what is quaintly termed "a way with women," from 'way back. Not that it mattered much to Oscar. He drew a flat salary of $7 a week and free soap, regardless.

This was an increase over his earnings during the previous season—his first after leaving school—when he had been a weight guesser at Coney Island. The professional weight guesser's income depends upon his ability to estimate your weight "within three pounds or no charge," and young Mr. Shaw was ever a poor guesser.

The soap business was not without prospects. Oscar Shaw might have remained in it for a long time, might even have achieved the dignity of a crew manager's post, had he not dropped in to see the try-out of a Shubert musical show at one of the Atlantic City theatres. It was The Mimic World, and to most of the audience there were a great many items in it of more interest than Louise Gale, young and comely chorus girl though she was. With Oscar the situation was just the other way round.

One-Sided Romance—At First

A KINDLY usher identified Miss Gale from the program's ample list of ladies of the ensemble. But that was all the headway the smitten soap peddler was able to make that night. He wanted to meet her very much indeed, but there didn't seem to be a chance. Not even when he quit soap cold and followed the show for its week in Philadelphia. Not even when he found that a former schoolmate of his (and, like himself, a native Philadelphian) was a chorus man in the show. So when the troupe finally hit New York, there didn't seem to be anything for Oscar to do but follow it there. It hadn't been in town a week when the schoolmate finally turned out to be of some help, after all.

One of the chorus men dropped out, and his Philadelphia friend introduced Shaw to the stage manager, who took one look at him and gave him a whack at the vacant job. And that, children, is one way to go on the stage.

It was the very next day right after Shaw's first rehearsal (and listen, if you're going to act skeptical about this, why, you might just as well be excused right now until this class is over), and the ensemble was racing down to the dressing-rooms after a number when a girl just ahead of Shaw slipped and fell. He picked her up. And who do you think—ah, ah, that little boy waving his hand in the last row? Right: it was Louise Gale.

That was in 1908. But it continued to be a one-sided romance for almost four years more. With nothing more in his mind than convenience in wooing, Shaw stuck to show business. It took him four years to do it, but he finally won the child in London, and they were married there in 1912.

Miss Gale is still Mr. Shaw's wife. She has retired from the stage, and from the looks of things there doesn't seem to be any hope for the maidens who flock around after the mid-week matinées to get Mr. Shaw to autograph their programs.

Meanwhile Mr. Shaw had moved up the scale through small parts until he had become quite a popular leading man.

"When I went into this thing," he told me as he slipped a sweater-cap over his intriguing black hair and began to dab on make-up, "I didn't pay much attention to it. All I wanted was to be near Louise. Then when I began to get the breaks and was given lines I said to myself, 'My gosh! There must be something in this business after all.' So I put my mind to it more and more, and I always tried to be ready to go on."

It was this ability to fill in in an emergency that got him his first part in Up and Down Broadway. In all he's been in almost twoscore musical comedies, some of them excellent, some of them not so good and some of them pretty goshdarn' terrible. The best of them included Oh Kay, Leave it to Jane, Very Good Eddie and his latest vehicle, The Five O'Clock Girl, in which he is co-starred with Mary Eaton. Also he's played in a number of motion pictures, notably The Great White Way, Going Crooked and Up-Stage, with Norma Shearer—and you ought to see his fan mail from those.

One thing that will surprise you about this musical-comedy leading man is this: he can't read a note of music. He doesn't know a do-ra-mi from a fa-soe-la, but once he's heard a number a few times he can follow it through perfectly so long as the music is there.

"If you were to ask me to sing a number from our show right now," he told me in his dressing-room, "I'd start off great, but after a few bars I'd wander right off into nothing—or worse. I've got to have the music with me."

A Flock of Potatoes—Oh, My!

WHILE his voice is excellent and his dancing pleasing, it's his personality that puts the lad over. If you'll notice, you'll see that he seems happy in everything he does on the stage. He can reach 90 per cent of the women and youngsters in any audience—and a surprisingly large part of the men. This last is rare in a musical-comedy male. But it's because even in his love scenes he carries with him some flavor of the golfer, horseman, tennis player and boxer that he is around his home in Great Neck, Long Island.

At times Shaw looks not unlike the Prince of Wales. Indeed, one movie reviewer making mention of a newsreel in which the Prince appeared remarked that His Royal Highness looked as much like Oscar Shaw as ever.

The rumor (occasionally circulated by a jealous escort) that the glittering Shaw teeth are phony is false. I can introduce an affidavit from his dentist.

In addition to the athletic hobbies already noted, Mr. Shaw likes to eat. But alas: "I (Continued on page 53)

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Great Grief!

Decent burial of her imaginary husband is just one of our merry widow's lively woes

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

By CHARLES BRACKETT

Vicky had plenty of time to prepare: Lizzie was the slowest of created beings

The Story Thus Far:

VICKY BOND returns to Chatfield from Paris to find that Mrs. Edith Viereck, prospective divorcée, whom she detests, has wormed her way into Vicky's own circle and that Dolly Tillinghast has been nice to her. Dolly and Vicky are intense but not inseparable lovers, for Vicky wants her own way. Vicky teases Dolly about Edith till, in a rage, he calls Vicky the most exasperating woman in the world and goes on a yachting trip. Next day the papers announce that Adolphus Tillinghast has been married at sea.

Smarting under the sympathy of Edith and others, Vicky says she was married first—to a master bootlegger, Clovis d'Auvergnat, alias Frederick Brown. It turns out that it was another Tillinghast who got married, but Vicky must see her lies through. "Be discreet," she warns her absent maid Hester. "Will explain when I see you," her nearest relative, Gennery Bond, is told. Then she calls up her best friend, Helen Vaughn. "Could you come over?" she asks. "Clovis is dead!"

HELEN was not over instantly, however, though her house was really near. Lizzie, who was the slowest of created beings, had had time to bring a second tray, and Vicky to eat her breakfast and grow so nervous that she smeared a faint line under her eyes with some blue grease paint which had been left over from some old amateur theatricals.

The reason for Helen's delay was apparent, however, when she did appear. She was carrying a rather large dress box.

"I didn't know whether you had any black in the house," she explained, "and I had these things of Cousin Lucy Farraday's which are just like new. I thought I might just as well get together some of them on the chance. You poor child!"

"I imagine," Vicky said bravely, "that if one could see it rightly it's probably a kindness on the part of Fate, only it was more of a shock than I'd imagined it could be. I had the message late last night."

"Why didn't you call me right away?"

"I didn't want to disturb you. I'd been asleep myself. I thought I'd go back to sleep, but—somehow—I couldn't."

Vicky hadn't known she had it in her to do as well as the deep, muted poignancy of that "somehow I couldn't" each word forced from her throat.

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know. The word I got was as mysterious as everything about Clovis has always been."

"Exactly what was it?"

"THE telephone rang, and a queer, rough voice spoke: 'This Miss Bond?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Miss Victoria Bond who was on the Vercingetorix?' 'Yes.' 'I got a bad break to tell you about Fred Brown; you know who I mean?' 'Of course.' 'He's dead. He died today.' 'How?' 'I can't tell you over the phone. Maybe I can stop off at your place sometime. He's dead.' That was the end. Whoever was speaking rang off."

"I should think you'd have fainted. Where was the call from?"

"New York, I suppose."

"Don't you think we'd better try to have it traced?"

"Helen, use some sense. One can't with an outlaw like Clovis."

"Will they send him on here?"

"I haven't any idea that they will. The man would have spoken of that."

"It's all so queer."

"Can't you allow poor Clovis a few decent shreds of obscurity, Helen? It's all so plain if you use your imagination. He must have been shot by a state trooper, or some little boat he was on sunk by a revenue cutter. It's just the end he would have met."

At that Helen surprised Vicky by tearing out her handkerchief and beginning to cry like a calf.

"What's the matter, Helen?" Vicky demanded.

"It's so sad. It's like the death of a beautiful wild animal."

"Of course I'm not sure it was that." Vicky tried to comfort her friend. "It may have been flu or alcoholic poisoning for all I really know."

"Or"—Helen looked up from the drenched linen of her handkerchief to say—"it may possibly not be true at all. It's all so queer I feel somehow that it may be just a mistake or a trick."

"No." Vicky was firm on that point. "There's no use hoping that. That telephone call had the ring of truth. Clovis is dead."

"I suppose you know," Helen said. "Do you want to try on these things?"

"I DON'T believe so. There's been nothing conventional about our marriage so far. I think it would be rather out of keeping to have it end in crape."

"That's just a question of how you feel," Helen said, disapproval in every syllable. "Black is only a protection."

"And I don't want to be protected. I want to forget as soon as I can."

"Forget!" Helen echoed her, incredulously. "Vicky Bond, haven't you any heart? A man like that!"

"We can't all take grief the same way." Vicky tried to fight Helen with Helen's own weapons, platitudes at two paces.

"I'm going to tell you something I hope won't hurt you, Vicky," Helen said. "I don't want you to understand from it that we haven't all loved your

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gayety. When you've been here it's been one of the bright spots of Chatfield. Yet what I'm going to say to you is perfectly true. Don't fight off this grief. If you accept this terrible experience in the right way it will do you good. The only criticism I've ever made of you in my own mind, and the only one I've ever heard Dolly Tillinghast make, is that you're just a little hard. It's because you've never had a real sorrow in your life."

"Dolly Tillinghast thinks that?"

"Not really hard, but you have a superficial hardness. And people who haven't known you as well as we have have been a little afraid of you. Have doubted your depths."

"I didn't know that Dolly Tillinghast's ideal woman was one of those community pincushions!"

"I wish you wouldn't misunderstand me, Vicky. I mean that I think the reason he's been attracted by—by Edith Viereck, for instance, is that she's been through such a lot. I thought this morning when I first came in here, 'Oh, if Dolly could see her now! This is our real Vicky at last!' "

"Do you really believe that?"

"I know it's true. I do hope you'll see Dolly as soon as he gets in town, or at least tomorrow. I want him to know, for his own good, that you have this tender, feminine side, as I've always said you have."

"Tomorrow!" Vicky exclaimed. "Do you think he'll be back tomorrow?"

"Why, this afternoon, probably. Didn't you see the Times this morning? It said he landed yesterday."

"Oh, the devil!" Vicky groaned.

It was this awful luck that seemed to be dogging her. She couldn't have chosen a worse time for her bereavement. And yet—

"What did you say?" Helen asked.

"Nothing. Maybe you're right about my going into mourning. What black things did you bring over?"

Helen began untying the dress box.

"They were just darling on Cousin Lucy Farraday," she said. "She's tiny too, you know. She sent them up because she hadn't any place to store them, and she thought I might make some use of them. They're as good as new; you know she married Wallie Farraday before Ken Henley had been dead six months. Wasn't it too awful?"

"That shows you don't really understand about grief," Vicky told her. "She probably felt so badly she had to do something to take her mind off it. What a really amusing dress!"

"Isn't it a duck!"

VICKY had thought her own clothes made her look young, but in Lucy Farraday's black frock she became a tragic schoolgirl, a little like the pictures of Sara Crewe at Miss Minchin's. If she'd had a tattered doll under one arm, no one could have looked at her without breaking down.

"I suppose black does show more respect," she said to Helen.

"I hoped you'd feel so when you thought it over. Now, what about other things? You've sent a notice to the paper, of course. Have you telephoned any of the friends?"

"No," Vicky replied, "and I haven't notified the papers. I have sort of press fright. I don't seem to be able to get it in a ladylike way, and I thought you could."

"Why, Vicky! Just a brief, dignified obituary notice is all that's necessary."

"Well, you write one for Frederick Brown, darling, and just remember to avoid facts entirely."

"Of course I will, Vicky dear. While I work at it, would you feel like telephoning the girls? They're apt to be terribly hurt—"

"I think I'll leave that to you too."

"Perhaps it does look better. I'll do it the minute I get this written."

"And I'll go over my mail."

Vicky was amazed at Helen's initiative. Vicky had always been the leader in things they did together, but Helen was evidently a master in her own field, which, Vicky reflected, seemed to be a cemetery. There was a letter from Hester. Vicky postponed reading that until the last—it was sure to be so censorious. The rest consisted of the surprised good wishes of friends which now made her just one degree more uncomfortable than yesterday's, but there was one strange communication from the Argyle House, Bloomington, Ill.:

Dear Miss Bond:

I read in the paper about you being married to Frederick Brown on the Vercingetorix on April 18th and take this way to ask you about him. There is a Frederick Brown who lives here and was on that boat, and I was wondering if he was the same one. He is a man about forty-five, though he passes for younger. His hair is black (dyed, I think) and he is quite stoutish, though he holds himself good and has a good figure. His eyes are hazel, I guess, but sometimes they look black. Does this sound like the Mr. Brown you married? I am anxious to learn.

ALICE CAMBELL HIGGINS.

P. S. Did Mr. Brown ask you to keep your own name, and all that?

That itself wasn't a very pleasant letter to get.

Vicky held it rather gingerly by one corner and waited for the attention of Helen, who by this time was telephoning.

"Yes, isn't it too sad! It came to me as a personal blow. I did so hope to see him sometime. . . . I know you did, my dear. . . . Heart disease. . . . Yes, that's what I thought too. . . . Will you really? That's so good of you. I know Vicky will want to see Dolly. . . . It's darling of you. . . . Oh, yes. Good-by."

"I knew you would come just as soon as you could," Vicky said in a gentle, broken voice

"What is it about Dolly Tillinghast?"

"Just that he's expected back today. I thought heart disease was the best thing to say, don't you?"

"Who were you talking to?"

"Edith Viereck. I know you're not fond of her, but I thought it was diplomatic—"

"Do you mean to tell me that she's had word when Dolly arrives?"

"No. She just read it in the paper as I did, and she's offered to meet every train to tell him about your loss and to bring him right up here."

"That was darling of her!" Vicky said. "To be so willing to be found fluttering on the platform with an interesting bit of news! I never heard of such impertinence."

"I didn't know what to say," Helen pleaded ruefully.

"You might have told her to take a cold bath and calm down," Vicky remarked; then, realizing that she was acting somewhat strangely for a mourning bride, she changed the subject. "What do you think of this letter?"

Helen read it through.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "Poor thing!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"But don't you think it's pathetic? There's a very authentic heartbreak behind those poor little lines, Vicky."

"Oh, Helen, stop sentimentalizing everything. It sounds to me like the village cat snooping."

"I don't think so," Helen drew out the words at great length. "Vicky, you don't suppose that Clovis was—was gay with women, do you?"

"I've told you Clovis was every kind of devil imaginable. But what can this have to do with him? This is about some Frederick Brown. You know that wasn't Clovis' real name."

"Still it was one he used, and it makes me uneasy. Oh, Vicky, the longer I live the more I think one has to pay for romance."

"WELL, if you ask me, I've been overcharged already," Vicky said. "I think the best thing to do about this letter is just ignore it, don't you?"

"Oh, you couldn't be so unkind!"

"Then I'll telegraph, 'Not your Frederick Brown, and he's dead, anyway.' "

"Vicky Bond!"

"Well, what's your suggestion?"

"I think it would be much more fitting if I wired for you."

"As though I were prostrated by grief. Perfect. What will you say?"

Helen got pencil and paper and worked out a message.

My friend Victoria Bond [she read at last] who was married to Frederick Brown has asked me to wire you for her as Mr. Brown passed away yesterday. Your letter was written under a misapprehension. Am writing.

HELEN VAUGHN.

"What in the world are you going to write?" Vicky asked.

"Oh, it sounds so much less abrupt to say that. I always end telegrams 'Am writing' when I can't say 'love.' Is it all right?"

"It's one Hester herself would approve of," Vicky said. "Words can't commend it more highly."

That reminded her of Hester's letter. She read it while Helen transmitted her composition by telephone.

Dear Miss Vicky:

I have read the papers and am mystifyed [Hester's orthography wasn't all that her conversation led one to expect], and your wire did not set my worries at rest. My sister is not at all ill, in my opinion, and even admits to feeling better.

I plan to start back to you very soon. You may expect me Tuesday night at the latest. Yours respectf'ly,

HESTER.

This was something which must be headed off right away.

"I think I'll walk downtown and get some air." (Continued on page 47)

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Another Big Push

By GRANTLAND RICE

After 16 years' absence the Germans will be America's most dangerous rivals in the Olympics

TIDES have a way of turning. And this may be the year of the German tide in Olympic sport, rising high enough to challenge the flood of the American tide which first rose at Athens over thirty years ago.

Shall we keep in front of the parade?

The old order has changed almost beyond recognition. France holds the Davis Cup, and Lacoste, a Frenchman, is our national tennis champion. Tommy Armour, a Scot, is our open golf champion. Tom Heeney, the Irish-Australian, and Paulino Uzcudun, the Spaniard, have hammered most of our heavyweights, barring Tunney and Dempsey.

And now here comes Germany, after an absence of sixteen years from the Olympic festival, charging back in with a team strong enough to make any nation hustle, especially along the track.

The Reichstag has voted $300,000 worth of marks toward an Olympic fund for another supreme push—directly at Olympic supremacy, with your Uncle Sam peering over the ramparts.

Fourteen years ago the gray-green sea poured through Belgium.

It is a different game now, but the German mass is on its way again.

Harold M. Abrahams "takes it for granted that the United States will occupy a premier position, especially in field events . . . but there is no country in Europe that displays such all-around athletic ability as Germany."

The United States is out this summer to redeem its showing upon the Olympic track at Paris in 1924. From the 100 meters to the Marathon the U. S. landed only one first place, Jackson Scholz taking the 200-meter sprint. The rest was all Great Britain and Finland: Abrahams, Liddell, Lowe, Nurmi, Ritola and Stenroos.

With her Borahs, Bowmans, Husseys, Paddocks, Lockes, Hahns, etc., the United States will make a mighty effort to win back some of her past glory in the Land of Flying Feet, knowing that her main chance must come in somewhere from the 100- to the 1,500-meter runs. There is little chance beyond this latter distance unless forty-year-old Clarence De Mar can get away with the Marathon. And in going after her somewhat faded running laurels America will find Germany the main barrier.

Where are all these German wonders along the track? Starting with the 100-meter race there are four men to consider—Kornig, Houben, Schuller and Corts.

Kornig won the German 100-meter championship in 1926 and 1927. He also won the A. A. A. championship last July. In 1926 he was credited with 10⅗ seconds for the 100 meters, which happens to be a world's record. Kornig, Houben, Schuller and Corts have all equaled or beaten 10⅘ at this distance, have all equaled or beaten the time which Abrahams turned in to beat Paddock and Scholz at Paris four years ago.

Germany will send Kornig, Houben and Schuller into the 200-meter test. All three have turned the distance in 21⅗.

Great Britain may have Eric Liddell back, and if he doesn't return in time from the Far East there will be Rinkel and Butler. The 100-meter and the 200-meter battles are likely to be dizzy skirmishes between Bowman and Borah on one side and Kornig and Houben on the other.

One Race Alone Worth the Trip

IF AMERICAN sprinters haven't picked up a first place when they come to the 400-meter test, they will find the going tougher than ever. Here they will find Douglas Lowe and G. M. Butler running for Great Britain. And they will also step out against three fast Germans in Buchner, Neumann and Stolz, who have all beaten 49 for the route. Buchner raced the route in 48⅕ seconds, to beat Lowe by five yards at Magdeburg last September, and Neumann not so long ago ran the distance in 48⅖. It will take faster time than this to win the Olympic 400, but it might be remembered that each of these German entries has been improving steadily since these times were made.

There will be at least one race worth a trip across the Atlantic to watch. This will be the big feature at 800 meters. Douglas Lowe won this event at Paris, 1.52⅖. Lowe only recently ran the half in 1.53⅕. He is a great runner and a game one from 400 meters to the mile, but the competition he will face at Amsterdam will be the hardest any middle-distance runner ever knew.

First there will be Lloyd Hahn, who recently ran the fastest half mile ever stepped by a human in 1.51⅖. This was run upon an INDOOR track. Once more Germany steps in upon the scene with Dr. Otto Peltzer, the long-legged Teuton who holds the world's outdoor record for the half at 1.51⅗. And the Olympic games are to be run outdoors, not indoors.

Hahn, Peltzer and Lowe have the stamina, the speed and the heart to make the greatest trio that ever galloped 800 meters, and if there is any new Olympic record to rise up at Amsterdam it should come just here. There are two world-record holders running this distance and another runner, Lowe, who has the knack of rising above his best in a pinch. But if there is any bunching down the stretch both Peltzer and Lowe will find Hahn hard to check out through these last fifty yards. In addition to Peltzer Germany has Englehardt and Bocher, close on his heels.

Part of this same cast move into the 1,500-meter test, where Nurmi will be another entry who can't be overlooked. Peltzer holds the world's record at the 1,500-meter span in 3.51. Among the leaders in this race you will find Peltzer, Hahn, Nurmi, Stallard (possibly), Wide, Bocher, Wiriath, Ellis, Boltze and Moore. Outside of Hahn and Joie Ray, the United States has developed no great milers or 1,500-meter men in a long time, and Ray is getting along. Hahn will have a hard time outrunning Peltzer and Nurmi at this more extended span. Nurmi first entered the Olympic games of 1920. He was at his height in 1924, one of the greatest track figures of all time, dominating the field from 1,500 to 6,000 meters. He will hardly come to this same miraculous form again—he was more like a machine of steel than anything in human mold.

Germany has a great chance to win this race with Peltzer, who will be at his best over this journey.

Germany for the hurdles has Trossbach, Steinhardt and Peltzer, while Great Britain has Gaby and Lord Burghley.

The German competition in field events will not be so keen. It is here that the United States should again be supreme with Sabin Carr, Houser, Hubbard and many others who look better than anything Germany or Great Britain can show.

No One Knows Germany's Full Strength

IT WAS Finland in 1924 which carried off most of the track honors, Finland and Great Britain almost sweeping the field. But Germany has been hard at it for two years now getting ready for this Amsterdam test and it is almost sure that Germany will move up into Finland's place as the main challenger which American athletes must face.

It is also more than probable that Germany will outscore America and Great Britain at the running game from the sprint into the longer routes, where at 3,000 meters the Finns will probably again take over the main job. No one knows yet the full strength of the German team, but their two years' preparation with thousands of athletes in training will undoubtedly make them the most formidable single rival America has known for a long time.

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Ho Hum-it's

Why not? You remember the gag about if winter comes— And you know how much energy blooms in the spring

It takes a mighty pretty girl to look attractive when she's yawning. But there, there, see what we've conjured up for you

H. Armstrong Roberts

Daniel Frohman presents — and he's not showing an actor how it should be done, either. He's really enjoying a siesta under the palms (and for the latter you'll have to take our word)

Kadel & Herbert

That certain feeling hits the most prominent, too, come springtime. Here's Thomas Edison yielding to it

Wide World

The only sprightly things on these pages are the dancing daffodils that herald the arrival of spring —and spring fever. At that the pair on the right seem to have caught it

Elwin R. Sanborn. Courtesy N. Y. Zoölogical Society

Wmbvffoooombfph! (Well, the Bureau of Standards certifies that that's correct onomatopoetic spelling of a lion's yawn.) If you don't believe us, ask the lion. But you'd better wait till he's rested up a bit. Sandman comes to the jungle

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H. Armstrong Roberts

"Oh, well, I guess I'll knock off play and rest up a bit." You know how it is: even the gay clown loses his appeal when the vernal season gets in its enervating work

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No Questions Asked

By DREW HILL

Illustrated by SAM BROWN

Lorber's hand was reaching for the bracelet when a sharp-voiced command interrupted

A true detective story proving that it pays to read the newspapers

TOMORROW Lorber would be out of a job. Not only that, but he would probably have a hard time finding another in New York: at least one as good. None of the big night clubs wanted a waiter who had been fired. . . . Dupré, that fat pig of a manager, had said he was insolent! Bah!

He pushed through the leather-covered doors from the kitchen and crossed the plush-carpeted lobby to the main stairway leading out of the Club Nuit. There he paused a moment to button his overcoat and put on his gloves. A big man, Lorber. He could have broken Dupré in two!

Lorber was halfway up the stairs when something suddenly attracted his attention. He stopped and looked down. Partly hidden beneath the cover of a discarded cigarette box was a thing that flashed, changed and flashed again as Lorber bent down slightly to examine it more closely.

Quickly Lorber stooped: his hand clutched the glittering object underneath the cigarette box. Straightening up, he stuffed it into his overcoat pocket and slowly continued on his way up the stairs.

Outside on the street, just as he was turning into Seventh Avenue, he saw a taxi pull up in front of the Club Nuit. A woman stepped out and hurried to the entrance. Lorber smiled slightly and increased his pace. . . . She'd have a fine look, all right!

Nevertheless when Lorber reached his rooming house over on Third Avenue, half an hour later, he was breathing hard, as though he had run most of the distance, and the palms of his big hands were sweating.

With one hand he switched on the light. His other hand, which had remained in his pocket since he had left the Club Nuit, he now drew forth and slowly opened. Against the mottled-brown surface of the gloved palm rested a jeweled bracelet. And as Lorber stared at it, his wet-lipped mouth gaping, he counted eight huge square-cut diamonds centered with a still larger oval-shaped emerald, all linked together on a flexible, widely webbed, platinum band.

Lorber made a sucking noise through his teeth. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, fingering the bracelet, "What a pick-up!"

The sound of someone coming up the stairs caused Lorber to look up. The footsteps were silent a moment—then Lorber heard them in the hallway approaching his door. He reached up to switch off the light, when he heard:

"Hey, Max—you still up?"

Lorber grinned sheepishly and lowered his hand. He might have known it was Pete Jisda coming in from work. Maybe he'd better not say anything—no, he could trust Pete all right. Known him long enough for that—"

"Sure, wait'll I open the door, Pete."

THE man who entered an instant later was nearly as tall as Max Lorber, but with a thin, narrow chest, stooped shoulders and a pale, lean face. He wore a waiter's uniform underneath his overcoat.

"I bet you give your boss one big kick tonight—eh, Max?"

"Aw, him!" Lorber grunted. Then he held out his closed hand. "Say, here's somethin' with a *real* kick in it. . . . Look at that!"

Jisda's closely set eyes widened and then narrowed as the bracelet was suddenly revealed, dangling between Lorber's thick fingers.

"I'm dam'! Say—where you get that, Max?"

"Well, I didn't steal it," Lorber declared, and added with a laugh: "One of Dupré's riffraff got tired carrying it around, and dropped it; that's all."

"But if they know you find it, they come after you—"

"Not me, they won't! Because nobody saw me pick it up—see? And you don't catch me giving anything back to that pig Dupré or his crowd!" Lorber paused and handed the bracelet to the other. "What do you think it's worth, Pete? You used to work for a jeweler."

"In his house, yes. But sometimes I know." Jisda took the bracelet and shrugged and looked up at Lorber with a thin smile. "A'right, I tell you, Max. I bet you thousan' dollar it is what they call paste."

"What!" Lorber scowled incredulously. "You mean—imitation—?"

"Sure," Jisda asserted confidently. "They make stones so ver' good that way now, you cannot tell." He passed the bracelet back, and continued: "Besides, those cheap skates that go to the Club Nuit—you think they have *real* stones like this? No!"

"Ain't it worth anything?"

"Maybe fiv', six hundred dollar," Jisda answered, going to the door. "You get two hundred for it, a'right."

At the door he turned around, looking not at Lorber, but at the bracelet again. There was a different expression in his narrow face now that apparently escaped Lorber's notice, because when Jisda said, "What more you want, Max? Say, with two hundred dollar I go to Florida so queek—you bet some, I would," and then walked out, Lorber was still staring at the bracelet. Twisting it carelessly between his fingers now!

For two days Lorber puzzled over what to do with it. He balked at the idea of trying to sell it right away, because at first he refused to believe that Jisda was right about the bracelet's value. Then for a while he debated taking it to a jeweler to make sure, but decided in the end that it would be safer not to. . . . You couldn't trust any of those fellows. No, he'd better just hang onto it a while longer. Maybe Jisda was right, at that. And if he could get two hundred for it—well, that wasn't a bad idea of Pete's either—going to Florida. Pete was always talking about going down there to work at one of the big hotels. Get a job there, all right.

Time hung rather heavily on Lorber. He never read anything—not even the newspapers. He tried sleeping late, but by the third day he drew no pleasure from that. Vaguely he wondered about where he could get work. And yet, if he could get something for the bracelet! . . .

ON HIS way out to breakfast, that third morning, just as he reached the foot of the stairs, the telephone in the hallway rang. Lorber hesitated. He was half expecting a call about a job. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello—yes. . . . Who?" Lorber's big frame suddenly stiffened, and he stepped back a little from the phone. After a moment, he said, "Well, what do you want, Dupré?"

The answer came: "Ah yes, Lorber. I wish to know if you found anything that night you left. A bracelet was lost—"

"I don't know anything about it."

"So? Well, that is unfortunate, Lorber. I had hoped—you see, I have questioned everyone here but you. And the lady is very anxious to—"

"No. I found nothing, I tell you!" Lorber slammed the receiver down, stood there a minute or so, glowering at the telephone, (*Continued on page 45*)

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Love has Gifts

Things of the spirit, they are, and Daphne found that life without them is worthless

By FLORENCE WARD

DAPHNE lay comfortably on the roof of the bird tower, her feet just touching the upper rungs of a ladder set on its balcony. She was wearing a pair of new blue denim overalls, boys' size. A nail bag of striped ticking hung at her waist. Shifting about under the manipulation of two hands and a soft forearm were six nails, a large new hammer, a new carpenter's rule and an unblemished cedar shingle on which she was meticulously measuring a weather allowance of five inches. She pursed her lips and frowned absorbedly over her task. In six weeks she hadn't known such contentment.

The tower looked down on a broad valley. Spreading to the right was a checkerboard of rolling fields, a stain of green lying on the black earth, a white road edging them like a flat, narrow band of silver. To the left a hill dropped, a section of woodland fitting into the wide, sweeping curve of the river. Single trees, here and there in the fields, were nearly bare and their tops and trunks stood out black and tall against the clear April sky, but in the grove where they clustered together a soft yellow-green mist was over them and a wind warm enough to thaw the last of the frost stirred their branches and sent little tendrils of hair curling over Daphne's forehead.

As she lifted her head after pounding the shingle into place, she saw a car come to an abrupt standstill on the road below, and she waited a moment, peering down at it, wondering why it stopped there, in that remote place, out of sight of the house. Then she saw a man emerge and start toward the tower. Her throat tightened a little. When she heard the door slam below and footsteps mounting the winding stairs, she dropped from the ladder, untied the rope knotted about her waist, and waited, braced against the balcony railing, her hammer in her hand. She was badly frightened. Until he loomed in the open doorway, close beside her, she had not known how frightened she was.

"Wh-what do you want?" she asked and her voice squeaked in spite of her.

"Whew!" he exploded. He swept off a gray cap and held it in his hand. Daphne was aware of a crisp shock of burnished blond hair, of a lean, sober face, of eyes that were a deep, flashing blue. His hands were brown and well-shaped, but the arm emerging from his sleeve as he reached out and took away her hammer showed brawny as a blacksmith's. "Whew!" he repeated. "I thought they'd put a little boy up here. I wondered if I could—get here in time. What do you think you're doing?"

"I am shingling the roof," she said crisply. "Didn't you see me?"

Amusement dawned in his blue eyes. They traveled slowly from the tower roof down the ladder to the bundles of shingles lying at its foot and came to rest on Daphne, on her bag of nails, her overalls, her slim, bruised hands.

"You do not know how small you looked up here, against this pale sky," he said gently. He pronounced his words with a precision that faintly suggested the accent they did not have. "This roof is not work for such a little person. You should have hired someone for this."

"I've been trying to hire someone for a month," Daphne explained patiently. "I've driven Aunt Mattie's old white horse all over the township, and there's not a carpenter in it will touch the job for love or money."

THERE was a short pause, a moment of unmistakable constraint. Daphne wondered a little at the man's embarrassment.

"If the tower's to be of any use at all, it has to be shingled," she told him. "The roof leaks like a sieve."

"It has stood empty so long. The door below has hardly been opened, I think, since Mr. Whipple died."

"My grandfather," said Daphne, "Did you know him?"

The young man nodded. "I am Vagn Jorgens," he said simply. "Our land comes down on the other side of the wood lot, over there, beyond the curve in the river. I spent a lot of time with him—whole days when my father let me off the farm work. He was very good to me."

Daphne meditated, regarding him with the slightest of frowns. "I haven't been here since I was a little girl. I wonder if I ever played with you."

"No." The look of amusement deepened in his eyes. "I never knew any of you but the old man. We stayed in the wood lot, both of us. Mr. Whipple planted a lot of the coppice himself, the hawthorn and viburnum and dogwood. It's been, always, a resting place for migratory birds. He built this tower forty years ago to study them."

"I knew he'd written a lot of pamphlets."

"You haven't *read* them?"

Daphne stood shaking her head. Her laughter made her look very young.

"I see," Jorgens said. But his face fell a little. He turned and looked into the tower room. It was a small place, not more than twelve feet square, with a wooden chimney in the center into which shuttered peepholes opened. From a leak in the roof, water had made its way, loosening the plaster. Heaps of it lay on the floor, and its thick white dust matted the desk and a square mirror tilting in an iron frame. The Brussels rug was rain-soaked, discolored; the cushions were mildewed, the walls streaked with brown stains. But even in its disrepair the room was attractive. On three sides above narrow bookshelves plate-glass windows fully eight feet long looked out on the fields and the river, and on the fourth glass doors led to the balcony, high and quiet in the misty trees.

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

There was a helpless silence. But as he turned toward her, searching her face, she caught herself swaying within the circle of his outflung arm

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"Mr. Whipple called it his opera box. You'll want to sit here summer dusks and hear the songs. Are the swifts still nesting in the chimney?"

He moved across the room and opened a narrow shutter. As he bent down, golden lights shimmered over his bright hair. "They *are* here," he whispered, over his shoulder. Then he swung toward her, his blue eyes regarding her with keener interest. "Are you going to—carry on? What are you going to do up here?"

"I'M GOING to paint," said Daphne. "I want it for a studio."

"I see. Well— I will help you." He went past her and mounted the ladder, carrying the hammer. "I owe this place something. It will be good to see it come out of emptiness, even as a studio."

"*And* a refuge," she murmured, "from the house."

"I think of the Whipple house always as the show place of the county."

"After today, think of it as a whited sepulcher. Have you been in the parlor lately?"

"I have never been in the parlor."

At least she could bring that slow laughter welling up into his face. He was young—young. He was the youngest person she had seen in nearly two months.

"A seven-piece hair-cloth parlor set," she intoned gravely, checking the items on her fingers. "Oval marble-topped black walnut center table. Iron-case Boardman piano. Nottingham curtains, a gilt mirror, two chromos and 'Scenic America.' You smell the musty cellar just as you step past the iron rabbits by the steps; and we eat things from there—eggs and milk and butter and last summer's jams, all slightly fermented. We live among the disputations of the seventies. And the clothes! Aunt Abbie's afternoon dress is a gray cotton trimmed with black embroidery that she told me herself was made in the spring of '78; and when I came Aunt Mattie met me at Blair in a shameless thing she's had for thirty-eight years and calls a hat."

"They are so very old."

"But they're so very rich," Daphne protested. "There is no reason why they shouldn't have everything they want and the best of that. They must have mortgages on half the farms in the county."

"Yes." Again there came a moment of constraint while Vagn Jorgens searched for something to say. "Why do you stay if you do not like it?"

Mockery tugged at the corners of Daphne's mouth. She slipped down to the floor of the balcony, sitting with her ankles crossed and her arms wrapped around her knees, looking down on the grove and the silver curve of the river. After a little she said in a hushed, daring voice:

"They are so very old. And they're so very rich. Why not?"

IT WAS nearly six when she went back to the house. Her aunts were already at the table, a tidy table set with a checkered cloth and thick white stone china.

"Where have you been?" Abbie asked her. "Supper has been ready this long time."

"At the tower. A man named Vagn Jorgens came by and offered to help me with the shingling."

Mattie made an odd sound between her lips. "He is no one you want hanging about. A Norskie. His mother was our cook five years. Lars married her out of our kitchen."

"He didn't hang exactly," said Daphne evenly, "I never saw hands that worked any faster. And I've found no one else who'd help me at all."

"Walgren, who is the best, has an old grudge against us," Abbie explained. She was the elder of the sisters, a bird-like old woman with long hands, blue-veined and pallid with age. Her hair was parted in the middle and drawn in a tight knot at the back, and she wore a dress of black bombazine with ruffles bound in black satin. "As I told you, I ordered Perkins off the place at one time and Holmberg owes us money. It is not likely that any of them would help you, and it is too small a job to bring a carpenter from Blair in the midst of the spring rush. But this young Jorgens is not a carpenter at all. He farms a place down the road. Fair to middling too. Lars fairly gobbled land all around him and grew rich working it. We had the first mortgages on his farm, thirty-five years ago, but after Amos died, when he bought more, he would not deal with us. These Norskies are shrewd to take advantage, but we were too sharp for Lars. It was like this. . . ."

She talked a long time, her shrunken mouth wearing a hard little smile. Daphne hardly listened. The Iliad of Whipple victories depressed her.

Suddenly she interrupted, "Are there any of Grandfather's pamphlets in the bookcase?"

"Hardly in the bookcase," Abbie said. "But there are piles of them up-garret if the mice haven't eaten them. All useless stuff that he never marketed or was paid for. He spent money like water, looking after birds. Sometimes I think he turned childish in his last years. Building that folly of a bird tower. I don't know what he paid for the plate glass in his windows. Wicked. But you couldn't do anything with Amos in a stubborn streak. He was a queer fish, if he was my brother. Half the time he didn't even hear you talking. . . ."

Daphne borrowed a page from his philosophy. She gathered up the dishes and, carrying them into the kitchen, set about washing them. As she worked she made plans. The Brussels rug could be painted. Mix the dyes to get the softest shades of green. Curtains of tarlatan in layers to make those misty spring shades of the trees. Quiet tones. A quiet room. A—refuge.

For two weeks Vagn Jorgens worked every afternoon at the tower, doing all the repairing necessary. Then, one rainy Sunday afternoon in May, Daphne found him, unexpectedly, in the upper room, tinkering with the square mirror. His tools lay on the floor beside him. Curiously shaped lenses were scattered on the sofa.

"I found them in the storeroom downstairs," he explained. "I thought if I could get them into shape they might amuse you. But I'm slow working it out."

"I'd like to be amused," sighed Daphne restlessly. She looked out at the rain sheeting past the windows, at the green branches beyond them, stirring a little like great stately plumes. "It's a green, lovely world," she said, "but given to loneliness."

He raised his head sharply. "Loneliness," he repeated after her and sat staring.

"Stark," said Daphne. "You don't feel it because you're so used to it. If you had ever known cities, you'd mind."

"The loneliest place I've ever seen was Paris in war time, with crowds on the streets. I was sixteen months in France. I stopped my junior year in college and went into the army. Afterward there was a year. . . . Well, I was restless, and I went on around. A lot of young fellows were like that. It was hard to settle down, after the war. But in the end I came home here. It's as real a part of the world as any."

"And you're going to stay? Always?"

"I am going to stay always," he repeated calmly. "I like it. It is land that pays a man for loving it.

"YOU cannot understand what I mean. We are, both of us, of an old, strong people with roots deep in the earth, but your stock is dwindling and mine is fresh. We are the newcomers. You should have seen my mother. She was tall, almost up to my father, and strong with a splendid strength. When she first came from Norway she was servant at the Whipple farm, and even then, thirty years ago, they were old and it was a hard place. Sixteen hours a day she worked, saving her wages to help my father. They loved the land they went in debt for. They worked hard so that it should come to me clear. Mr. Whipple was a good friend to them always, but with the old ladies there is some sort of feeling. . . ."

Daphne knew the feeling. A faint anger stirring at the thought of Lars Jorgens' prosperity. In a short lifetime he had made an independence safer than the holdings of a feudal baron. A Norskie. Gobbling up farm land that had been homesteaded by Americans. Still, his son had served in France. Did it matter much whether, by the accident of time, one fought in a Revolution or a World War?

"That feeling for the land ran out with the old man," Vagn went on. "His son went away and his sisters live here only because the Whipple money is invested in the county and they can keep close track of it. Their own farms are running down, but they will not spend on them. All they care for is the money." (*Continued on page 54*)

Her aunts were old. They rarely left the house and if they tried they could not climb the winding tower stair

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The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The Story Thus Far: ALLEN GORHAM, a professional gambler, returns to New York in the midst of a concerted move against him by a rotter named Runyon and his backer, Calhoun. Gorham is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, and Runyon, out after her and her thirty millions, wants Allen out of the way. Allen thinks himself still in love with Anita Gorham, who turned him down when he was falsely accused of cheating at cards, and married his cousin Fred.

Allen gets into several jams and is extricated by Mack Morgan, a detective friend. During this time Allen slowly realizes that he is in love with Vonny and that his feeling for Anita was partly hurt pride and partly love of a dream. Vonny is in love with him but thinks he is in love with Anita. Because of this she starts to elope with Runyon and is saved by Allen but still refuses to marry Allen. Her father thoroughly approves of Allen and offers him a job in his company, knowing his present livelihood.

It turns out that Anita is Calhoun's mistress but Anita tells Fred that Allen is her lover. Fred, incensed, starts divorce proceedings, naming Allen as corespondent. Allen, in mistaken chivalry, promises to marry Anita.

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

"Are you proposing marriage to me, in front of everyone?" she demanded

IT WAS what she wanted, this reluctant proposal, if that which is forced may ever be said to be a proposal. I hardly heard her weak disclaimers of a wish or intention to marry me. As soon as with decent grace I could close the conversation I hung up the receiver.

This was the end of everything, I told myself for the fiftieth time. And my reflections were more bitter than ever in my life. Five years ago I thought I had plumbed the very depths of bitterness because Anita had jilted me. Ironically, her final acceptance of me was harder to bear than ever her rejection had been.

But even as I dwelt unhappily on my own misery, thoughts of Anita's desperation crept unwillingly into my mind. What transformations of character five years had effected in her!

I did not know, nor did I wish to know, the sequence which had made her the mistress of Calhoun. The result was enough for me; and that result was that, preferring me, she had deliberately managed events so that I was permitted no preference.

And I could feel no flattery in her desire for me. Tired of Fred Gorham, realizing that his patience or blindness must sooner or later come to an ugly end, she had cast about her for a suitable person with whom to ally herself. To be mistress of Calhoun was one thing, but to be married to him was another. When it came to marriage, Anita preferred someone less shady of reputation than Calhoun.

Oh, I was brutal in my thoughts of her, but I could simulate no charity for her. When blindness rolls away from the eye of love, it sees with a merciless clarity. Charms become defects, and the very inspiration of love becomes the basis of hate.

My telephone aroused me from the ugliest reverie of my life. I heard the crisp tones of Mrs. Loosich.

"DON'T tell me, Allen, that you're engaged for this evening," she greeted me.

"You'd be surprised," I tried to chaff, "how many free evenings I find on my hands."

"I don't believe it; an attractive and eligible bachelor has no time to spare."

"I hadn't discovered either of these traits in myself," I said.

"Oh, you've always been the first and now you are the second," she assured me.

"Since when?" I inquired.

"Since, my dear Allen, I decided that you were," she informed me. There was something majestic about Erica Loosich's conviction that her nod made and unmade people.

"That is the sweetest decision I ever heard," I laughed.

"With, I trust, one exception. Or perhaps the little Candace girl hasn't made her decision yet. Allen, I've decided that she's a perfect match for you. Entirely aside from material things—the position you can give her and the fortune she'll bring to you—she's a dear little thing, lovely, charming and clever."

"She's everything you say," I agreed with her. Somehow I could not resent Erica Loosich's assumption or even interference. Sheer kindness of heart prompted it.

"Now," she went on, "will you dine with me tonight? Quite informally. I've asked the Candaces and their daughter. I haven't had time to call on them as yet, but I told them I was an old woman, asked them to waive my informality and gratify an old lady's wishes. They've accepted. Do you?"

"Mrs. Loosich," I said, "this afternoon's papers will be filled with the story of the divorce proceedings begun today by my cousin Fred."

"Fred is going to divorce Anita! I never heard anything so incredible," she cried.

"And I am named as corespondent in the case," I (*Continued on page 40*)

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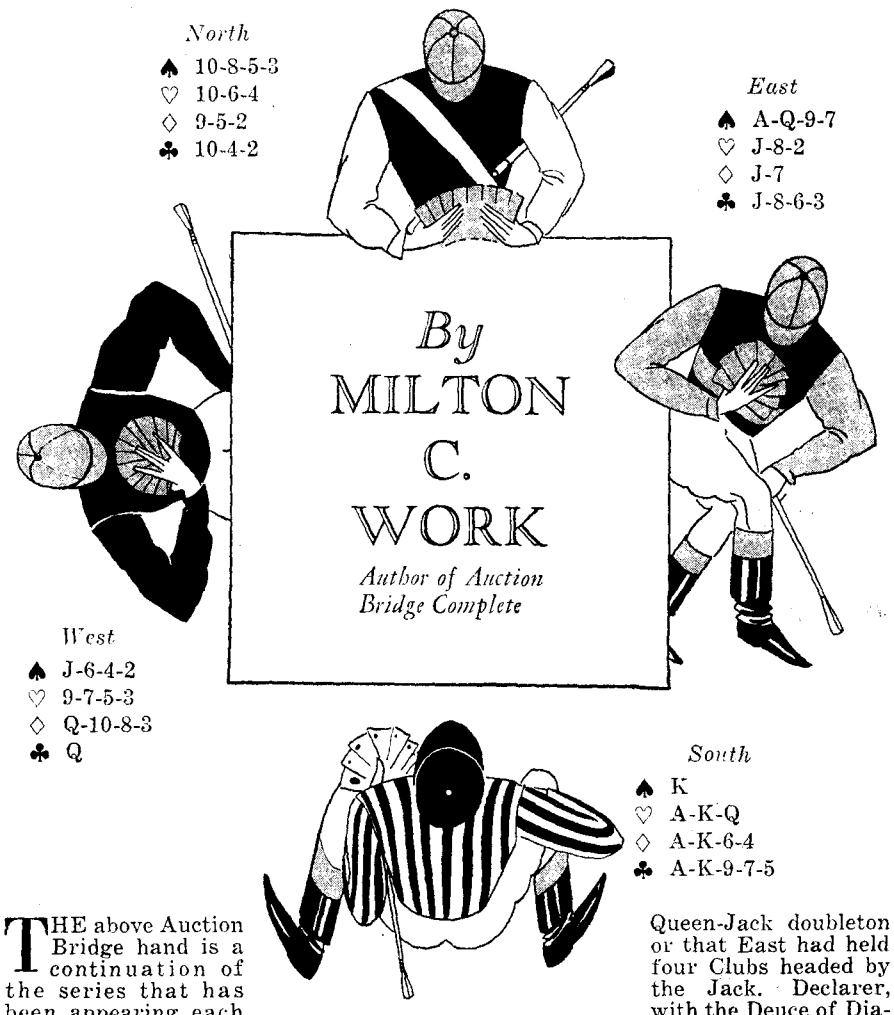
How would you play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand is a continuation of the series that has been appearing each week in Collier's. It embodies features of both offense and defense.

South opened the bidding with one No Trump, and West, North and East passed. The only declaration about which any question could be raised is South's No Trump. His hand contains a singleton, and singletons are usually looked upon as taboo in No Trumpers. But this singleton is a King, the hand has tremendous strength and contains no Major bid. With singleton Aces or Kings most players are inclined to take No Trump chances; some will even do so with a singleton Queen.

In this case if South's Diamonds or Clubs had been Hearts, a Major bid would have been much sounder than No Trump; but as it was he was obliged to choose between bidding No Trump with the risk of a long adverse Spade suit and bidding Clubs with the risk of falling short of game. If North has any Spades which, combined with South's King, would be a stopper, game at No Trump is assured. Game at Clubs does not seem quite so probable. While his choice did not produce game, it did not matter because in this hand game at Clubs was unobtainable.

The Play

WEST'S first lead was his fourth best Diamond. In this case a Spade lead would have taken in four tricks at the start; but when choosing which of two suits of equal strength to lead against a No Trump contract, it is better in the long run to lead the stronger.

Declarer won the first trick in the Closed Hand and, in spite of the terrible Dummy that faced him, hoped that he would be able to bluff his way through the unpleasant-looking Spade situation. It might be that the four Spades headed by the Ten in Dummy would keep the adversaries from leading that suit when they won a Club trick, as they would have to do unless Queen-Jack happened to be a doubleton in one adverse hand. The Declarer saw that if he could win four Clubs, his high Hearts and Diamonds would give him game. He therefore planned his campaign on that basis.

South led the Ace of Clubs to trick 2, and, when West played the Queen, knew that either West was false-carding with Queen-Jack doubleton or that East had held four Clubs headed by the Jack. Declarer, with the Deuce of Diamonds in Dummy, could tell that West's opening lead of the Diamond Trey had been his lowest Diamond and consequently that West, having led from a four-card suit, had no five-carder; therefore if the Club Queen was a singleton, West had held the rather unusual 4-4-4-1 division. If West was false-carding with the Queen-Jack of Clubs, game would be easy. With no alternative play in his hand Declarer led the King of Clubs to trick 3. West discarded a small Heart. However, there was nothing for Declarer to do but lead a small Club, knowing that one Club trick must be lost to East's Jack, and that when East played the Jack the suit would be established for the Declarer.

If East should return his partner's Diamonds after winning with the Club Jack, all would be well and Declarer would make four Clubs, two Diamonds and three Hearts.

That was not to be, however, because East too was able to count West as having opened a four-card suit, and could figure out his 4-4-4-1 distribution as soon as he refused Clubs. As West held four Spades, East could see that South must have only one (having four himself and seeing four in Dummy). As South had bid No Trump with a singleton Spade, it must be the King (East held Ace-Queen and South would not have risked a No Trump with a singleton Jack). East's method of play therefore became simple. He led the Ace of Spades to trick 5, dropping Closed Hand's King, and to trick 6 he led a small Spade, knowing that West could take it and would return the Spade through Dummy's Ten, giving East a sure-fire finesse and saving game for East and West by taking four Spades besides the Club trick.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	East
S. 10-7-4	S. 9-6-5-2
H. 8-6	H. A-Q-3
D. A-10-7-5-2	D. K-8
C. A-5-3	C. 9-7-6-2
South	**West**
S. A-K-J	S. Q-8-3
H. K-10-5	H. J-9-7-4-2
D. Q-J-9-4	D. 6-3
C. K-Q-10	C. J-8-4

The Prairie Prince

Continued from page 14

stand it, Bill, on top of all you've already done?" marveled the post commandant.

"All I want is a good fresh horse."

"Sorry, but we haven't a decent horse available. We've got a reliable and honest government mule, though—"

"Trot out your mule," sighed Bill.

At the first gathering of dusk Bill spurred out for Larned, sixty-five miles away over trails bespattered with the blood of freshly scalped soldiers and scouts. Again his prairie genius dictated a safeguard. He rode a course parallel to, but some hundred yards off, the main wagon trail, where he knew Indians would hide for just such lone riders as he.

Bill Executes a Practical Joker

NOTHING marred his progress until Coon Creek, halfway to Larned, was reached. Here Bill dismounted for a drink, using his broad scout hat as a dipper. Suddenly his wily mule jerked the bridle from Bill's hands.

For once Bill had slipped up. Not reckoning that the contrariness of the mule often exceeded the spirit of the horse, he had not secured his lariat to the bridle. Free, the mule lit out straight for Larned—but using the dangerous wagon road. Looking back over his shoulder, while his long ears flopped in the night wind, the mule contrived to keep just out of Bill's clutches.

Bill would run—the mule would trot. Bill would walk—the mule would amble. Bill would stop—the mule would browse. Bill in a white heat and throwing caution to the winds, would run madly, cursing—and the mule would lope and bray!

Bill longed to let Old Lucretia take care of that mule, but dared not for fear of bringing Indians down upon him. Besides, the mule was carrying the saddle bags with the dispatches. That was something!

From Coon Creek to Fort Larned was thirty-five long miles, yet this strange race consumed the ground with such good effect that when the morning gun spoke at Larned Bill was just walking through the gate.

His mulish companion of the night's misadventure had expiated his sin outside the gate, where Bill's patience had given way to bullets.

The footsore scout shouted for a well-earned bed, but before he could tumble in General Hazen rode up and called for a scout to go to General Sheridan post-haste. Bill instantly volunteered, knowing that his sensational riding had given him an enduring edge over his mates—and that he was on the verge of a great record. Consequently when another dawn broke it found him again at Fort Hays, dead-fagged but proud.

In amazement and delight over this exhibition of horsemanship, General Sheridan undertook to figure out the ground Bill had covered:

"Three hundred and fifty-five miles in fifty-eight riding hours—Bill, that's the most remarkable ride I've ever heard of! I don't know of its equal in all military history."

"Well, sir, after a little rest, I guess I'll do some more riding—back to my post in Larned."

"Wait a moment, Bill—let me think—look here, the Fifth Cavalry is coming west for an expedition against the Dog Soldier Indians. I'm going to appoint you chief of scouts with that outfit. How does that strike you?"

"First rate, General, and I thank you for the honor."

That was the beginning of a rare friendship—one that was to have marked influence on Bill's life.

October 3, 1868, the dandy Fifth United States Cavalry cantered up to Fort Hays, accouterments burnished, guidons snapping in the wind. General Sheridan personally introduced Bill to the colonel, William Royal; and two days later the twenty-five-year-old scout led the regiment out in pursuit of the Dog Soldiers. These renegade Indians were superspecimens of red manhood, brave to the death, agile, daring. They were called Dog Soldiers because they were principally Cheyennes—a name derived from the French word *chien*, a dog.

Gallant Royal, steel-willed himself, soon struck the mettle of his chief scout. In camp on the South Fork of the Solomon he ordered Bill to get some fresh buffalo meat for the troops.

"All right, Colonel; send along a wagon or two to bring in the meat."

The stern army man was irked by the fresh and easy cocksureness of the plainsman. "I'm not in the habit of sending out my wagons until I know there is something to be hauled in. Kill your buffaloes first."

For a moment Bill's hot blood flamed; then the scout in him saw a better way. He obeyed orders—that day.

Next day, however, Colonel Royal was brought out of his tent on the run by a great commotion. Thundering directly into the camp, with Bill Cody charging riotously on the leader's flank, was a herd of buffaloes. In front of the cook tent Bill got the bisons to circling—and shot them down while the soldiers shouted and cheered.

Then he coolly dismounted and bowed to the colonel, who strode up to him angrily.

"What do you mean by this, Cody? I can't have any such goings-on!"

"Oh, I didn't fancy asking for wagons again, Colonel. I thought I'd make the buffaloes furnish their own transportation," said Bill dryly.

The colonel grinned, and from then on treated Bill with the equality the independent young scout demanded.

Brilliantly guided by Bill, the Fighting Fifth, come late autumn, had driven the Dog Soldiers back into the wilderness along the Republican River. On one plunging foray Bill engaged in a running fight up Prairie Dog Creek, over the spot where, as a lad, he had been marooned with a broken leg.

General Sheridan was so impressed with the work of the Fifth that he ordered it to another danger point—the Canadian River country in New Mexico Territory. Commanded now by General Carr, the Fifth hurried to Fort Lyon, on Purgatory River, near Bent's Fort, in southern Colorado Territory, where it was outfitted for a desperate campaign as the bleak mountain winter closed down.

"General Penrose and his command left here three weeks ago," said General Carr to Bill, "and there's been no word from him since. He had no supply wagons—only pack mules. The snow has come sooner than he reckoned on, and I'm worried."

"And so am I, sir," said Bill, "because I've just learned that Wild Bill Hickok is guiding Penrose. Bill's my best friend. I hope we can overtake them before their rations give out—"

A Race with Death

THE Fighting Fifth, hard put to keep up with its eager chief scout, pushed south across the Cimarron River and into the Raton Range. Trapped in Freeze-Out Canyon by a fearful snowstorm, when the Fifth dug out it found all vestiges of Penrose's trail gone. From then on Bill had to scour the winter-locked mountains blindly.

By his intrepidity in rushing the Fifth's wagon trains down a mountainside, Bill saved many precious days. Then a blizzard zoomed down out of the north. This time the Fifth could not halt. And Bill Cody had to ride first into the knifelike wind and not flinch from it lest the regiment become lost.

So thick were the hissing curtains of white that black horses could not be made out ten feet away. Lariat lines were strung from saddle to sad-

(*Continued on page 28*)

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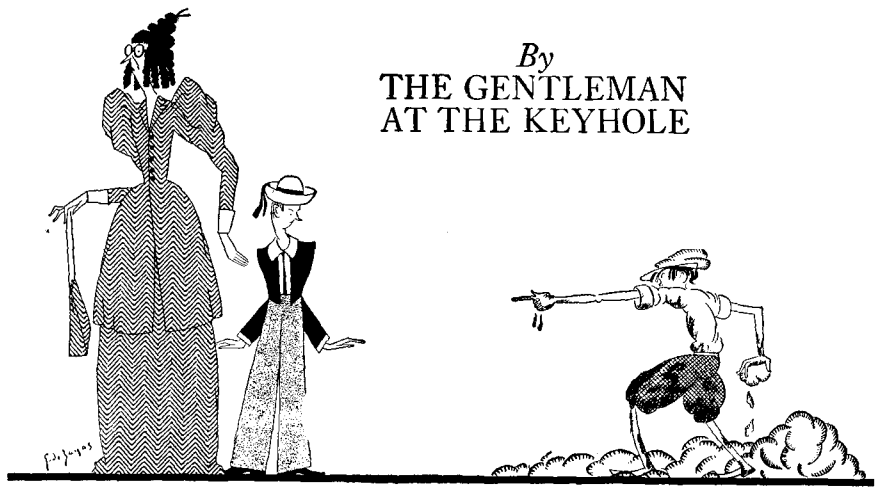

By
THE GENTLEMAN
AT THE KEYHOLE

You're Another!

THE Republican party is, at the moment when this is being written, in a mild panic over the oil scandals of 1924—not in so great a panic as swept over it when it faced the oil scandals of 1920 because it lived through those revelations and triumphed by 7,000,000 votes.

You can't scare out of its wits a party which has lived through the evidence that one of its Cabinet members has been bribed, and the fact that two more of its Cabinet members had to retire under pressure and has nevertheless received a huge vote of confidence from the people. But still it is scared, for the voting masses are as uncertain as the weather. And a panic brings out all the worst there is in human nature.

The worst that is in human nature lies very close to the surface of Senator Robinson of Indiana, that singular product of Ku Klux rule of the Hoosier State, a period of the supremacy in politics of a man now in jail for an atrocious crime against a woman.

Now, the rule of politics is, when your party is under charges, to suggest that the other party is just as bad. This cynical expedient consists in practically saying to the country, "Well, we are crooks, but what are you going to do about it? So are our opponents."

Usually in the best political circles certain evidence is required before the charge is made that the opponents are tarred with the same brush. This requirement is not based so much upon decency and good sportsmanship as it may seem at first glance. It is practical. To make baseless charges often helps instead of hurting the opposition. However, sometimes there is a certain advantage in putting out baseless charges and insinuations. Once they get into the headlines no denial of them will ever wholly catch up with them.

Robinson Crusoe Goes Fishing

THAT is the theory upon which Senator Robinson of Indiana acted in suggesting, after it had become known that Sinclair had helped to clear the way for the election of a Republican President in 1924, that inquiry be made whether Sinclair had not also helped in the election of Governor Smith in 1920.

He did not know whether there were good grounds for thinking that Sinclair had done anything of the sort. And as a matter of fact it turns out that Sinclair, far from doing what was suggested, had contributed to the campaign fund of Governor Smith's opponent in 1922. But what Senator Robinson aimed at was to couple the names of Smith and Sinclair in the headlines for one day, no matter how quickly disproof caught up with his calumny.

Not many Republican senators would have done what Robinson did. In fact, I cannot think of any other Republican senator sufficiently lacking in self-respect to do what he did. But most of the Republican side of the House were mightily cheered for a moment by the unconscionable exploit of their Indiana colleague. Such is the effect of panic upon a body of men, a good many of whom under favorable circumstances are gentlemen.

Now let us consider the effect of this present panic upon young Senator Nye of North Dakota. Mr. Nye had been in the Senate for a couple of years without anybody's knowing it when suddenly the accident of his being chairman of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, which is conducting the investigation into Will H. Hays' contact with the Sinclair Continental Trading Company bonds, gave him first pages and headlines.

Mr. Nye hasn't any reason to be in a panic. Hays would have turned his back upon Mr. Nye in 1923 when he was collecting money from Sinclair, for Mr. Nye was then a proscribed radical.

Sentimental About Money

BUT now the Republicans who voted to deny him his seat court him. Jim Watson whispers in his ear that he is the chief reliance of the Republican party to see to it that his party will be able, when the story is all told, to point to the Democrats and exclaim, "You're another!"

Mr. Nye is flattered by the attention of the regulars. He has found it lonely in the Senate with no one to talk to but young Mr. La Follette. Mr Nye is a close second to Mr. Robinson in what he feels he can say, though Mr. Nye's derelictions may be set down to youthful vanity and inexperience.

It was Mr. Nye who gave currency to a story that a package of Christmas cards intended for a judge in Washington who had nothing to do with the case was a package of bonds intended for the judge who tried Sinclair. The judge in question is a Democrat.

Now another singular manifestation of the Republican panic is the proposal of Senator Borah that we should dig into our jeans to make Sinclair richer by $160,000 than he was after Hays, knowing that he needed friends in high places, relieved him of that sum. Mr. Borah is genuinely shocked. It is not enough to him to say with Senator Robinson and Senator Nye: "You're another!" He feels much more uncomfortable than usual at being a Republican and deserves general sympathy.

But why should the rest of us pay to make Mr. Borah's conscience easier, especially when that is to be accomplished only by making Sinclair richer?

If anybody was robbed, we were, so why should we put ourselves still further out of pocket, especially to the man who robbed us, in order to make Mr. Borah happy?

However, I admit it would be worth a good deal to see Mr. Borah happy as a Republican.

The Prairie Prince

Continued from page 26

dle until the entire regiment was practically tied to its chief scout. Officers and troopers dismounted and stumbled along beside their horses, to shield themselves from the terrible blasts. But Bill Cody dared not turn his face for fear of losing his sensitive feeling of the direction. Somewhere ahead his dear pal was dying, with his mates, of starvation. For eight bitter hours Bill leaned his left cheek against the storm, with only the protection of a fragment of saddle blanket which he stuffed into his ear.

Penrose's command was found—snowed in, famishing, 200 of its horses strewn about dead, the rest having eaten the manes and tails from each other.

Mrs. Cody Beholds a New Bill

BILL raced among the rescued men—with eyes for only one.

"Bill—Bill—Wild Bill—Mr. Hickok!"

"Billy Cody," came a weak growl, "you little rascal—just like a bad penny, allus turnin' up!"

The two pals had a great reunion. But for the rest of his life Bill Cody was deaf in his left ear.

Springtime brought a well-earned leave of absence, and Bill sped eastward to his family. He dearly loved to surprise Louisa on these visits—by bounding in unexpectedly. But this time Louisa remained transfixed—in the terror of an unrecognized intrusion.

"Why, Louisa dear, what's wrong? You look as though you're seeing a ghost!"

The deep rumble of the well-loved voice brought color back into Louisa's cheeks.

"Bill, it *is* you—but what in the world has happened to you?"

Bill was puzzled, so Louisa pointed—"Your—your hair!"

Then Bill knew, and laughed. His hands caressed his new adornments—a mustache, a beard, and luxuriant brown locks cascading over his shoulders, the fruit of many months on the trail away from a barber's shears.

"Oh, I forgot! I reckon it's kind of funny when you're not used to it. But this get-up is the frontier fashion now. General Custer and a lot of the boys have it—"

"I don't like you this way, Will Cody!" Louisa wailed.

"I'll take it off," Bill said, to stanch her quick-flowing tears, "only—only—I'll be kind of out of place with the boys. The redskins used to call me Prairie Chief," he concluded proudly, "but now they call me Pa-he-haska because of my hair."

"Wait—wait, Will—perhaps I shall learn to like it"—shyly.

So Bill kept his hair and his Indian nickname—and the picture of Buffalo Bill was complete for the boyhood of a nation.

The days of his leave slipped by, and Bill rode back to the troubled outposts. scouting, fighting, hard riding, day in and day out! Bill took it all as a normal part of the everyday grind.

A hot trail along the South Platte enabled General Carr to fling his command on the heels of the main war bands of Sioux. There was a general battle in which the outnumbered soldiers administered a crushing defeat to 600 of the Indians, and Bill Cody's old Lucretia accounted for one of the greatest and most dangerous of the Sioux chieftains—Tonka Haska, or Tall Bull.

Bill, who in all times and places practiced his love for horseflesh, took his victim's horse captive, and named it Tall Bull. It was a fine animal, and, added to Powder Face, his pony, and Buckskin Joe, a large yellow hunter which he had traded from Pawnee scouts, it helped to compensate Bill for Brigham.

General Carr came more and more not only to love his dashing chief of scouts, but to depend upon him for the practical mapping out of the splendid and exhaustive campaign whereby the Fifth took an indignant nation's revenge for years of redskin terrorism, thrashed the Indians into semi-quietude, and made possible a resumption of empire building.

Bill was to come out of his army service eventually with the highest honor the Republic pays for valor—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Covered with glory, Bill and the Fighting Fifth took up headquarters at Fort McPherson, Nebraska. Here, in the lovely Platte Valley that had captured his heart and his imagination, Bill wanted to have his home. Yes, Louisa—the city-bred girl who loved soft things—would come, she said, when he had a place ready. His country would be her country.

Another daughter was born to them in the new home. And finally, when Bill trotted back with the Fifth from forays, long or short, it was with the joyous prospect of fondling—his son! For Kit Carson Cody had come to fill the cabin with a voice that bid fair to resemble his father's genial boom.

It was on Bill's mind at first to name the boy Ned Buntline Cody, because just at this time Bill met the famous novelist who had gone west to find a national folk hero—and *had* found him in Buffalo Bill Cody.

But Kit Carson had always been Bill's favorite hero, and his worship found inevitable expression in his first-born son's name.

Now there came an uneasy lull in the Indian wars, and hammer and saw resounded again over the broad wastes where surveyors replaced scouts in the westward push of empire.

Bill's neighbors in the Platte Valley signalized their respect for his prowess by appointing him, young as he was, to administer the civil law among them. He was made justice of the peace.

No thief was spry enough to escape the jurisdiction of Bill on Tall Bull; none brave enough to defy old Lucretia. But one torturing afternoon Bill was stumped. He was called upon to perform a wedding ceremony.

One of the sergeants from McPherson stood before Bill with a blushing bride. Her blush was pale compared to Bill's as he thumbed the pages of the Statutes of Nebraska and found therein no paragraphs that remotely resembled a safe and reliable form of marriage.

William F. Cody, J. P.

BILL, however, was not one to remain stumped. Unable to find a ready-made form of matrimony, he devised his own with gusto. He brought out a bottle of whisky. He laid his revolvers on the table. He bade the sergeant hold the lady's hand. Then:

"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife, to support and love her through life?"

"I do! Sure! You bet!" declared the sergeant hastily, with a sidelong glance at Bill's weapons.

Bill bent his flashing glance upon the bride. "Do you," he cried with rising steam, "take this man to be your lawful wedded husband through life, to love, honor, and obey him?"

"Yes, sir"—shyly.

"Then," thundered Bill, banging his revolvers on the table, "whom God and Buffalo Bill have joined together let no man put asunder! Two dollars, and—let's have a drink!"

Yet, barring such diversions, life was growing a bit tame for Bill. Accustomed to action, he chafed at days that brought none.

Suddenly orders came through for the Fighting Fifth to proceed at once to Arizona for a campaign against the Apaches.

Here was a prospect to make Bill's sort of pulses leap—adventuring in a far territory, amid strange tribes!

Then came a mysterious additional order from General Sheridan:

"*Don't take Cody!*"

(*To be continued next week*)

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"It was the happiest moment of my life!"

Kansas City, Mo.

"A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST was held in our city, the winner to receive the title, 'Miss Kansas City.'

"I was run down and underweight. My digestion was bad and I was very nervous—probably due to poor elimination.

"My physician advised fresh Yeast. I ate it—3 cakes a day, dissolved in water. In two weeks my elimination and digestion were better, my nerves had quieted and my weight had righted itself. My complexion cleared up too. I felt fine.

"Well, I won over 200 girls, receiving the unanimous vote of the judges for beauty of face and form. *It was the happiest moment of my life.*

"I then went to Atlantic City, to represent Kansas City in the National Bathing Beauty Contest. I arrived with the required weight, a complexion the judges termed 'peaches and cream' and an unlimited amount of pep—which I surely needed to stand the strain of a solid week of judging.

"Thanks again to Fleischmann's Yeast, I finished third in the Atlantic City finals. You will always find Yeast in my diet."

MARGUERITE JORDAN.

Wins title, "MISS KANSAS CITY," *in beauty competition . . . Read her story at left*

AS FRESH as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure health *food*. Where cathartics bring but temporary relief, Fleischmann's Yeast strikes at the very *root* of common ills. Cleanses the intestines. Keeps them active. Frees you from the constipation that daily saps your vigor and health.

As elimination becomes more regular, more complete, new stores of energy are released. Indigestion gives way. Skin troubles vanish. Your whole outlook on life brightens.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. E-54, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"*I learned to ride as I learned to walk,*" *says* MISS RITA LA ROY. *Who will doubt it in the face of the testimony above? Miss La Roy writes:*

"THE 'GREAT OPEN SPACES' were my first school. At an early age I was taken by my father to live on a large ranch. Before I was ten years old I was riding the plains with a .22 automatic strapped to my saddle. Breaking in ponies was a regular thing for me. One year I rode in the annual stampede.

"Then—my father died. The ranch grew unbearably lonely. I came to the city to live.

"But in spite of my hardy childhood life I gradually became run down, suffering with constipation and frequent colds. Every winter I seemed to get worse. I was beginning to become distressed.

"Then, three years ago, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast, dissolved in milk. Next winter I didn't have a single bad cold. My constipation was helped, too. I am now one of the healthiest people about."

RITA LA ROY, *Hollywood, Calif.*

"*I was placed in a very embarrassing position,*" *writes* WILLIAM BLAKENEY. *His letter follows:*

"IN MY WORK with one of the largest photographic studios in the world I meet hundreds of people every day. Naturally it was particularly embarrassing to me when my face broke out in pimples.

"Various soaps and ointments didn't help. A boil broke out on my skin. I couldn't sleep. Then more boils, leaving ugly scars—what was I to do?

"The advice of a former classmate was 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' I tried it, and in a month the improvement was wonderful. My skin cleared up. I felt great. Yeast surely was a life-saver to me—I can't praise it enough!"

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, *Newtonville, Mass.*

Easy, natural—this new way to health, to greater zest in living

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.

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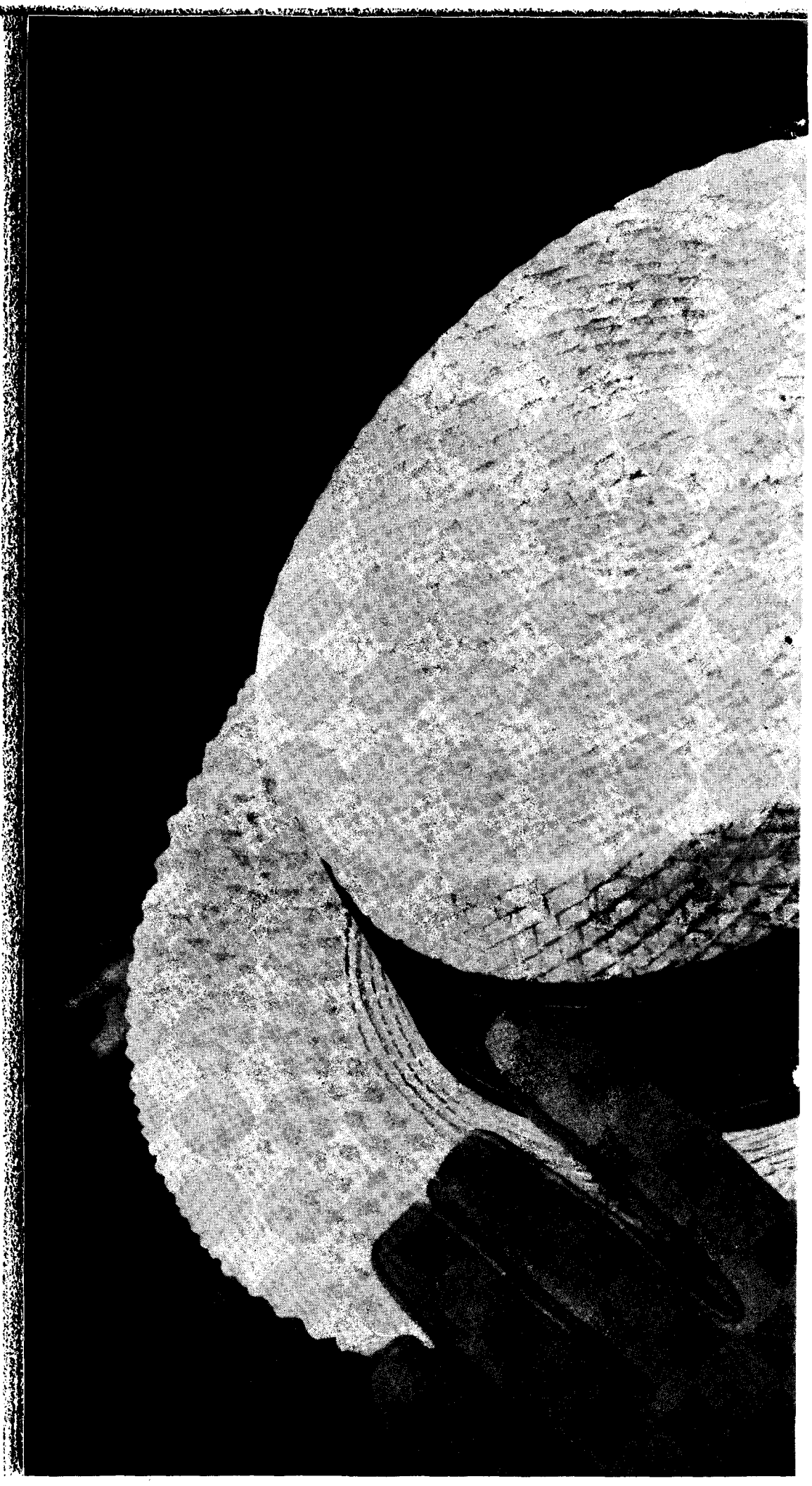
THERE'S A SWIRL OF ST



Easy-going Comfort in a Stiff Straw Hat!

The Dunlap "Metropolitan" straw hat has a dual personality. To the eyes of all beholders, it's as smart and correct as only a stiff straw hat *can* be!

But to your own sensitive brow it's as comfortable as the trusty old trouting felt. Several small strands of soft straw right next to your head give soft hat comfort to this otherwise stiff straw hat. The Metropolitan costs $6. Other Dunlap straw hats, $5 and up.

And there is something else in this hat and in other Dunlap yacht-shaped straws—something so remarkable and so important that we have taken all the space on the opposite page to let you know about it!

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581 Fifth Ave. In Chicago, 22 So. Michigan Ave.
And accredited agencies throughout the world

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TRADE MARK
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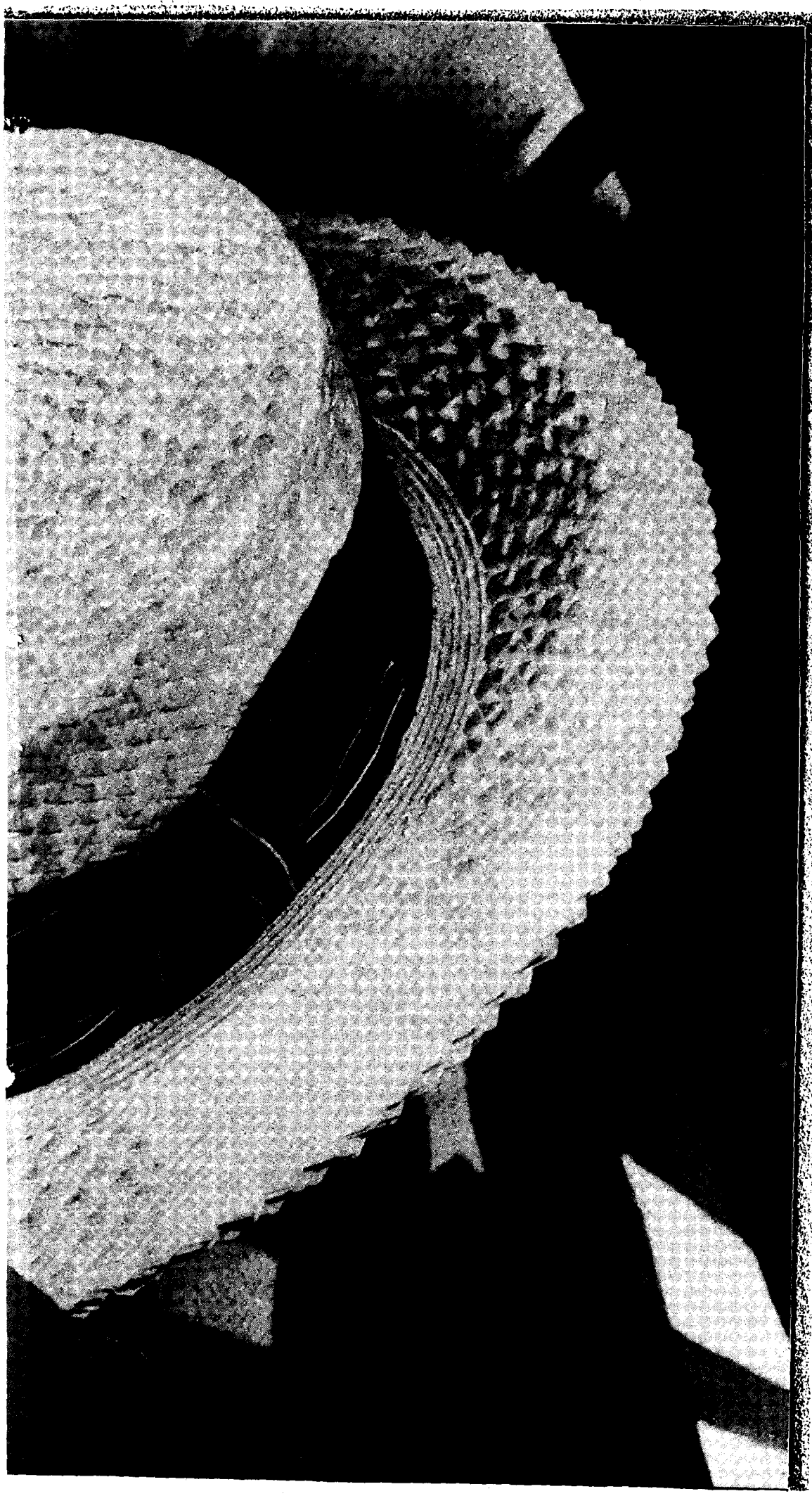
YLE TO A DUNLAP HAT



The Hat that Resists Both Sun and Rain!

Dunlap has produced a straw hat that is as near sun-proof and shower-proof as modern science can make it!

We have developed a new and secret process, the Dunlap "Sunmist" Process—a treatment that combats the darkening of the straw from the sun's rays and bravely battles against summer's rains. This process adds not one iota to the weight of the hat.

But it adds many weeks to the wear, even though you're out in the sun or are often caught in summer's impulsive showers. And it gives you a hat that will keep its good looks and smart shape longer than any straw hat that was ever before presented to you.

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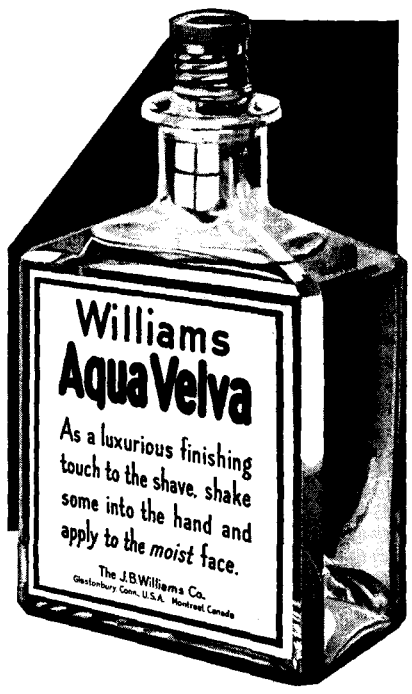
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Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
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All day Face Comfort!
All day Face Fitness!

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Splash on Aqua Velva when the lather is washed off. Feel your face respond to its stimulating tingle.

Made expressly for after-shaving, it is the result of 88 years of study to find what's best for beard and skin.

It wakes the skin and livens it. Cares for tiny nicks and scrapes. Helps the skin retain its needed natural moisture. Protects it. Helps to *keep* it as the Williams lather *leaves* it, youthful, flexible, Fit!

You know scores of men who use Aqua Velva. Ask some of them. Then see what a bottle will do for *your* face.

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle
Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.
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Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

A Woman Looks at Hoover

Continued from page 9

he brings the trained mind of the engineer to stopping the gap. Hoover *hates* waste. It is strongly characteristic of everything he does that it is done compactly; that imagination and care are brought to the details. That feverish fear that the mere phrase "Administration at Washington" means to many men and women—that helpless feeling that graft, cheating, pilfering, privilege, misuse of funds generally are universal in high places—is as abhorrent to him as to them.

I heard the other day that Hoover summoned the wholesale makers of certain inexpensive household articles and suggested that they reduce their designs from several hundreds of types to a mere thirty or forty.

Standardizing is one of Hoover's hobbies. He takes home-making very seriously, as few politicians or executives do. He listed it as an occupation in the United States census for the first time.

Unlike most self-made men, he is cosmopolitan in his wide knowledge of men and affairs. He has lived in China and Russia and England. He speaks several European languages. He is qualified—if ever a man was—to judge between the nations, to understand them, and to interpret their actions and ambitions in terms that we in America can understand.

At this particular time it seems to me impossible to overestimate what this means in a chief executive. It has been my duty, during the past few years, when I have been making speeches about world peace, to read every book I could find upon the subject of war and peace, and especially the World War. I have yet to come upon any obstacle to friendly relationships between nations that could not have been removed in 1912 and 1913 and 1914 by the intelligent intervention of some one man in whom they all had confidence and who understood them.

America had confidence in Herbert Hoover. Europe and China and Russia know and respect him as well. It is impossible to imagine any serious international rupture under his administration, not because he is implacable and merciless in hate but because he has never yet failed to solve any problem with a measure of consideration, intelligence and humanity.

Bigger Than the Machine

ONE cannot picture Herbert Hoover as contriving a gas machine or planning a wholesale policy of submarine attacks. But one can confidently expect him to use his knowledge of our country and her resources, and his knowledge of other countries and their claims, to adjust even a serious international difference generously and without bloodshed.

And this not because of anything he says he will do, or because of party claims of what he will do, but upon the simple and open record of what he has already done and a consideration of the difficult circumstances under which he has done it.

It is natural to speak of "his party!" But the man is far bigger than the machine, and, judging from such political events as are shaping themselves as I write, it is only to be suspected that Election Day will prove that America's women believe him to be so.

The situation of woman at our polls presents a curious and interesting study. We were said to have been politically "still-born." For some years there was even a movement to retract the prerogative: a movement sponsored by women too. One influential man who was opposed to emancipation for women told me frankly that the quickest way to kill the "votes for women" agitation was to give women what they wanted, and see how fast they would forget it!

But this is not true. What was true was that for several years after their enfranchisement women did turn and turn about bewilderedly in their sudden freedom. Their unwillingness to enroll themselves with one party or another was the subject of much joyous and contemptuous attack.

This has changed. Isolated women here and there have not only boldly captured outlying political positions, but they have arrived at the Capitol too and are entrenched there, watching the interests of home and children and school as well as the more formidable international and financial questions. They are ready to stand by their guns as soon as the issue is clear.

Women everywhere are awakening to the power of the vote—which is not at all to say that women are awakened to the power of the party.

Woman—Free and Independent

ON THE contrary, nine out of ten of our sex refuse to recognize in the mere words Democrat and Republican a force more potent than that in the words Issue or Man.

A fine man, a law-respecting, personally moral, tested public servant will carry a heavy feminine vote next November no matter which party nominates him. It cannot be otherwise. We were deprived of the privilege of voting during the years when the formation of the two great parties was in progress, and we have no reason to believe that wisdom has found her final resting place with either. The Republican party, the Democratic and Progressive parties, whose originators were enormously admired as patriots in their day, were all offshoots from the older party—were examples, indeed, of the same rebellion against the same dry-rot, deep-in-the-rut, mechanical type of blind party adhesion—I will not say loyalty—*that America's awakening women discover in America today.*

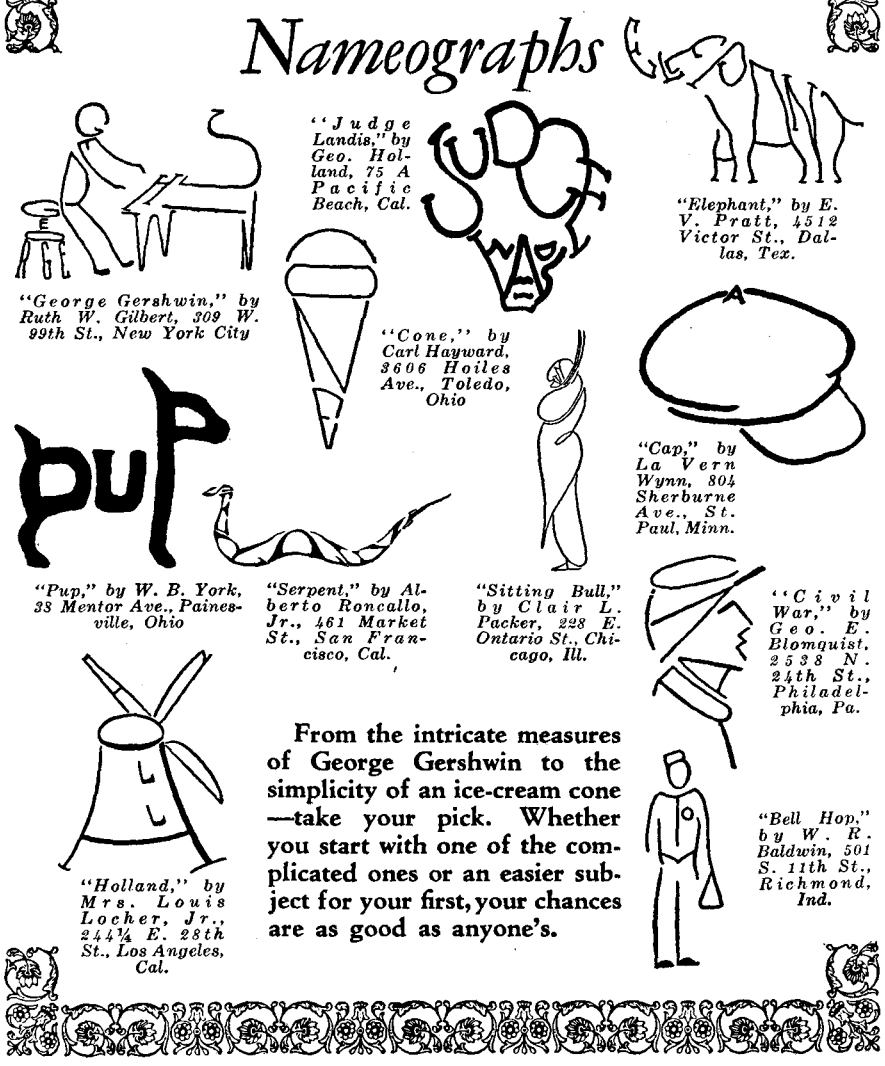
Herbert Hoover has sometimes been adversely criticized because some years ago, when another political flurry was in progress, he appeared to waver between the two big parties.

But it is an entirely comprehensible position to me as a woman voter!

There is no question in my own mind that the women of this country are preparing themselves, consciously or unconsciously, for something in the nature of concerted movement in this question of whether we are to have law or lawlessness in America: whether we are to be eternally put off with a glib assurance that legislation unpopular with a rebellious minority "cannot be enforced."

It would be a real satisfaction to me, as a Democrat, to have my own party successful at the polls next November and as a Catholic to see a Catholic in the White House, if only to prove to an unconvinced country how entirely normal, pacific and unsensational generally a Catholic executive can be. But if my own party, or either party, nominates at Houston or Kansas City a candidate who does not seem to stand for those heroic measures of which America is today in such urgent and bitter need, then it would not be a matter of apology with me, a matter of shame or hesitation or explanation—it would be the natural and honorable action to "scratch" him: to substitute the name of a man of high ideals and proven integrity, even though he had been nominated by the rival party.

Nameographs



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From the intricate measures of George Gershwin to the simplicity of an ice-cream cone—take your pick. Whether you start with one of the complicated ones or an easier subject for your first, your chances are as good as anyone's.

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The fresh snowy whiteness of Laundry-washed clothes

When you turn back the snowy, spotless sheets that have come from your laundry, you know they not only look clean and feel clean, but *are* scientifically clean ✤ Yet modern laundry service is simple ✤ It is a story of unlimited quantities of filtered rainsoft water, plenty of pure soap, and scientific knowledge of how to use amazingly gentle equipment ✤ Your clothes are washed without rubbing, and are rinsed in many baths, until every particle of loosened dirt is definitely removed from the fabric ✤ There is a pronounced difference between professional and domestic laundering . . . a difference that strongly emphasizes the fact that laundry-washed clothes *must be cleaner,* sweeter, and longer-wearing ✤ Visit a modern laundry and see for yourself why millions of home managers depend upon such laundries for relief from irksome washday toil ✤

The LAUNDRY / *does it best*

ABOVE—The heavy, rich suds which penetrates every fabric pore, gently softening and removing dirt, in a washer with glass-smooth inside surfaces. LEFT—How the hand of science helps protect your clothing . . . every laundry formula is worked out with prescription-like exactness.

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

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Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

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It's The Short Cut To Europe . . .

. . . *financially speaking*

Perhaps for years you've been planning dimly to go abroad . . . but each time you become slightly abashed before the actual cash outlay of such a trip!

Then why not the Cunard Travel Club way . . . another of those efficient modern gestures . . . like an electric refrigerator.

Cunard Travel Club helps you put aside a weekly sum . . . the amount of your own choosing. Before you can say "Jack Robinson" you've accumulated enough for your trip!

Cunard Travel Club not only helps you to save but acts as your travel adviser and *visualizer.* Experts tell you all the best ways of getting to all the places you want to see . . . and map out a complete expense account . . . a wonderful help.

And you are by no means limited to "conducted tours" where you travel with a set group. You may go as an individual . . . just like anyone else . . . but you have all the benefit of this pre-digested travel experience.

It's the gentlest, easiest way of wafting yourself to Europe that we know of.

Send for booklet "The Cunard Budget Plan"

CUNARD TRAVEL CLUB

Suite 431

25 Broadway, New York City
or Your Local Steamship Agent

P. S. . . . of course you may pay cash for your trip.

Monkey Man

Continued from page 11

down de river," he continued, "but hit gits kind of tiresome and slow for a man goin' up de river." And approximately at this point Bugaboo's trick mind functioned. "Some time," he pressed, "I gits so tired er sleepin' to I can't hardly sleep. Jest ridin' and restin' and sleepin'.

"Elder," he resumed after what he considered an appropriate pause, "what you say I and you plays a few hands er seven-up to pass off de time betwixt hyar and Vicksburg?"

Elder stiffened. "Who, me?" he demanded. "You know I ain't no gamblin' man. Ain't I told you I's a elder and mighty nigh a preacher? Come hyar tawkin' gamblin' at me, and me jest waitin' to git me a church so's I kin quit workin' and go to preachin'."

Bugaboo considered himself a fairly good card player—nothing fancy; just fairly good—but good enough to win consistently over Elder, provided he could be inveigled into a game.

"Tain't gamblin'," he defended. "Jest a nickel on de cornders."

"I has to work for my nickels," Elder snorted. "I ain't layin' no nickels on de cornders for you to pick up."

"I lays mine down too," Bugaboo argued. "And you might pick mine up instid of I pickin' you'n. 'Course a nickel ain't much, win or lose, but do you win, you gits hit and don't has to work for hit."

A few more flourishes of gambler logic and Elder yielded. The two roustabouts seated themselves flat upon the deck of the boat, with a pack of well-thumbed cards, produced by Bugaboo, between them.

Elder was even easier than Bugaboo had hoped for. He was only vaguely familiar with the simple rules of the game, and the way he handled the cards when it was his turn to deal almost aroused Bugaboo's sympathy.

"Boy, whyn't you deal dem cyards and quit scatterin' 'em around?" he demanded when Elder dropped half of the pack from his awkward hands.

"I's doin' de best I kin," Elder whined, withdrawing a big handkerchief from his pocket and snorting into it. "I ain't used to handlin' cyards." And in his confusion he picked up the cards he had dropped and put them into his pocket and tried to shuffle the handkerchief with the remaining cards in his hands.

"Don't git rattled, son," Bugaboo encouraged, "you's gittin' on all O. K., only you ain't so much on dealin'."

Game followed game in rapid succession until five nickels from Elder's purse rested in the stack of Bugaboo's money.

"You's nickelin' me to death," Elder complained. "I better quit."

BUGABOO knew it was the truth, and he hoped to keep it up until he could win enough from Elder to finance the fish-fry outing. He riffled the cards thoughtfully.

"De trouble wid you," he explained, "you don't rush yo' luck. You got fast luck and you's nickelin' hit all away. You ought to play mo'n a nickel on hit. What you want to do is play about six bits at a lick and make hit five-up instid er seven-up. Dat's de way to handle luck like you got."

"Six bits is a heap er money to lose at one lick."

"And hit's a heap to win too," Bugaboo rejoined.

Elder hesitated a little longer, but finally he gave in. "I tries one six-bits lick," he agreed.

"And five-up instid er seven-up?" Bugaboo asked.

"Five-up," Elder confirmed, and he drew a cankered half dollar and a slick quarter from his purse and placed the money by the side of Bugaboo's pile.

Bugaboo beamed confidence as he dealt cards alternately to his victim and himself, and with an exaggerated flourish he turned a final card from the deck for the trump. It was a small spade.

Elder looked miserable. He fumbled his cards, dropping them and picking them up, and finally sticking some of them in his pocket instead of his purse. "A heap er money," he mumbled, trying to arrange the purse in his hands instead of the cards.

"Boy, whyn't you mind out what you doin'?" Bugaboo complained. "Git dat ole rusty pocketbook back in yo' pocket and play cyards."

Elder mumbled an apology and finally succeeded in getting the cards from his pocket and arranged in his hand. Bugaboo long since had booked his cards according to suit and was well satisfied to find the king and jack of trumps in his hand. He knew nothing of mathematical probabilities, but he knew that the king and jack of trumps in a two-handed game of five-up constituted a fairly good hand. Very likely the king would be high and the jack a "gentleman." That would be two points. Then, unless his opponent had an exceptionally good hand, he would capture "game" for an additional point. He was willing for his opponent to play the low card for the fourth point.

"What you doin', Funny Face?" he asked.

"I begs," Elder replied meekly.

By "begging" Elder indicated that his hand was not strong, and the dealer had the alternative of dealing three more cards and turning a new trump or presenting his opponent with a point as handicap.

Bugaboo studied his hand again. The king and jack looked powerfully good, and with Elder begging they looked considerably better. It was possible that Elder had no trump at all, in which case Bugaboo would make high, low, jack and the game in one hand.

"I gives," he announced. "Lead out."

ELDER fumbled his cards confusedly for a minute and finally extracted one which he placed, face up, in front of Bugaboo. It was nothing less than the ace of spades.

Bugaboo blinked his eyes several times before he could believe them.

"You beggin' wid de ace in you' hand, fool?" he demanded. "Dat ain't no way to do." And he sorrowfully dropped his king upon the ace.

Elder hazarded a timid grin. "And you played de king on my ace," he speculated. "Maybe you got a lonesome ole jack behind dat king." And he led back the queen.

"And you begged!" Bugaboo moaned.

"And you gimme," Elder added. "You sho' was right about my luck bein' fast. I sat hyar and nickeled away two bits. And den I play six bits. And quick as you drap dat jack on my queen and I

(*Continued on page 36*)

SHOPTALK

For Women Only

IF MR. HOOVER receives the Republican Presidential nomination, he will get among others the vote of Mrs. Kathleen Norris, who is otherwise an ardent Democrat. In her forceful article on page 8 of this issue, while telling what she thinks of Hoover, Mrs. Norris makes out a strong case for the political independence of women. "Nine out of ten of our sex," she says, "refuse to recognize in the mere words 'Democrat' and 'Republican' a force more potent than that in the words 'issue' or 'man.'"

When woman suffrage was a fertile subject for the comic sheets, we were told that the cut of a candidate's clothes and the radiance of his countenance would be more potent than intelligence and ability. We should have had a keener sense of humor.

Now we know, as men have been learning slowly in every age, that the science of government is not a book closed to the feminine eye. Women are just as capable of straight thinking, independent action springing from high motives, as men are. Sometimes we suspect they are more capable than men, but, of course, that is merely a suspicion.

The lesson for us here is not too deeply concealed. Women are expert also in the science of living—which is why we try to make each issue of Collier's interesting to intelligent human beings of whatever persuasion. That we succeed is shown by the letters we receive. A few weeks ago we here quoted reports that revealed 12,732 women readers and 13,970 men readers in 9,321 homes visited.

And just as we go to press with this issue an appreciated letter comes from a tortured soul, "I am home with a sore jaw and am reading my wife's Collier's."

THE EDITOR.

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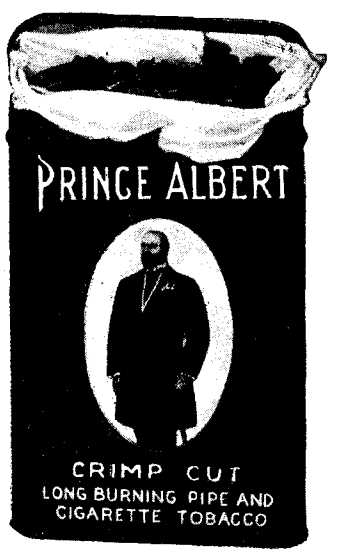
"All the day through"

YOU'LL always find P. A. and me together, following the sun around. But we differ from the fellow in the song. We're *never* blue! No, *Sir!* P. A. and I joined hands when linen dusters were standard equipment for the Sunday drive. I'm still broadcasting my prescription for pipe-joy.

I like to lift the hatch on a tidy red tin and treat my detector to that Prince Albert aroma. Then I light up. . . . Cool as the click of a taxi-meter. Sweet as the words: "This ride's on *me*." Mild and long-burning, with a rich, full-bodied flavor that's just great!

From the first pull after the bacon-and-coffee till the house-slipper kick-off at the end of the day, P. A. hands me plenty of silver-lined smoke-clouds. No matter what your present program, pour some of the National Joy Smoke into your pipe. Then you'll know I'm not just talking words.



This tin contains TWO full ounces of jimmy-pipe joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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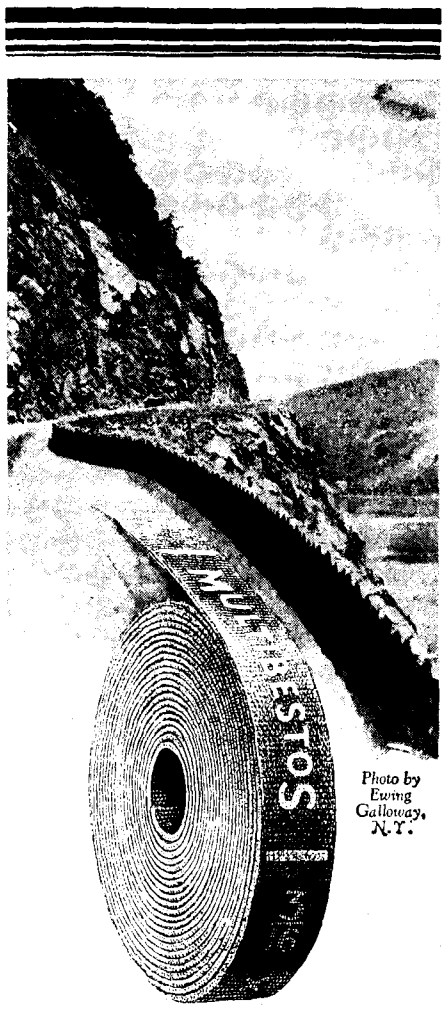

Photo by Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

The Safest Road

SEVEN hundred feet above the Hudson River winds steep Storm King Highway, one of the world's most beautiful motor roads. Sheer mountain on one side, deep flowing river the other. The motorist who travels this highway must have that freedom of mind which comes from knowing his car is fully equipped for safety. This freedom belongs to every motorist who knows his brakes are lined with Multibestos. For Multibestos is *tempered*—by an exclusive process called *Pre-heating*—against heat, wet and friction, giving it dependability and long life. Next time your brakes are relined specify—

MULTIBESTOS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
The Safe BRAKE LINING

MULTIBESTOS COMPANY
WALPOLE, MASS., U. S. A.

Monkey Man

Continued from page 34

leads dis yuther spade, I done made high, low, jack, gimme and de game at one lick. And out."

Bugaboo considered. The lone jack unquestionably was in his hand, and unless he could perform some sort of magic and make it disappear he would have to play it on Elder's queen. Bugaboo was no magician. He was a tricker, but he couldn't make a card disappear.

"Elder," he said piously, but with slight hopes of success, "hit's a sin to gamble."

"Drap dat jack," Elder urged.

Bugaboo laid his cards, face downward upon the floor. "A natchal sin," he continued. "I quit's gamblin' f'm now on." And he started to pick up half the money.

"Don't tech dat money," Elder warned in a razor-edge tone. "Play dat jack."

Bugaboo sorrowfully picked up his cards, dropped the jack on the queen and surrendered his hand. "I ain't got nothin' else," he declared. Elder's luck certainly had changed. And the change in luck had swept away all of Bugaboo's fish-frying money. Oh, well.

BUGABOO sprawled out on deck again, flat broke and without a worry in the world. A fish fry was a heap of fun, but it was a heap of worry too. Just as he was about to go to sleep, May Liza spoke to him. She was acting as nursemaid for the small son of one of the passengers, and she had brought him to the lower deck to wander around.

"Goin' to de fish fry, Bugaboo?" she asked.

Bugaboo sat up and blinked the sleep from his eyes.

"Is you?" he countered.

May Liza considered. "A lady can't go to a fish fry by herse'f," she reminded him, and she waited for Bugaboo's next bit of talk.

Bugaboo knew exactly what to say, but he lacked a dollar and fifty cents with which to say it.

"You's a good-lookin' brown," he evaded. "Come set yo' sweet se'f down on dis sack er sugar and turn hit into salt."

May Liza giggled. "Aw, ain't you runnin' off at de mouf'!" she accused.

"Baby," he continued fondly, "I'm gonter dress myse'f up and take and trot you round at dat fish fry tonight. What you say?"

"Me and you, Big Boy," she agreed.

"Now, listen at me," Bugaboo continued. "I'm flat busted. I ain't even got a thin dime. But de white fo'ks tips you plenty."

May Liza was fast losing her enthusiasm, and Bugaboo continued hurriedly: "But I got a big pay day comin' soon. So you's gonter dig down in dat purty sock er yo'n and get me a dollar fo' bits, and come pay day I'm gonter pay you back."

May Liza considered. "You gonter pay me, or is Mister Sam gonter make a writin' so he kin pay me?" she asked.

"Anything you say, sugar," conceded Bugaboo. "He kin give you all my money do he want to. I don't need no money 'long as I got you."

"Well," agreed May Liza, "I'll see you on de gangplank, long about sundown." And she left in search of her charge, who had wandered sternward.

Once more Bugaboo lay back to rest his eyes. He was happy. It had been too easy to talk May Liza out of the money. He wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. Oh, well. His big trick on Elder had failed, but this was almost as good. Elder wouldn't get the two-for-one, anyway, and he'd go to the fish fry with May Liza.

Unloading at Vicksburg kept the roustabouts busy until almost sundown, and when the last bundle of freight was carried ashore Bugaboo dived over the side of the boat, clothes and all, into the river. His bath and laundry accomplished, he climbed back on board, went to a locker near the engine-room and changed into his "Sunday" clothes. And just as the brief twilight was turning into darkness he stationed himself at the head of the gangplank to await May Liza.

He did not have long to wait. Soon she came, a symphony in pink, from her pink shoes to her pink hat and including the purplish pink tint of red rouge over brown cheeks. There was no doubt that she would attract attention at the fish fry that night.

But something was wrong. There was a small dark shadow at her side. Bugaboo looked again to make certain. It was Elder, all right, and May Liza was swinging gracefully to his arm.

EDSEL FORD
talks about aviation in an interview
By Commander
RICHARD E. BYRD
In next week's COLLIER'S

"Well, I be doggone." Bugaboo mumbled in disappointment. "Dat fool gal datin' wid me and wawkin' off wid dat money man." He couldn't understand it, and he looked at them stupidly as they strode past. He thought he noted a triumphant strut in Elder's walk, and there was no doubt that May Liza had looked squarely at him and then tilted her chin contemptuously. "And givin' me de razzle-dazzle wid de go by," he added to the already long incredible list of things that were happening.

Bugaboo knew that something had happened. He didn't know what, but whatever it was it made him mad. May Liza had dealt dishonestly with him, and Elder had—he didn't know what Elder had done, but he was mad at Elder. Unconsciously he put his feelings into a little song:

"Only one thing I can't stand,
Hit's a two-face woman and a monkey man."

May Liza and Elder had disappeared, but they plagued Bugaboo's mind.

"May Liza done me dirt," he reasoned, "but, shuh, she's a woman, and a woman is liable to do a man dirt any time." And he dismissed May Liza from his mind. But Elder—

"I don't see how come I hates him so good," he pondered. "He ain't never did me no dirt, much."

Dissatisfaction clung to Bugaboo's heart in spite of his conclusion, and he began a careful review of the whole thing. He never had liked Elder, but his dislike was always passive. He had borrowed money from him, and paid him "two-for-one," which seemed fair enough to Bugaboo. Then he had inveigled the little money lender into a card game in hopes of tricking him out of some of his money. Bugaboo's conscience smote him for that. Money meant so much to Elder, and he was such a rotten card player. It was true that Elder finally won, but that was due to the fact that Bugaboo had unwittingly told him how to play his luck, and it in no way relieved his conscience.

"I'll say his luck was fast," Bugaboo moaned. "High, low, jack, gimme and de game." But the fact remained that Bugaboo had tried to trick him out of his money.

"And den I sings him out a 'monkey man,' when I aimed to sing him out a 'money man'," he recalled in a further effort to acquire humility. But it wouldn't come. Instead the idea popped into his mind that Elder had exercised good judgment in leading the ace and following with the queen in that last hand. "I wonder is he a monkey man?"

A money man is a contemptuous thing among Negroes, friendless, distrusted, and generally despised. But a monkey man! Well, there is nothing lower than a monkey man. A monkey man is a man that is so low down and despicable that all other opprobrious terms one can think of will flatter him. A money man is nothing. A monkey man is worse than that.

"High low, jack, gimme and de game," Bugaboo repeated over and over. "And he looked so dirty when he cotched my jack."

That simmered in Bugaboo's mind for a long time, and the longer it simmered the less confidence he had in the theory that it was all simple luck. Elder had been awkward with the cards—too awkward. He dropped them all about and put them in his pocket.

"He might er jest been rattled," Bugaboo concluded, "but he wa'n't too rattled to lead back de queen and take my jack."

He sat several minutes trying to determine in his own mind whether Elder had been just lucky or had cheated. Then, unable to decide, he went to his clothes locker and began counting the cards in the deck. "Maybe he was jest rattled," he grumbled, "but he sho' rattled away wid my money!"

THINGS looked as though Elder and May Liza would get considerable more than their money's worth at the fish fry that night. The scene of the event was on a wooded bluff bank overlooking the river and inclosed by three strands of barbed wire which had been nailed to convenient trees. Two long tables stretched out side by side, and behind each table was a huge kettle of fat that was kept boiling by a roaring brushwood fire. Conveniently at hand men with knives and pliers skinned and slicked fat, yellow-bellied catfish that were continually being brought to them by half-grown children, who trotted up and down the bank between the "skinning" committee and the "catching" committee at the trot-lines. Around the kettles the women of the "frying" committee rolled the slices of fish in corn meal and dropped them into the boiling fat.

The tables were flanked on one end by tubs of ice and bottled soft drinks, and on the other by a small rostrum which forespoke oratory.

Church members not on the committees and others ambled about, chattering amiably among themselves and with the workers. With these, Elder and May Liza circulated, May Liza happily conscious of the admiring glances of the men and Elder exuding a refined sort of dignity as he strutted and nodded curtly or replied, "Tol'able, and you?" to the friendly salutations.

By the time the moon rose the last

(*Continued on page 38*)

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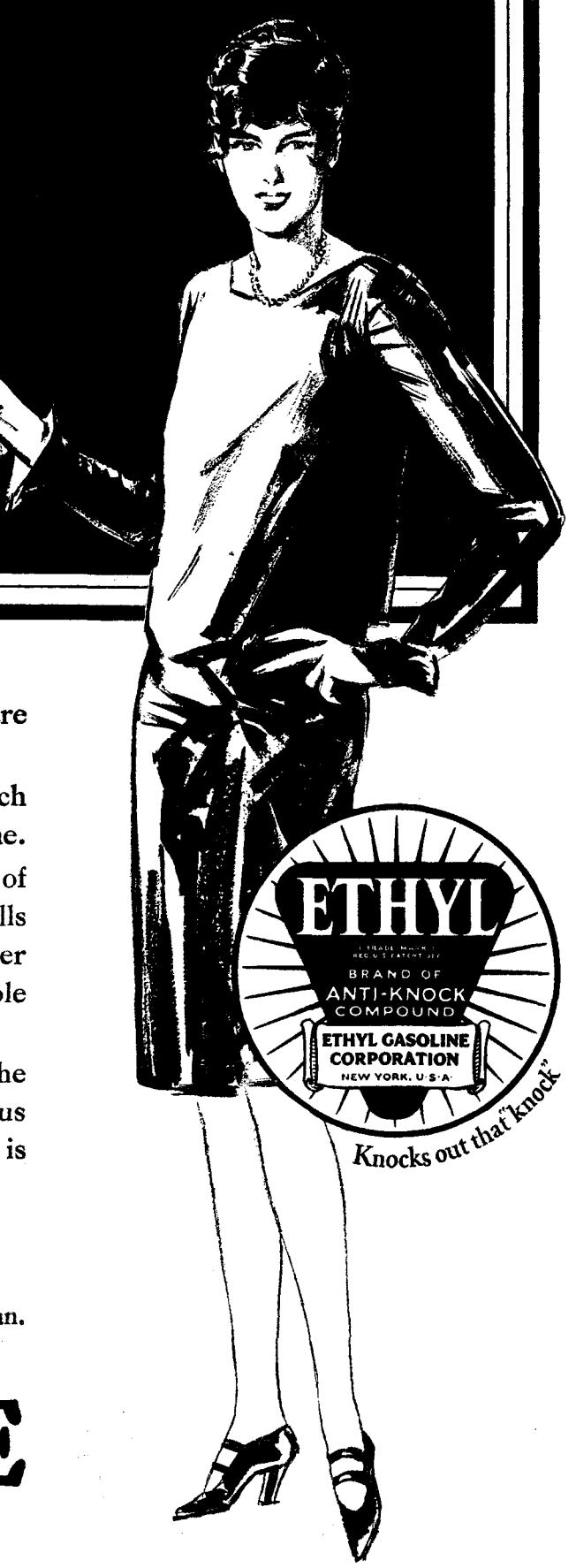

LEADING oil companies throughout the United States and Canada are offering gasoline in two forms.

The first is straight motor gasoline. The second is motor gasoline to which has been added "Ethyl" fluid. This superior fuel is called Ethyl Gasoline.

"Ethyl" fluid, containing tetraethyl lead, controls the combustion rate of gasoline, thereby eliminating "knock" and giving added power for tough hills and heavy roads, greater flexibility, quicker pick-up and all round better performance. As for high compression engines—they were made possible through Ethyl Gasoline!

Drive to a pump which bears the "Ethyl" emblem, shown at the right. The price of Ethyl Gasoline will be merely the price of good motor gasoline, plus the few extra pennies the "Ethyl" ingredient costs. The small premium is insignificant when compared with the added performance.

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Another Pipe Smoker Voices Tobacco Joy in Flowery Verse

His love of certain tobacco makes this New Jerseyite break into philosophic poetry

When a man writes poetry it's a sure sign he's in love with someone—or something. Some men are inspired by beautiful womanhood, some by a gorgeous sunset. Here's a man inspired by his favorite smoking tobacco:

THE BLUE TIN CAN

I've tried the brands from every clime;
Choice mixtures with Perique;
But long—oh, long ago! I learned
The only brand to seek.

Each day our useless worries mount,
Our evenings to provoke;
But through the alchemy of fire
They vanish into smoke.

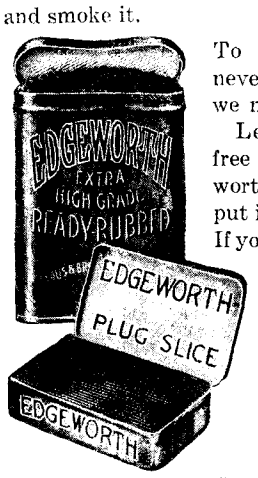
They vanish when our spirit holds
No enmity toward man,
And smoke the sunshine bottled up
In Edgeworth's Blue Tin Can.

So smoke away! This loyal friend
Is void of bite or sting
For *He* is monarch of a world
Where Happiness is King.

Irving H. Walker,
Newark, N. J.
April 7, 1927

Just what makes Edgeworth inspire smokers this way is hard to tell. Some enthuse about the flavor, and some because it never varies in quality.

But whatever the reason is, they like to write their appreciation. And the makers of Edgeworth are always mighty glad to hear from Edgeworth smokers. The best way to learn what *you* like about this smoking tobacco is to put it in your pipe and smoke it.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold everywhere in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles.

Monkey Man

Continued from page 36

trot-line had been removed from the river, the last fish skinned and sliced, and the last brown morsel removed from the kettle. It was then that the Rev. Willie Chinn, pastor of Sharon, came to the fore. Huge, black and with a rumbling voice, he mounted the rostrum and held up a hand for silence.

"People," he said, "le's git this thing goin', and le's git hit goin' right. Let us pray."

"Amen!" It was Elder's squeaky voice that piped the approval, and the men and women exchanged glances. Elder was some kind of dignitary; that they could tell for certain now. He had acted like one all evening, and he had confirmed their belief by chiming in on the ceremony.

THE prayer was followed by a song, and then the formal address of welcome by the Rev. W. Chinn. The history of Sharon church was reviewed and the need for a new church bell stressed. The Scriptures were quoted to prove that fish was a fit diet for the multitude and that the Lord loved a cheerful giver. Further, while Sharon's pastor pointed out that the Scriptures were silent on the specific point, he believed, since the white merchants had donated the ice and the bottled drinks and that every nickel spent on this was to go to the church fund, the Lord also loved a cheerful spender. And finally the words of welcome were spoken.

"I'm glad to see so many er y'all Methodists out tonight," the Rev. Willie declared. "We might argy wid you about is a man got to git sprinkled or is he got to git ducked, but we ain't argyin' about dis de way fried fish smells out in de open to a hongry man like me."

The speech was received with good-natured approval and as Sharon's pastor climbed down the Rev. Jim Wells, pastor of Old Zion A. M. E. church, mounted the rostrum. He announced that as soon as the moon got full again and enough hogs and calves could be acquired, Old Zion would have a benefit barbecue, and all were invited, Baptists the same as the rest.

"And dis tawk about duckin' and sprinklin'," he concluded, "sort of wearies me. De Lawd ain't gonter look to see is a man got his head wet or is he got his britches wet. De Lawd gonter look at a man's heart. And, ducked, sprinkled or dry, a sinner ain't nothin' but a sinner to de Lawd."

The pleasant exchange of doctrinal views placed the crowd in genuine good humor, and they were eager to begin the festivities. But as Old Zion's pastor stepped from the rostrum Elder bobbed up.

"Peoples," he said, "y'all is hyared Sharon's welcome, and y'all hyared Old Zion's response. Now y'all gonter hyar de response f'm de steamboatin' people."

The crowd gawped. It wasn't on the program, and the fish was getting cold. But at least their curiosity would be satisfied.

Elder was brief and to the point. He was, he told them, a Free Will preacher whose church had been washed away and whose congregation had been drowned by the big flood. Only he and his wife—he indicated May Liza, and she bowed sweetly—had escaped. Since the flood he and his faithful partner had been eking out an existence on the steamboats, slaving all day and spending the nights in a desperate and almost futile effort to save the souls of the naturally sinful rivermen.

"I ain't axin' for no money," he declared. "Not a copper. But do anybody want to pass de hat, hit would he'p a mighty good cause."

A half dozen willing hands started hats through the crowd, and Elder folded his arms and waited serenely.

But not for long. His serenity was interrupted by a bellow of rage and a yell of terror at the gate of the inclosure. And before the echo of the noise could be returned the gatekeeper, yelling for help and praying for salvation, sailed into the crowd about the rostrum. At the gatekeeper's heels, with an opened razor in his hands, was Bugaboo Jones. Elder saw him first and slipped quietly from the rostrum and disappeared.

"Whar dat monkey man?" Bugaboo roared, "Whar is he at, whilst I whets dis slicer on his short ribs?"

The Rev. Willie Chinn seized Bugaboo's arm. "What de matter?" he demanded. "What you mean tryin' to bust up a church benefit wid a razor?"

"Whar is he?" Bugaboo roared again. "Whar is dat monkey man at?"

It was not until May Liza came forward that the outraged Bugaboo could make clear to the equally outraged minister what the trouble was.

"Dat scrawny nigger," she explained, "which been up yonder lyin' about he is a preacher and lyin' about me bein' his wife: his name is Elder." She turned her friendliest smile upon Bugaboo. "Did Elder done you some dirt, Bugaboo?" she asked.

"Yeah," confirmed Bugaboo. "Dat scound'el stealed de cyards f'm de pack. I found mighty nigh all de aces and face cyards hid in his yuther britches pockets."

"Been gamblin', huh?" accused the preacher.

"Gamblin'?" Bugaboo repeated. "I didn't git a chance. Us was playin' five-up and dat rogue begged me wid de ace and queen in his hand."

"Naw?" exclaimed the preacher.

"And," continued Bugaboo, "made high, low, jack, gimme and de game at one lick!"

"Well, I be doggoned," declared the Rev. Willie. "And come up hyar at my fish fry and beggin' for money to fight sin wid." He looked about the crowd. "Whar is dat monkey man gone to?"

A volunteer committee of the whole searched for Elder, and finally had to report to the pastor that he was "long gone."

"Well," concluded the minister, "de fish is gittin' cold. You men which passed de hats, bring 'em hyar to me so us kin git to dem fish." He turned to Bugaboo and May Liza, "Y'all pitch in and make yo'se'f at home."

Bugaboo whiffed the fishy odor, recalled that he had missed supper on the steamboat, and fidgeted nervously. "Rev'und," he said meekly, "I didn't pay no fo' bits at de gate when I comed in." He paused embarrassedly and turned to May Liza with pleading eyes.

"Elder paid fo bits at de gate," she recalled. "And he ain't hyar to eat no fish. You eat his'n."

AT THIS point the hats containing pennies, nickels and dimes were handed to the minister. The evident generosity of the crowd spread to him.

"And," he added, "scusin' how dis money was give to he'p out de river sinners which don't need hit, I donates hit to de church fund. And in lieu of same I don't see how come y'all can't have all de pop and stuff y'all kin swallow, free of charge."

The minister personally introduced Bugaboo to the chairman of the refreshment committee and explained the arrangement whereby Bugaboo was not to pay for his drinks.

"Two bottles er strawberry and two glasses er b'iled custard," Bugaboo ordered, while May Liza was arranging big slices of fish and bread into a pair of fish sandwiches. Bugaboo placed a bottle of pop and a glass of custard before her in exchange for one of the sandwiches. Then he whetted his throat with a swallow of pop, took a generous bite of sandwich, and washed it down with the custard. It tasted good all the way down, and he grinned satisfaction.

"Hod-do-mighty, May Liza," he exulted—"pop, catfish and b'iled custard!"

May Liza choked down a healthy bite and returned his smile.

"You said hit, Big Boy," she confirmed. "Me and you."

Tom Masson Says

"All I've aimed at," said the short skirt, "is the altitude record."

Bobby Jones, Jr., has been elected director in a trust company. For us golfers there's nothing like having a little business recreation.

Although the human race is a million years old, some fellows think a lifetime is long enough to correct all its mistakes.

In Hominy, Okla., they have a She-She Avenue. The men call it Uneasy Street.

Baby carriages have been barred from the business streets of Santa Cruz, Cal. It was feared that at any moment one of them might run down a motor car.

Mayor Walker of New York says he hasn't stopped drinking because of prohibition but because his doctor advised him to. He ought to have consulted a druggist.

"One hundred thousand dollars isn't a large sum of money from my point of view."—Samuel Insull. But maybe you haven't been planning a new garden this spring.

A proposal has been made to broadcast the debates in the Senate. If this be liberty of speech, then give us death.

It's getting to be so that about the only way to achieve a reputation for statesmanship in the U. S. Senate is to keep quiet.

The idea of stopping war is all right but it ought to begin in the home.

The most enjoyable amateur theatricals are the ones where the worst actors are your best friends.

Epitaph over a jaywalker: He did not choose to run.

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The Bamberger Building
Newark, N. J.
(Home of Radio Station WOR)
Architect—
Jarvis Hunt, Chicago
Consulting Engineer—
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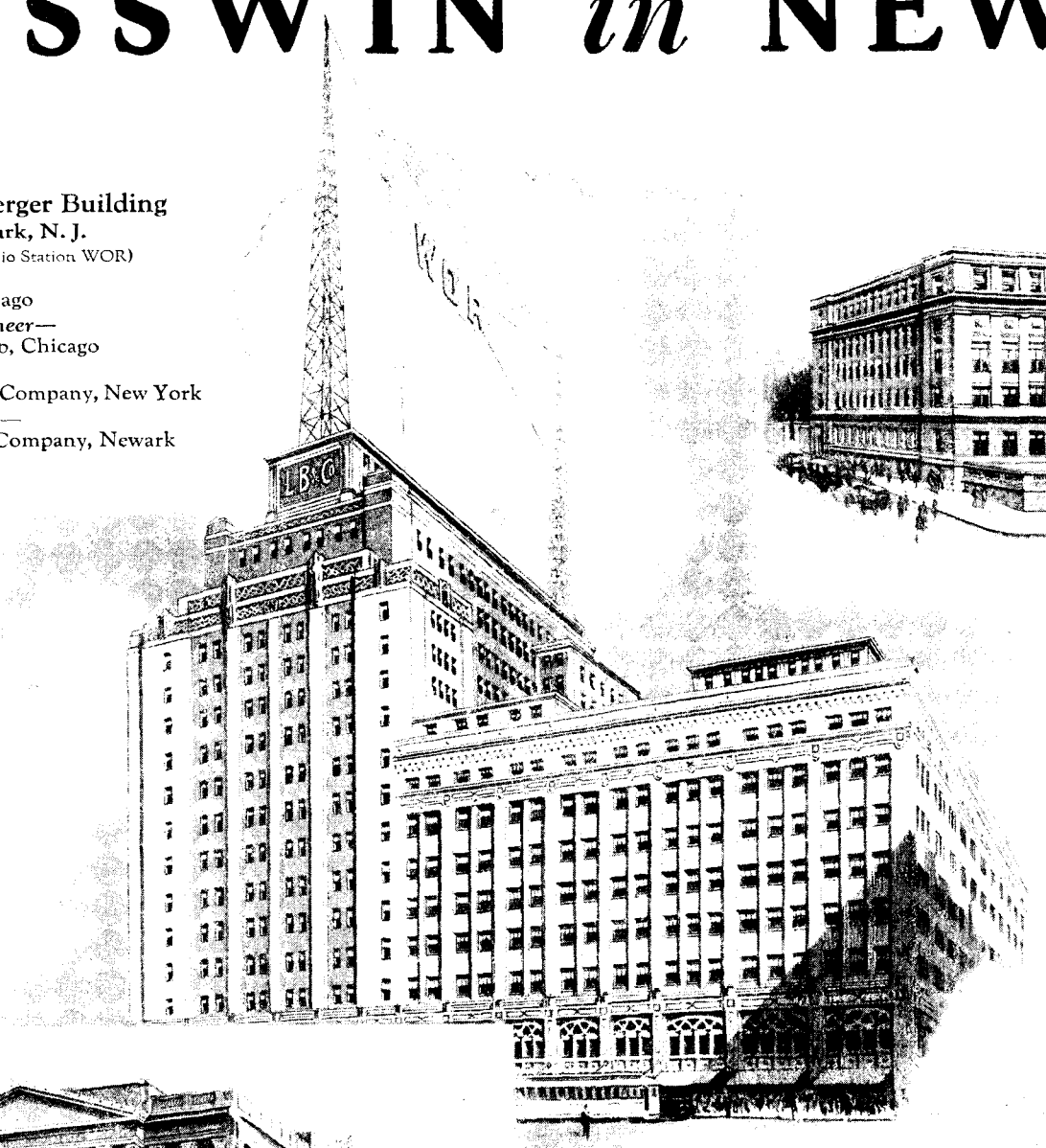

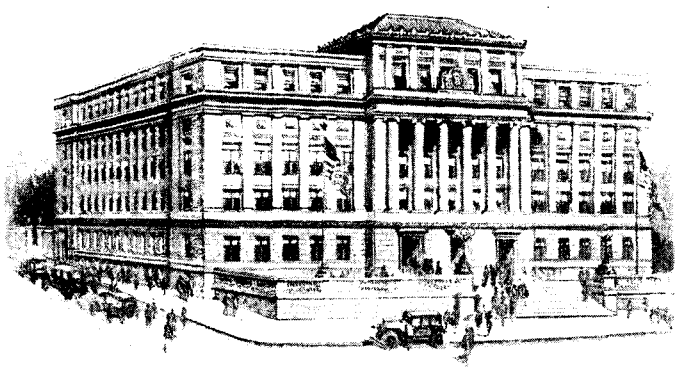

Essex County Hall of Records
Newark, N. J.
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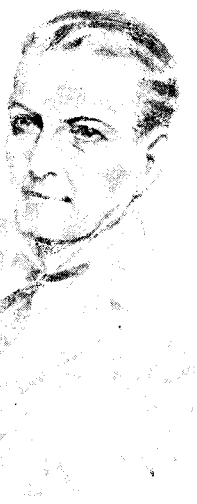
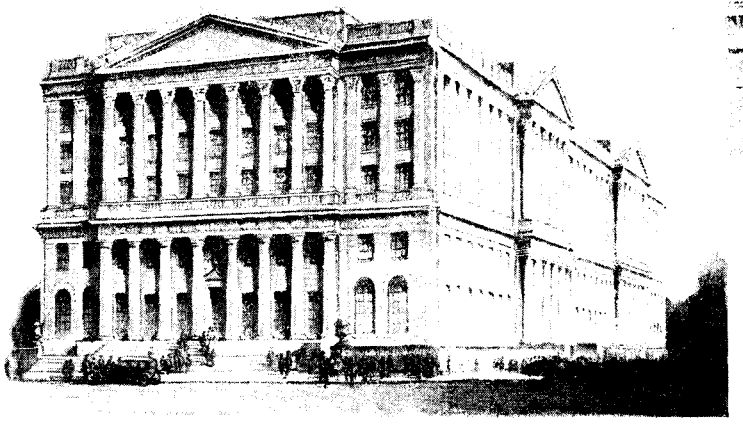
...Every Great Building is an Architects Vision Realized...





Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.
Architects—
John H. & Wilson C. Ely, Newark
Contractors—
Starrett Brothers, Inc., New York
Russwin Dealers—
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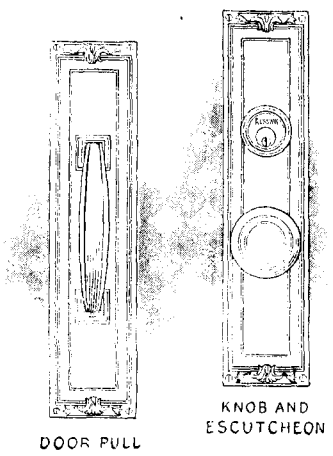
for the Bungalow .. the Pretentious Home .. the Monumental Structure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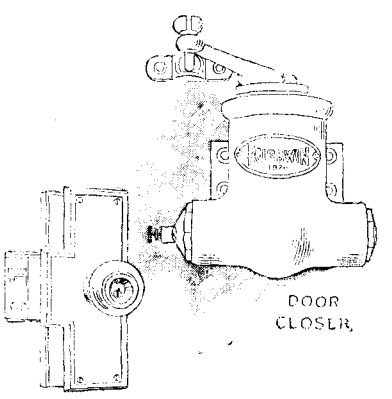
UNIT LOCK

DOOR CLOSER

RUSSELL & ERWIN MANUFACTURING CO., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

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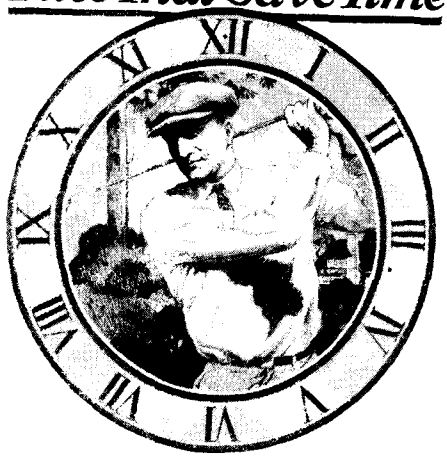
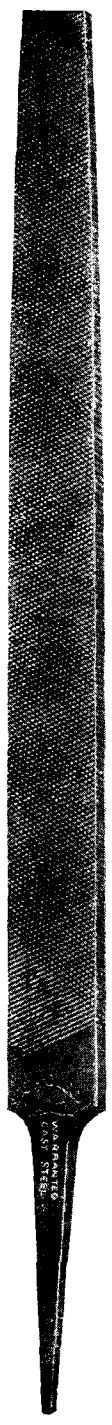
Files That Save Time



FILES have a lot to do with the average golfer's score



Bill Creavy, pro at the Bonnie Briar Golf Club, Larchmont, N. Y., says—"We use your files to get just the angle on the head of the golf club that each individual golfer desires."

You can do hundreds of jobs faster with NICHOLSON Files. Their capacity for working at high speed accounts for their popularity in industry as well as the home.

At hardware dealers.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

A File for Every Purpose

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 25

told you. "Now, why did you call me up, please?"

"Which is a very nice way of letting me withdraw my invitation, isn't it?" she asked. "You didn't hear me the first time, eh? Well, my dear young man, five years ago I did you a very serious injustice. I shall not repeat it. Will you dine with me tonight? Will you also lunch with me tomorrow in the most public restaurant you can think of? Will you also go to the opera with me next Monday night?"

"If you were here, Erica Loosich, I should kiss you," I said.

"If you are of the same mind tonight, Allen Gorham, I may let you," she laughed. "Eight-thirty, if you will."

That was all, but it was enough to bring tears to my eyes. Five years ago, because surreptitious rumor soiled me, Erica Loosich had publicly cut me. Now, when open scandal broke upon me, she would defend me. She didn't ask as to my guilt. Of course such a question was impossible to most women, but not to Erica Loosich. She asked whatever questions she chose, and few rebuked an impertinence that became transfigured into imperial right by her manner.

I DON'T think that anyone ever lived a lonelier life than I had lived since I had departed from America five years ago. I had shunned all friendships, acquiring acquaintances only. I had told myself that friendship was a myth.

But all the time I knew that I had lied, knew that I wanted someone to count upon. Of late there had been Mack Morgan. Then had come the surprising revelation that Sam Candace, knowing all about me, still was fond of me and wanted me in the close relationship of son-in-law. And now there was Erica Loosich.

Then from the heights of kindly friendship I descended again to misery. After all, Erica Loosich might be as extraordinarily kindly as she chose, but this would not affect Vonny. Nor could it possibly affect my duty toward Anita. At least, I looked upon it as duty. I had not entered into the last relationship of lover and mistress with Anita, but I had held her, caressed her, assured her of my love. And her husband was naming me as her lover. Duty? Of course it was duty.

Also, Vonny's attitude was not going to be swayed by Erica Loosich. Vonny might be thrilled at dining with the famed Erica Loosich, but a sudden growth of snobbery, even if she were capable of it, would not obliterate her moralities. I wondered if Mrs. Loosich had told the Candaces that I was dining with her tonight or that she intended inviting me.

Well, I was almost due at Sam Candace's office. I'd tell him, and he could tell Vonny—what was the use? I was going to marry Anita, wasn't I? Then why give thought to explanations Sam Candace might make to his daughter? Why delude myself into the belief that hope existed, when I was certain that hope was dead?

For the third time this morning my telephone rang. It was Mack Morgan now.

"Everything jake?" he breezily asked. "Morning seem brighter to you?"

"I can't say that it does," I replied. "I was served this morning with papers in the divorce of Fred Gorham against his wife, naming me."

Morgan whistled. Then he laughed.

"Don't let that worry you, pal," he counseled. "I didn't want to shoot my face off too much to you about a lady that's married to your cousin and that you seem to know quite well. But she's been Calhoun's girl for months. That's common gossip everywhere except along Park Avenue. Funny thing, ain't it, the way these society dames step out and their own set isn't hep until after it's speak-easy chatter along the Main Stem. Broadway knows more about the Avenue than the Avenue will ever know about Broadway, take it from me. Calhoun's a bit dizzy still, from what we did to him last night, and he can see that those papers are withdrawn.

"How can he?" I demanded.

"Don't be silly, pal. He can handle a guy like Fred Gorham. I think Gorham's been mixed up in business with him. I've heard talk, and I supposed that part of the business was in Gorham's shutting his eyes while his wife got giddy."

"Don't believe it," I said. "Gorham's not *that* kind."

"Well, even if I'm wrong—and there's more of that kind buzzing around than you'd think, pal—what of it? Gorham's got nothing on you. Or has he?" he asked sharply.

"He thinks he has—and Mrs. Gorham has admitted—"

"Listen, pal, you ain't been playing up to her, when all the time this pretty Candace girl—"

"I've done nothing wrong," I said. "Only—I was once engaged to Mrs. Gorham, and—well, I'll naturally have to marry her after the divorce."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Morgan. "Is that being a gentleman? I suppose it is. But, goshamighty, pal, there's no need making a boob of yourself—"

"I'm going down to see Sam Candace now," I interrupted him.

"All right. I'll be at your joint around lunch time. O. K.?"

WITH that I hung up, told Harney to prepare luncheon for two, and left the apartment on the way to Sam Candace's office. He was in, closeted with two important-feeling gentlemen, whose disgruntlement at being unceremoniously dismissed in my favor showed in their glares as I walked past them.

He showed me a beaming countenance.

"Son, ain't it wonderful what a little thought will do? Vonny's apparently dead set against you still, but Mrs. Loosich asked us to dinner, saying she hoped to have you too, and Vonny didn't refuse."

"Nevertheless, she may send regrets later," I said wearily.

"Why?" he demanded.

"My cousin Fred Gorham has served me with a summons in a divorce suit against his wife. I'm the corespondent."

The words rolled glibly off my tongue, for I'd told two other people the same thing already. But I didn't feel glib.

"Not so good, son," commented Candace. He eyed me speculatively. "Gorham, that girl of mine was in an eloping mood last night."

"Well?" I stared at him, wondering what he was trying to suggest. Because his manner, mysteriously shrewd, showed that he was trying to intimate some course of action to me.

"Why in thunder don't you dash up to my house, grab that girl of mine, rush her any place where you can get married in a hurry—"

"I must marry Mrs. Gorham," I said dully.

He glared at me. "What sort of damned idiocy is this?" he cried.

"The sort of idiocy I have to go through with," I replied.

"But, hell's bells, you ain't guilty. I know you're not. And just because her filthy husband—"

"Let's not talk about it," I pleaded. "It has to be done; that's all."

Nervously he turned to his desk, busied himself with papers, glanced at the stock ticker, let it dribble through his fingers, and then picked up the news tape. Sudden excitement showed on his face. He bent over, retrieved a yard of tape from the basket into which it had fallen, and then turned to me.

"Listen to what it says, son. James Calhoun, financier and politician, shot to death in quarrel with Frederick Gor-

(*Continued on page 42*)

A Man-Size Sandwich

WELL, it had to come! Where would be our vaunted American progressiveness if we hadn't developed the double-decker sandwich? Here's a recipe for one that will send the lads of the household singing along their ways: Take a graham slice, a slither of roast ham, a toast slice, a panel of cheese and a top-layer graham slice. Beside it on the platter, a lettuce leaf embroidered with chopped pickle, mayonnaise and mustard and a bit of chutney with a stuffed, deviled egg for swank.

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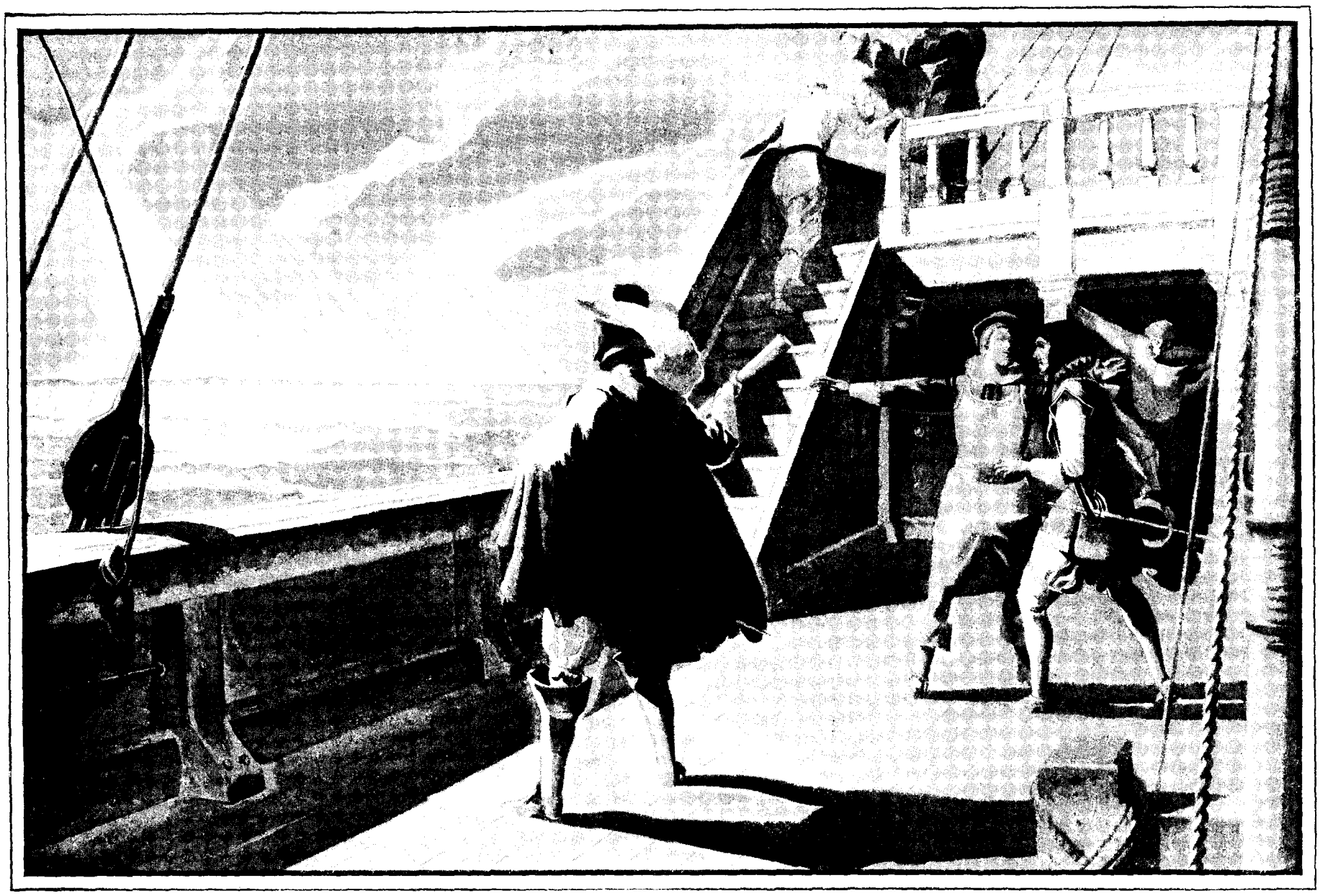

Widening the Telephone Horizon

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN THE memory of many now living, Alexander Graham Bell made the apparently rash prediction that the day would come when we could talk to other countries, even across wide expanses of water. That was shortly after the historic conversation between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles.

Bell's vision was made a reality when in 1926 New York and London spoke together in two way conversation, and when in 1927 this service was opened to the public between any point in the U. S. A. and Great Britain. Since then, Mexico has been brought into speaking distance; important cities of continental Europe have come within the voice horizon of the United States.

Even more important, the Bell System in the United States now embraces 18,500,000 telephones—a growth for the past year of more than 750,000.

We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.

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Sir Walter Raleigh was a gentleman

You could trust Sir Walter not to fill his pipe with strong tobacco that would suffocate the Queen! And what about you gentlemen? Isn't it time you gave Sir Walter's favorite mixture a trial? A smooth, mellow blend of choice tobacco. Kept *fresh* and fragrant in the tin by a heavy gold foil wrap. And so mild, Sir, that even the Queen of your own home will give it her royal endorsement.

LIMITED OFFER

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. C, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 40

ham. Gorham killed himself after the murder. Only happened half an hour ago. Believed to have occurred because of a business disagreement."

I felt myself grow limp in the chair. Candace walked to my side and stood over me.

"Son, I've got my own interests at heart. I admit that. You're the man for Vonny, and she's the girl for you. But besides those things, you're the kind of young fellow I cotton to. I want you—want you in my business and in my family. You—you go slow, son."

"I will," I replied. "But—*but*—I must go to Anita now."

"Of course you must. But those divorce papers. They'll not be filed. I've got pull enough to see that mouths are shut."

"But the newspapers—they've already been to interview Anita—they know all about the case," I objected.

His mouth tightened. "Well, that can't be helped, only . . . it looks like this bird Gorham went daffy . . . anyway, think it over—and go slow."

Go slow! How could a man go slow, I asked myself, as I left his office, and sped uptown to see Anita.

TAXIS blocked the street in front of the Gorham house. Camera men and reporters surged on the steps. But I fought my way through and insisted on admittance to her presence. I found her, prostrated on a couch, tended by a maid.

"I knew you'd come, Allen," she greeted me.

"Of course," I said. "Tell me—"

"Allen, you don't love me. I know that. And I—I lied to you, deceived you. But because I wanted you—Calhoun had the papers prepared. He told Fred that I'd been at your apartment, told Fred that he could prove I'd been your mistress. He had a hold on Fred. Business things. Fred hadn't been—honest. And I—well, I admitted everything. Then, when you were so decent—knowing what you knew about Calhoun—I was ashamed. I told Fred—told him that Calhoun had been my lover, and he sent notes to the newspapers: said that he was not going to press his suit, said that he'd been mistaken about me, and then—then he went to see Calhoun. I tried to warn Calhoun, but I couldn't get him on the telephone. And then—the reporters came again, and—"

She broke down. I tried to take her hand.

"Don't," she pleaded. "Allen—please go—and don't come back. I—I couldn't stand it if you were kind to me now. Allen—please go—forever."

There was so much that should be said, but so little that could be said. If I had hated Anita an hour ago, I pitied her now. What place was there in the world for her now? True, Fred, according to her tale, had written the papers, retracting his allegations against her and myself, but the fact remained that half an hour after he sent these letters he had killed Calhoun and destroyed himself. Those rumors of which Mack Morgan had told me must have already filtered into editorial rooms, and hint and speculation would be as damaging as the open charges which had been withdrawn.

I visualized her flitting from resort to resort in Europe. I could see her, still beautiful, but harder, strolling through the rooms of the Sporting Club at Monte, while overdressed South Americans eyed her. Or she might be at Deauville, or Biarritz, finding temporary oblivion in the fever of the chemin de fer tables. Flitting, flitting, always on the move, to become a victim, sooner or later, of the gigolos! . . .

I, ostracized, had known what hell the expatriate dwells in. But that hell is pleasanter for a man. For a woman, gently bred, it is impossible. At first, in each resort, decent people, pleasure-bent, ask few questions, receive the doubtful woman. Then a chance remark is dropped, a hint becomes magnified; casual smiles are replaced by deliberate stares. . . . God pity and help Anita. The woman hunters would be upon her trail. . . .

I THOUGHT of that more daring woman hunter who had aspired to Vonny. Last night, through Morgan's intervention, my hand had been stayed. But now, with Calhoun dead, I dismissed him from my thoughts, letting them dwell instead upon that delectable vision which was Vonny. And I was still thinking of her when I opened the door of my apartment to find Mack Morgan, cigar in mouth, waiting for me.

He had in his hand an early afternoon extra, and held up the front page. I saw a glaring headline announcing Calhoun's murder.

"I know—read it on the ticker. I've just been up to see Mrs. Gorham," I told him.

He avoided my eyes, but I read criticism of what he considered my folly in his expression.

"She told me the whole story," I said wearily. "Her husband, after a talk with her, wrote the papers, withdrew his charges against us, then—well, he had it out with Calhoun."

"I was wrong about that bird," admitted Morgan. "I thought him siding in with Calhoun and Runyon, that he was the kind—I did him wrong. And his wife?"

I knew what he wanted to know.

"She sent me away," I answered.

"Then, by gum, I did her wrong too."

I sank down heavily in a chair.

"I got some news about Runyon," said Morgan.

"Well, what about him?" I demanded.

"Seems that he saw Calhoun some time early this morning. Of course, I don't know what was said between them, but I got the word that Runyon was cruising around the speak-easies about dawn, half drunk, swearing that he'd put the works on Calhoun. Some of his friends got hold of him and rushed him home to bed."

"Morgan," I said, "is there anything going on that you don't hear about?"

"It's part of my job, pal," he chuckled. "Besides, I told you often that I was a yegg at heart. I'm *interested* in the Runyons and that kind, a whole lot more than I am in Park Avenue. Well, I ain't finished."

"Get on with it," I urged him.

"Well, Calhoun gets his from Gorham, and the news is passed to Runyon within ten minutes. I give you five guesses as to what that baby did."

I shook my head. "I don't think I could think up one guess in hours," I told him.

"He blew the burg," said Morgan.

I frowned in bewilderment. "Left town? Why?"

"Now, ask me something easy," he evaded. "How should I know? The dope was that Runyon had something on Calhoun, which made Calhoun forget franchises and legislatures and a few things like that, in order to help Runyon grab himself a nifty little doll with plenty jack. Then Calhoun cashes in and Runyon gets a scare. Want to know how I figure it?

"He had something on Calhoun, but it's a cinch that Calhoun had plenty on him. Suppose the police take a look-see through Calhoun's safe? You know they'll do that. Well, they find something about Runyon. What good does it do Runyon to have something on Calhoun, now that Calhoun can't be ruined or arrested, or anything like that? Sound straight?"

"It does," I admitted.

"It *is* straight," he insisted. "And believe me, pal, Runyon ain't the only man that's leaving town today. This Calhoun played his game the only way a man like him could play it. He had something on every son of a gun that he tied up with, and if he didn't have something at the start, he got something later on. Believe me, the Grand Central will be looking like moving day in another hour or so."

Of course he exaggerated, but just the same there was, I recognized, more than a germ of truth in his statement. But I didn't care about other allies of Calhoun. Runyon only concerned me, and Runyon was gone. Well, perhaps it was just as well, for myself as well as for him. Destroying vermin is not always sanctioned by society.

Harney announced luncheon, and we sat down to it. Desultorily we talked, but our adventure together was over, and we both knew it.

"Pal," said Morgan, as we finished, "you're going to walk your road now, and I'm going to slip quietly along mine. I ain't asking you to put me up at any of your clubs, but—you won't forget to drop in once in a blue moon, eh?"

I SHOOK his hand more warmly than I had indulged in a similar gesture of friendship in half a dozen years.

"You know I will," I assured him.

He lingered at the threshold.

"Pal, I ain't so much older than you, only twenty years or something like that, but I feel like a million when I watch you working with the women. Could I make a few suggestions without having to block a right hook for the chin?"

"Go ahead," I laughed.

"Your kind of people—I ain't met many, pal, for the reason that there ain't many—don't duck the bouquet; I mean it. Well, a guy like you gets himself all rigged up with plenty sentiment and pride and gets top-heavy with that weight, if you know what I mean. Now, a woman is a woman."

"Deep, profound and perhaps true," I laughed.

(*Continued on page 44*)

Jingles in the Rough

Whether you can sock her regularly for a clean 250 yards smack in the middle of the fairway or whether, like the hero of Grantland Rice's famous limerick, you "get twice as far with your divot" you can turn a jingle about the great pastime, surely. Many a diabolical golfer may be a deft jingler.

They must be of four lines each and it doesn't matter if you think the nineteenth hole is just another cup with a silly little flag stuck in it.

To the perpetrator of each jingle printed we will send a gold luck piece.

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"Jingles in the Rough," Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

Up to the pin but never in
Is the dirge that makes the duffer
Cringe and wince and mayhap
suffer.
Up to the pin but never in.

This is the song the suicides sing:
"Life is grim and life is tough:
Bring on the pistols and poison
ring.
Out of the fairway into the
rough."

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Days that Would be Gone Forever

had I not taken the one precaution that keeps them alive today

"WHAT a thrill I got as I watched my two boys play their first games of baseball.

"Whenever they'd hit the ball, or catch a fly, or fan a batter, I was so proud I wished the whole world could be there to see them. Those were the happy days.

"But how quickly they passed. Overnight my boys became 'young men.' It was no longer baseball—it was golf and tennis. I watched them still . . . with all the intense interest of a father . . . but it just wasn't the same.

"I began to realize then how wonderful those baseball days had been . . . the days when they were 'just kids.' And I realized another thing also: those snapshots I had taken were now more precious than rubies. Year after year they keep the old days alive. Incidents that otherwise would have faded from my memory, I am now able to recall clearly and joyfully. And only today I got another thrill. Imagine how I felt to see my son and *his* son chuckling over a picture *I* had snapped in the dim, far-distant past."

, , ,

Some day you will want to remember your children as they used to be. When that day comes are you going to regret that you didn't take more snapshots? Are you going to be one of the unfortunate few who have no pictures to remind them of life's most precious moments? How is your youngster going to feel later on when his friends proudly display snapshots of their childhood—will he have to make excuses for *you?*

Of course, you don't want that to happen. Nobody does. You probably *intend* to take pictures, but never seem to get an opportunity. And why? Because you have neglected to keep your Kodak loaded! Because you haven't kept it in a handy place—one that couldn't be overlooked when you went out with your children! Just those two precautions make all the difference.

As for not owning a Kodak . . . really, there's no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully. So begin—or continue—taking the pictures that will mean so much to you later on.

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Is it one you can trust—come rain or shine—
Whether the weather be dark or fine—
Through thick and thin to the bitter end?
That is the test of a brake—or a friend!

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Hydraulic Compressed and Interwoven Brake Lining Transmission Lining
Radiator Hose Clutch Rings Universal Joint Discs Mechanical Rubber Goods

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 42

"Kid away, but listen, will you?" he pleaded.

"I'm all ears," I said.

"And I'll turn one of them into a cauliflower if you don't pay attention," he growled. "Well, what I'm driving at is this: you ain't fixed yourself up with too much dough. Maybe you win yourself a few bets now and then, but the old front costs money. You have twenty grand today, but only a couple of yards next week. And here you are, stuck on a doll that's got money like the Kaiser's got regrets. You're liable to say to yourself that a gent without chips ought not to sit himself in a game with her, but that's where you're all wet, pal, all wet.

"Now don't interrupt me. I got to get it off my chest. You love the little gal, and I figure, from the way she looked at you last night, that she don't hate you. Are you going to rat it? Are you going to let some other Runyon come along and grab her, when she's miserable and lonely, or are you going to be man enough to swallow your filthy pride and marry her, dough or no dough?"

"Mack," I said, "that's a question I can't answer yet."

HE REACHED out and seized my hand again. "Fine, pal, fine! And if I don't get an invite to the wedding—"

I laughed at his certainty that he had read my mind. "You'll be best man if there ever is one," I said to him.

"What! Me best man with striped pants and a boutonnière—let me go out and rave, pal."

I stayed at home all afternoon, denying myself to reporters who came to see me, but reading all the editions of the evening papers. Of course, Fred's suit was mentioned, but it was also stated that he had retracted his charges, and the papers printed his letter in full, and it was as complete an exoneration of me as could be desired.

Only, of course, the implications were even more dreadful for Anita.

Why Fred had been content to sue me and could only be satisfied with the death of Calhoun is one of those mysteries which can never be solved. My own belief is that his inflamed mind found extenuation for me because of my old love for Anita, but could find no palliation at all for Calhoun.

I arrived at Erica Loosich's house a trifle before her other guests. She received me commiseratingly.

"My poor boy!" she greeted me. She gave me her withered cheek, and I kissed it. "And that poor little woman, Anita Gorham! Allen, this is a dreadful scandal for the Gorhams. I hope you've offered to help Anita—"

"I have," I said.

"After all, he was your cousin; and this thing reflects upon you as one of the family. But he was only your distant cousin, of course."

Upset as I was, I could hardly hide a smile at Mrs. Loosich's relief that Fred and I were not close connections.

"And he did as decent a thing as he could, about you—those letters to the papers," she commented.

"He did," I admitted.

"Of course, until the tragedy has been forgotten, you can't have a wedding—"

I laughed outright at her. She colored faintly. "Allen, I know what you're thinking: that I'm an incorrigible old match-maker. Well, I am. And here comes the match."

She greeted me, my Vonny, with composure. Her father and mother were cordial and also sympathetic. But Vonny was as cool, as collected as though encounters with men she loved but had rejected were part of her daily routine. Women, as Mack Morgan had so sagely remarked, are women.

I hardly heard what was being said during dinner. I only know that Sam Candace and his wife, despite what secret satisfaction dear old Sam may have felt at having reached this pinnacle on his social climb, were perfectly natural and at ease, and that Mrs. Loosich apparently took an instant liking to them both.

"Your business," she said in a lull, "is so tremendous that you never require additional capital, do you, Mr. Candace?"

Old Sam pursed his lips. "Letting anyone get hold of my stock is making a gift to them," he said.

"I know. I didn't want a gift." Erica took the acidity from her words by the smile that accompanied them. I wondered if she had planned all this because of greed, because of benefits financial that she wished to acquire from the Candaces in return for benefits social.

"But," she continued, "I have, for the past five years, because of future inheritance taxes and present income taxes, been reorganizing my property. And I want Allen to get into a stable business."

I stared at her. "Allen, you know, will inherit the bulk of my property, and I am opposed to the payment of huge taxes to the government. If I could transfer to him now a half of my estate and see him put it into—well, into your concern, Mr. Candace—"

"Erica Loosich!" I cried.

"Why not?" she demanded. "I haven't any kin who haven't too much money for their own good, anyway. Too much Loosich money goes to charities, to museums. I've talked it over with the family—a lot of old mummies they are too—and as there are no young children, nieces or anything like that, they have agreed with me that they will never contest any action of mine."

"A fine idea," said Sam Candace. "And for every dollar that you put into the concern for him, I'll give him two."

Vonny rose from her chair. "I think—the way you plan—the way you pass me around—"

"My dear child, you weren't mentioned," said Mrs. Loosich.

Vonny sat down again, crimson of face, unhappy, embarrassed. I turned to her.

"I have been offered many magnificent gifts this evening," I said. "But I couldn't dream of accepting them unless you came with them, Vonny."

"Are you proposing marriage to me, in front of everyone?" she demanded.

"I am," I assured her.

She bit her lip, struggling against anger or mirth, I couldn't be sure which.

"Then I accept you," she said, as stiltedly as I had spoken.

I SAW Sam Candace's glass upraised; I saw the dignified Erica Loosich unbending to clink her glass with Sam's. I heard three adults babble as I hadn't dreamed possible.

The whole situation was banal, vulgar, incredible. And then I realized that things we think vulgar are often merely natural and that Erica Loosich had been well-bred enough to realize this: that she had cut the knot of misunderstanding between Vonny and myself by an apparent crudity that did not lack finesse. She had shown her approval of me; tried to show Vonny that her own disapproval was unjust.

But all this I analyzed later. At the moment I was too engrossed in the kiss which shamelessly, before the others, I gave to the sweetest girl in the world.

I hear so much of the higher interests of Europeans that I would like some time to debate the matter. I maintain that building new cities, new railroads, opening up new fields of oil, new mines, new agricultural districts, are interests as high as anything Europe may boast. I tell you there is romance in sausage and high endeavor in breakfast foods. I like to see Candace, Incorporated, grow, and know that I am in some part responsible for the growth.

And if so be some society reporter, tattling in his column, has called me also one of the fortune hunters, one of the woman hunters, well—perhaps I am. Anyway, what I hunted I found—the loveliest wife in the world.

THE END

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No Questions Asked

Continued from page 22

a peculiar mottled pallor in his face. . . . If Dupré suspected him, he'd better get rid of the thing dam' quick! . . .

Lorber started for the stairs again, but as quickly changed his mind. . . . No, it'd be safer where he'd hidden it.

If he tried to sell it now, they might get something on him sure.

With that decision made, he walked down the hallway and out of the house.

It was after two o'clock that afternoon when Lorber returned. He had spent the intervening time in the back room of Snyder's place. Someone had brought in some liquor, and Lorber had had his share of it.

His eyes were red-ringed and his step rather heavy as he climbed the stairs to his room after two that afternoon. Not until he had closed the door did it suddenly occur to him that it had been unlocked. But that made no impression on his befuddled thoughts until he glanced in the direction of the radiator. Then he started at what he saw. The loose corner of the paneling had been ripped away!

Muttering a curse, Lorber crossed the room, dropped to his knees beside the radiator, and quickly examined every inch of space behind where the paneling had been. The bracelet was gone.

Jisda! Aha! Jisda knew the hiding place—he'd shown it to him once. . . . And Jisda was the only one who knew he had the bracelet too!

Lorber clenched his fists and swung around. Rushing to the door, he flung it open and ran down the hallway to Jisda's room. The door crashed back against the inner wall from the lunge of his body against it. But inside the room he halted. It was empty—of everything. One look around was enough to tell him that Jisda had cleared out.

THE oath that burst from Lorber's mouth was abruptly broken off. He stepped over beside the bureau and snatched up an empty wicker wastebasket. Wedged in the bottom of it was part of a pawn ticket which read: "Joe Felstein, Jeweler and Pawnbroker, 401½ Third Avenue." Beneath that was written, in ink, $200.00—beside it the letters *sda*.

Some five minutes later, Lorber entered Felstein's small shop, hurried over to the elderly man behind the counter and tossed the torn ticket down.

"That's for a bracelet, ain't it?" he snapped. "Well, I want it back—hear?"

The pawnbroker glanced down at the torn ticket, picked it up, and then, reaching into a drawer of the counter, drew out the object of Lorber's frantic search. "You mean dis here? Der fellow what bring it, he ask me for two hunderd dollar—no more. . . . But you did not geef me dis bracelet. Jisda did, and I know Jisda—"

"Yes? Well, I know the dirty Hunk too!" Lorber's fist crashed on the counter. "He stole it from *me*—get that! That bracelet's mine, and by Judas—!" One of Lorber's big hands suddenly grabbed Felstein's shoulder. His other was reaching for the bracelet when a sharp-voiced command interrupted with:

"All right, Lorber—snap out of it!"

LORBER slowly released his hold on Felstein and turned around. Just inside the shop door stood a short, thickset man with one hand in his overcoat pocket. Lorber knew him the minute he looked at him, McCoy, a detective, who often came to the Club Nuit.

He smiled over at Lorber in a peculiar way. "Dupré had your number, all right, Lorber. I've been on your beefy shadow all day, but this—say, this is luck. Between the old boy there and me, we've got you cold. *Your* bracelet, eh?" McCoy paused, and reached back of him to open the door. Then motioned toward it. "They want to have a little powwow with you at headquarters, Lorber. Comin'?"

Lorber eyed that one hand that McCoy still kept in his pocket—then nodded dumbly. As he went out the door the detective called back to Felstein: "You hang on to that ice bracelet till we come for it—hear?" Then he followed Lorber out.

At the street curb McCoy faced his prisoner and remarked: "For plain sapheads, you sure win the prize. Say, don't you ever read the newspapers?"

Lorber shrugged and shook his head.

The detective grinned. "Well, if you had you'd be sittin' pretty now. The dame that lost that bracelet advertised a reward of two thousand dollars for its return"—McCoy signaled a taxi—"two thousand berries, and no questions asked—see?"

Cecille waited on the officers' mess in Raincourt. She was Bugler Cicco's girl till the new looie came along and cut the windjammer out, but just as she was fallin' for the ninety-day wonder Cicco started teachin' her English. One morning in front of the whole staff Cecille, thinkin' she knew a swell new way of sayin' good morning, spilled out, "Allo, shavetail! Ow long seence you lef' ze ribbon counter?"

The Story of two Men

who fought in the World War

One of these men has done big things in business since the war. The other is still moving from job to job. Why? You will find the answer on this page.

FROM a certain little town in the Middle West came two men to fight in France.

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But after the war came a change in their fortunes. In ten short years one of them became wealthy, while the other was still moving unsuccessfully from one job to another.

He "had hard luck," the friends of the latter explained. He never "seemed to catch hold after the war." And recently, when his companion proposed that they go together to the Paris Convention of the American Legion, he was forced to decline because he could not afford it.

What is the reason for tragedies like this? These men had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for prosperity were equally good. Why, after the war, did one man surge steadily ahead, while the other stood still?

Two types of men

The answer is simple. In all the business world there are just two types of men. There is the man who goes only as far as experience in one department of business can carry him and settles down in a departmental position for life.

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Only you can decide where you will stop

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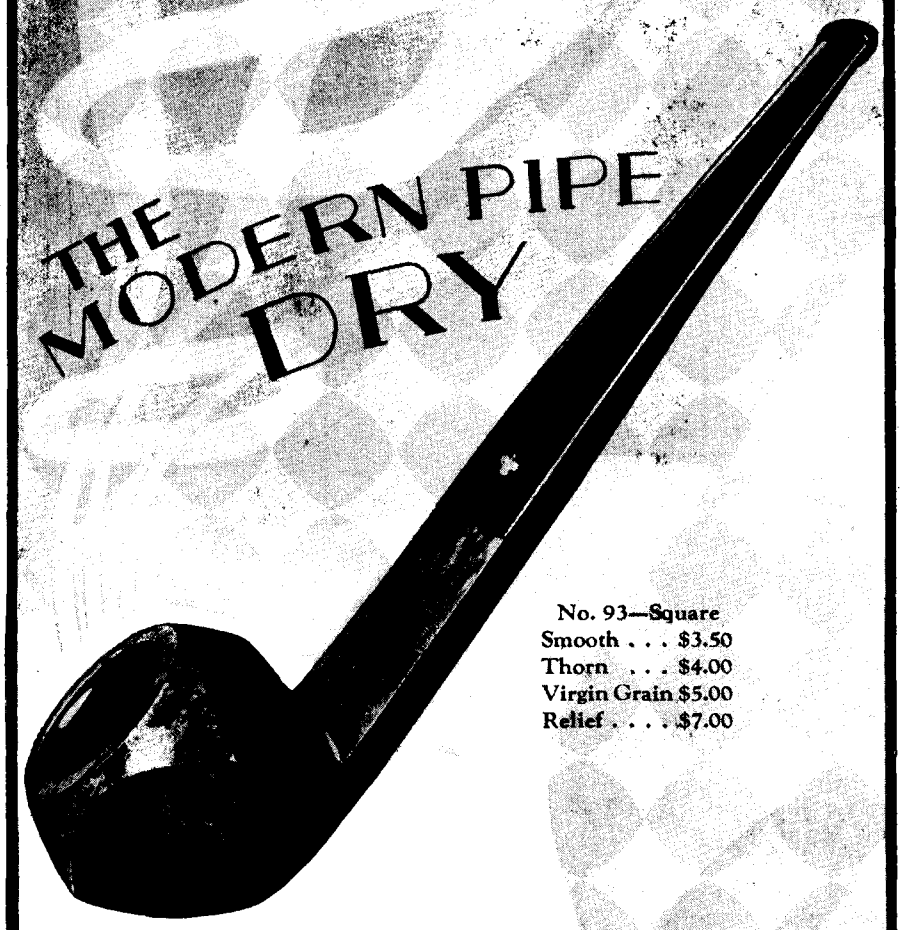

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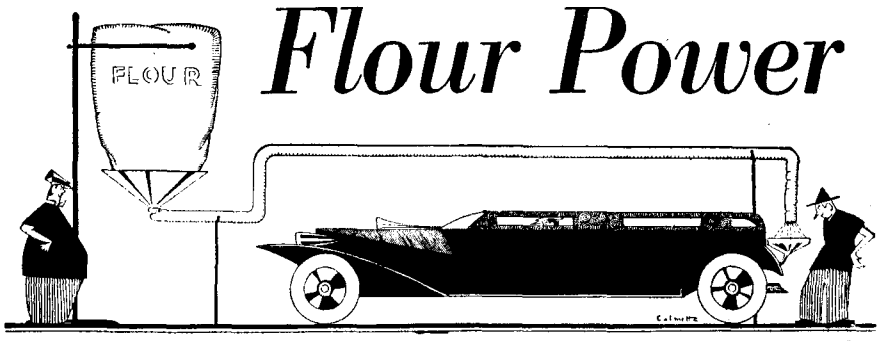
Flour Power



THE modern motor, which has so largely superseded the steam engine and made the automobile and the airplane possible, is run by a series of explosions. Anything that will explode may conceivably be used as a motor fuel, provided it is cheap enough and the explosion is not too violent to be controlled. But explosions that we can't control are dangerous. Why not, then, turn the kind of explosions that we don't want into the kind of explosions that we can use?

The United States Department of Agriculture has been set at the problem of utilizing farm wastes. Now, one of the by-products of the farm that nobody had any use for was the explosions. Sometimes in threshing the smut dust caught fire and blew up the machine. Sometimes the grain dust blew up the elevator. Sometimes the fine flour in the air blew up the mill. So it occurred to the bright young chemists in the Arlington laboratory across the Potomac to employ this dust as motor fuel.

Over in Gorlitz, Germany, a man with the unrememberable name of Pawlikowski had invented a form of the Diesel engine that would run with coal dust, which was as much a nuisance in the mines as the grain dust was in the mills. When he heard of what the Bureau of Chemistry was trying to do he fed his engine with rye flour and ran it for hours. Now, such flour is too good to use as fuel, as you know if you ever ate the German black bread, but any kind of combustible dust will work as well.

Of course it is only in great elevators that enough such dust accumulates so that it could be profitably used for power purposes, but there is another possibility in the future. Some day we will learn how to utilize the worst of our farm wastes, the enormous crops of straw and cornstalks that we raise and throw away every year. If this stuff is packed into tight retorts and heated, it gives off gas, oil and tar, leaving behind charcoal as a fine dust. This distillation process then gives a variety of excellent combustibles: gas and gasoline for the ordinary internal-combustion engines and the carbon dust for the engines of the Pawlikowski type.

A Sleep of Two Centuries

HOW long can a seed stay in its strange state of suspended animation and retain the power of being waked up with warmth and water? The stories of grains of wheat fallen from the wrappings of a mummy and giving rise to new crops are fables, but seeds have been known to resurrect after having been buried for more than a century.

Some fruits of Indian lotus which had lain in a peat bed of southern Manchuria for probably more than two hundred years were all germinated by a Japanese botanist, Ichiro Ohga, after he had softened their hardened coating by soaking in concentrated sulphuric acid for five hours. On the contrary, the seeds of certain willows lose their vitality in less than a week unless kept in a cold, dry place.

Most plants and trees lie between these extremes. In 1902 the Department of Agriculture at Washington tried the experiment of burying the seeds of 107 species. These were dug up twenty years later, and it was found that the seeds of 51 kinds were capable of germination.

Such periods of protracted dormancy in the vegetable world seem strange to us human beings, who cannot even hibernate like the bears. Think of a man buried in a peat bog in 1728, when newspapers first appeared in America, and waking up to see railroads and airplanes!

Or think of yourself passing into a cataleptic trance and waking up in 2128 to see—what?

How Much Does a Dog Know?

IN ORDER to find out if a dog could be trained to understand human speech Jacob Herbert picked out a German shepherd pup of blooded ancestry and talked to him constantly as he would to a child. He is now about four years old, and his owner thinks that Fellow, as he calls him, knows about 400 words. At a demonstration before a recent meeting of the Galton Society in New York he obeyed almost instantly the following orders given by his owner:

"I want you to go to the other end of the room. Stop a minute. Turn your head and come over to me. Sit down. Stand up again. Put the dollar on the table. Go to Professor Warden. [Fellow went to Dr. Warner.] Go to Professor Warden in the corner. Jump over the chair. Wait a moment. Now jump over again. Put your head on the chair. Put your foot up. Do you hear what I say? Put both feet up and stand up high. Step down. Walk up to the table. Go ahead up to the table. Put your head up high, high up on the table: no, on the table. Stand up on the table with both feet. Still. All right.

"Go look out the window. Get up on the window, up high. Stand up high. Go to the other side of the room. All the way around. High up again. Come over to me. Are you going to take care of me? [Fellow barked loudly three or four times.] Can anybody hurt me? [Fellow barked again.] Put your head in the lady's lap. Are you going to take care of the lady? [Fellow barked loudly.] Sit down. Put your head down—all the way. No, the other side. Stand up. Sit down. Crawl over to me. Go over to the window again. Go to Dr. Warner."

All these commands were carried out correctly except that the dog misunderstood the name "Warden" for "Warner," a mistake that any of us might have made.

The dog is not guided by the gestures or glances of his master, for in most cases he will comply with the command when he is in a room with strangers only and Mr. Herbert is in another room with the door closed between. He evidently obeys his master's voice, but Professor Warden of Columbia, who has studied his performances, thinks that the dog has merely learned to associate certain sounds with the proper objects and actions, but does not actually understand words in the human sense.

In learning ability dogs are said by psychologists to be superior to cats, perhaps inferior to raccoons and probably inferior to monkeys and apes. In the matter of ears dog and man are about equal. In the matter of noses dogs are decidedly better off. In the matter of eyes man is decidedly better off. A dog can follow a trail, find an object or open a latch in the dark or blindfolded about as well as in the light. But it is questionable if any mammal below the monkey can distinguish between colors.

A dog's world is probably devoid of color, and he can only discern differences of lighter and darker shades.

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Great Grief!

Continued from page 18

Vicky told Helen, thinking to stop in the telegraph office and drop a wire without being observed.

"Walk downtown! Vicky! I never heard of a widow's doing that so soon. Have you a headache?"

"Yes." Vicky seized the suggestion. "I think the air would do me good."

"Oh, it wouldn't," Helen assured her. "But I know of some wonderful medicine, and you must lie right down and not worry about a single thing. I'll take care of it all."

For some time Vicky had had a feeling that Helen was not entirely pleased with her, but that was changed now. Vicky had again struck a correct note. Headaches were a dissipation permitted the bereaved.

It would be infinitely wiser to leave the affair to Helen, Vicky thought, and she allowed herself to be arranged on her bed. Then Helen tiptoed about drawing blinds and arranging windows so that there'd be no cross draft.

THE instant Helen left Vicky picked up the telephone and dictated a day letter not to Hester but to Hester's sister:

Hear from Hester you are feeling better. So glad Hester can be with you. Keep her as long as you like. You need her far more than I do.

Armed with that, Hester's sister was sure to have a terrible relapse. It was a mean trick, Vicky felt, and a betrayal of a faithful soul, but as a measure of war it was inevitable. Hester's presence in Chatfield would double every difficulty.

In the expectation of a certain amount of confinement Vicky had provided herself with a stock of books the previous Saturday. She got one and began to read it.

As the afternoon drew on the doorbell began ringing constantly. When Helen peeped in to ask how Vicky felt Vicky inquired the reason.

"Just flowers and cards," Helen beamed. "The house is a perfect bower. I wanted to bring some up for you, but I thought I'd ask first whether they'd make your headache worse."

"They would." Vicky assured her. "Oh, dear! I'm sorry people are making a fuss."

"But people are terribly touched at the idea of a bride losing her bridegroom. Didn't you know they would be?"

"I hoped they wouldn't notice very much," Vicky said miserably.

"Glory Fisk is helping me. She begged to. I wonder if you'd care to see her. It might make you feel badly, though. She's been crying so hard."

"What about?"

"Vicky, you don't realize what a real person you made Clovis to us. Glory says his being gone makes her feel as though some vital force had been taken out of her life. Wouldn't you like to talk with her?"

"I think I'll go back to my headache," Vicky said, and when Helen had gone she cowered down into her bed miserably. It was too awful having people take trouble and shed tears over her lie. Still, what could she do? Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

She drifted into a nap from which she was wakened by the doorbell again, a long peal and a short, quick one.

Drowsily Vicky recognized something familiar in that succession of sounds. Then suddenly she leaped from the bed. It had been Dolly Tillinghast's ring.

Heavens! What a relief it would be to tell Dolly the whole wretched business. Just the same, Vicky thought, there wasn't any reason why she shouldn't first wring his heart a little. She took out the blue grease paint again and increased the shadow under her eyes slightly, then she passed a powder puff softly over her cheeks. Men were creatures of such thick perception it wouldn't harm to overemphasize.

She was rather embarrassed that Helen Vaughn came to the door in time to catch her powdering.

"Do you feel up to seeing Dolly?"

"I certainly do, Helen, and I'll see him alone. Do I look all right? My face was a little shiny."

"You look perfectly beautiful."

"I hope you've told him that since I've had this sorrow I'm like that saint who carries his own skin over his arm, or the Duchess' hat that would have withered at an unkind word. Is he in the drawing-room?"

"Yes. And you aren't going to talk to him in that hard, frivolous way?"

"Do I look hard or frivolous?" Vicky asked.

A forlorn little figure, she made her way down the stairs to the flower-stuffed apartment where Dolly sat.

"Well, Vic!" he said, rising, with something outrageously like his ordinary grin on his face. "I hope I don't intrude on your grief."

Did he think it was funny?

"I knew you'd come as soon as you could," Vicky said, in a gentle, broken voice.

"I did," Dolly replied, still with that hint of a grin.

"I've been through rather a lot since you went away."

"From what I learn from the neighbors, you'd been through a lot before I saw you last."

"But you didn't only learn it from the neighbors," Vicky found herself lying again. "You got the letter I wrote you?"

"No. Where did you send it?"

"To the Racquet Club. I took it for granted you'd stay there until you sailed. I wrote it as soon as I'd heard you'd left Chatfield. It explained why I'd been so evasive to you."

Dolly's grin had vanished.

"The first news I had," he said, "was a notice in a Cuban paper."

"That was when you wired?"

"I was already tight when I sent that wire. I stayed tight. I can't even remember getting on the boat for home."

"Oh, Dolly!" There was no falsity in the distress of Vicky's tone that time.

"Then I got here and learned more details. Your husband seems to have been a remarkable character. I never knew such a fluttering in the local dovecotes as your accounts of him have caused."

THAT was a pretty remark to make to a woman who, for all he knew, was in the depths of sorrow!

"He was remarkable in comparison with American men," Vicky said quietly. "He was a Latin, you see. He took love seriously. He was a great lover. It was a change from anything I'd known."

"How long have you been reading the movie magazines, Vic?" Dolly asked.

"I won't be spoken to in that way." Vicky flared back at him. "This thing was a bitter experience. I wouldn't have dared it if I'd known what it would be; but at least it wasn't just humdrum nothing. It shook me alive, and I'm glad of it. I'm glad to have been hurt and made miserable, and at least not treated like a pipe or an old dog. And since you haven't anything else to say to me, apparently you can go, and you can go this instant."

Dolly didn't make a move for the door, so Vicky swung about with what majesty her stature permitted to make a proud exit.

"But I have something to say to you. It's just this: You can't get away with it with me, Vicky Bond."

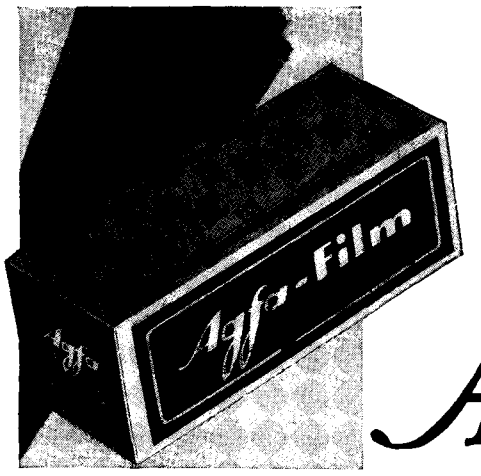
"I what?" Vicky found strength to say in spite of a general condition she was sure she had often heard described as speechlessness.

"Not since I've heard a detailed account of the genesis of your story of your marriage."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just that the whole thing was phony.

(*Continued on page 48*)



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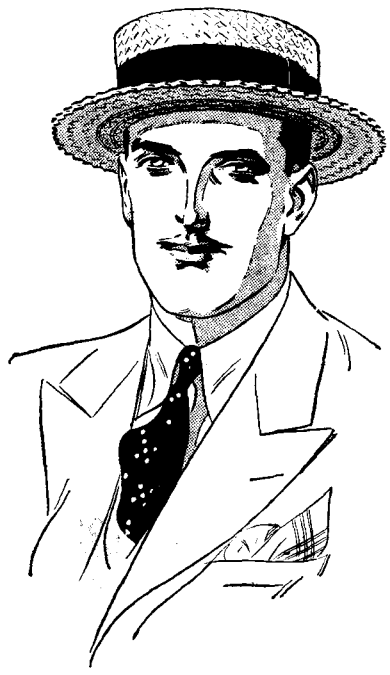

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Great Grief!

Continued from page 47

You'd heard I'd been married, and you didn't want anyone to think that you'd been left flat."

"Did Edith Viereck suggest such a thing to you?"

"Lord, no. She's fooled like all the rest of them. No. It's my own discovery."

"I might have known that your colossal conceit was at the bottom of such an idea. Will you please leave my house?"

"Oh, come off it, Vicky. A husband who came in as patly as that, and died off so conveniently, sight unseen, living or dead! It won't wash."

"Won't it?"

Once again, as at Edith Viereck's, Vicky felt that she was up against the intolerable. She would do anything, suffer anything rather than admit to Dolly Tillinghast that he was right.

"I wonder if it will lessen your amusement," she went on, heedless of any consequences, "when poor Clovis is brought here. It would the amusement of some people."

"Brought here?"

"Yes, brought here. Is it so remarkable that I should be allowed to bury my own dead? It did seem impossible for a time, but I've just had word that he's—he's being sent on some time tomorrow or next day. I daresay that will give you great cause for hilarity. No, don't touch me, Dolly, and please go away."

"But please, Vicky."

"I don't want to listen to you," Vicky said. "Perhaps I'll want to see you again some time, but not now, and never at all if you keep on staring at me like that. Helen! Helen, will you come down and make him go away!"

BUT Dolly stepped from the doorway he had been blocking, and Vicky broke from the room and half fell up the stairs crying real if infuriated tears.

"What is it, Vicky?" Helen Vaughn demanded, swooping part way down the flight and enfolding her.

"I hate Dolly Tillinghast, and I never want to see him again. He acts as though it were a joke."

"Oh, he can't, Vicky."

"He does, and oh, Helen, I've had another telephone message. They're sending him on to me."

"Who?" Helen asked, bewildered.

"Clovis," Vicky answered. "Who did you think they'd send on to me? Ulysses S. Grant?"

"They're sending him here? Oh, Vicky! I'm so glad."

A really beatific look fell upon Helen's face. She and Vicky had reached the top of the stairs, and by then Vicky was a lot calmer.

"Do you know what time it is exactly?" she asked.

Helen consulted her wrist watch.

"Twenty-six minutes of five."

"What time is the next mail to New York?"

"The train leaves at a quarter of five, and the next one after that is the midnight."

"I've got to get a letter to Gennery Bond on the quarter of five. Will you order a taxi to come here right away, and can I count on you to take it down yourself and see that it gets in the post bag?"

"Of course. Only I don't see how you'll possibly have time to write anything."

"Have to," Vicky said, and seating herself at her desk she began scribbling on the first piece of paper which came to her hand. For the first time in her life Gennery's profession was going to do her some good. It should provide him with unequaled opportunities for helping her out. She wrote:

Gennery darling:

I'm in the most awful mess, and I've only three minutes to write you, so I can't possibly explain, and you'll have to trust me. I never was married, though I pretended I was, and now I've said my husband is dead and no one believes me, so I've said he's being sent on for burial tomorrow or the day after. You've got to get hold of a dead man and send him on. If that is impossible get a wax dummy: if you can't do that, just have weights put in a coffin. *Something* must arrive so that I can have a funeral. It's absolutely imperative or I hope you know I wouldn't ask you.

The man's name is supposed to be Frederick Brown, if that makes any difference. Of course this is utterly confidential. *Do it right away.*

Distractedly,
VICKY.

It was an awful letter, Vicky knew, but it would have to do. She stuck on six stamps, and wrote special delivery under five of them.

Helen was at the telephone.

"You're just getting the taxi?" Vicky demanded despairingly.

Helen waggled her head at her. Into the telephone she said: "I'm sorry, but I'll have to ring off now."

"The taxi must be on its way, or here," she explained, hanging up the receiver. "That was Edith Viereck."

"What did she want?"

"She wanted to speak to Dolly. I told her he'd gone."

"Can't she leave Dolly Tillinghast alone five minutes?" Vicky asked.

"It's something about her divorce."

THE taxi honked at the gate. Helen seized the letter and ran for it, leaving Vicky plenty to think about.

Probably Edith Viereck's divorce had become final, or whatever divorces did, and now she was taking up the pursuit of Dolly in dead earnest. This was undoubtedly the worst time that she, Vicky, could have quarreled with him.

"If only I weren't a widow in the throes of first mourning," Vicky thought, "I could rectify it in ten minutes. Oh, darn!"

Helen was a long time.

"I walked back," she said when she arrived. "It did seem as though everybody in town stopped me to ask about you."

"Oh, don't, Helen," Vicky begged. "You make me feel just the way an oyster must when it's being dipped in cocktail sauce. I loathe being a succulent mouthful."

"Well, Edith got hold of Dolly somewhere," Helen slipped to another subject. "They were going into Edith's house as I passed it. I had a little chat with them."

"Isn't there any local organization for the protection of unmarried men in Chatfield?" Vicky fumed. "A bachelor would be quite as safe unarmed in the Indian jungles. It just isn't civilized."

"I'm afraid your head is still troubling you," Helen told her. "You must get to bed early tonight. Tomorrow may be a very hard day for you."

Going to bed early always made Vicky restless, and as she had spent practically all day lying down, and had more things to worry about than had ever confronted her before, she kept turning for hours until she felt like an egg beater, and it wasn't until long after dawn that she went to sleep.

She therefore didn't waken until eleven, and the instant her mind adjusted itself to consciousness the terror that she might have missed some communication from Gennery Bond seized her, and she rang her bell frantically.

Helen Vaughn was the first person to appear.

"I wouldn't let anyone disturb you," she said. "Lizzie will be up with breakfast directly. How are you feeling?"

"Perfectly all right. Has any message come?"

"Dozens of them."

"Anything important?"

"Yes, I think there's one you'll want to see."

HELEN said it quite gravely and withdrew. Vicky couldn't control a shaky feeling in the pit of her stomach. Could Gennery Bond have been fool enough to write something that gave her away?

Helen reappeared, carrying an anchor of white roses.

"What ghastly thing is that?" Vicky cried.

"Ghastly!" Helen exclaimed. "Why, it's perfectly beautiful! Dolly Tillinghast sent it."

"To be funny?" Vicky inquired.

"Of course not, Vicky; an anchor is the symbol of Faith. There's a card with something written on it."

Vicky took it:

Vicky dear:

I don't know what to say.

That certainly sounded apologetic. Still, an anchor of white roses! It occurred to Vicky that Dolly might have left the choice of his offering to Edith Viereck. At least negotiations with Dolly were reopened, which was nice.

"I've just gone ahead arranging things on my own responsibility." Helen Vaughn was saying. "A great many set pieces have come. Glory Fisk has sent the most beautiful wreath of crimson roses. She wanted something suitable for Clovis as you'd described him. She said she'd have liked a great galleon made of scarlet flowers, only she didn't want to put that much money into it."

"A gin bottle of laurel leaves would have been nice too," Vicky said.

"Vicky!"

"I'm sorry."

"Now, Vicky, is there any way of finding out definitely when the funeral will be?"

"I wish you wouldn't act as though I were just being capricious about this funeral, Helen," Vicky said, and smoothed out her lap for the breakfast tray Lizzie was bringing in the door.

Lizzie set it down, then began fumbling in her apron.

"Telegram," she nasaled.

"Oh, give it to me."

Lizzie found it.

"It's for Miss Vaughn," she announced. "They told the boy at her house she was here."

Convinced by now that it was from Gennery, that Gennery must have wired Helen some betraying question, Vicky made a scene.

"I know it's for me. Give it to me, Lizzie. Helen, give me that telegram."

"Of course, dear." Helen said.

Miss Helen Vaughn
Chatfield, New York
Going east anyway to make sure.
ALICE CAMBELL HIGGINS.

(To be continued next week)

GOOD

Miss Christina Schmuck of Ranger, Texas, who created this excellent Nameograph, is a drawing teacher and she's made Nameographs class problems. "Each child," she writes, "brought a copy of Collier's from home and, using the Nameographs therein as illustrations, made original ones. They are enthusiastic over them."

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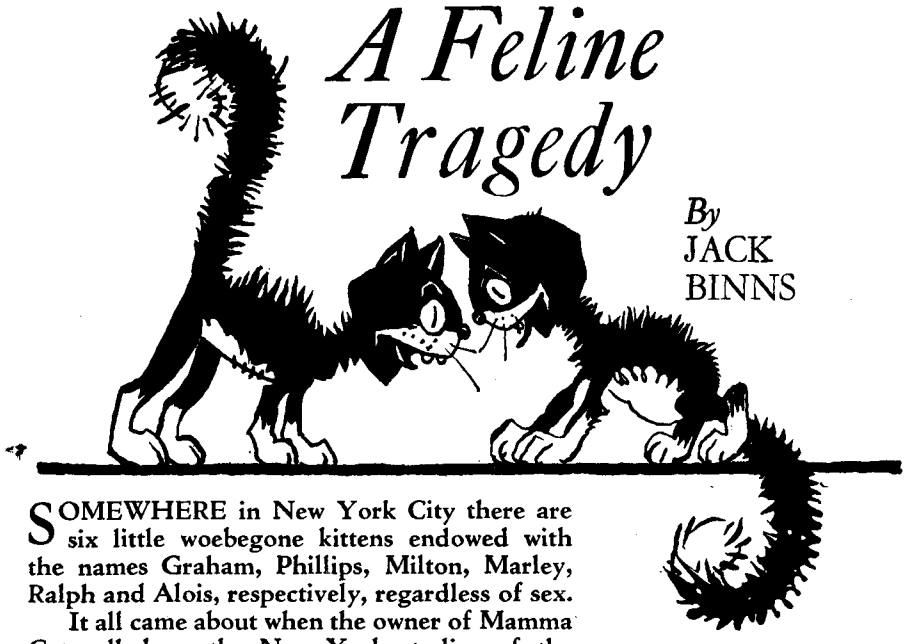


A Feline Tragedy

By JACK BINNS

SOMEWHERE in New York City there are six little woebegone kittens endowed with the names Graham, Phillips, Milton, Marley, Ralph and Alois, respectively, regardless of sex.

It all came about when the owner of Mamma Cat called up the New York studios of the Red and Blue networks to get the names of announcers so she could bestow them on the new arrivals, because "they mewed so prettily."

I shudder to think of the names those little kitties will be called when they grow up and start announcing back-fence programs.

Listening Brigands

REPORTS from the Riff indicate Moorish chieftains have embarked on a new career of brigandage. This time they are lying in wait to capture elusive European programs. Their weapons are the latest types of sensitive radio receivers.

It looks as though the ether waves are going to add diplomacy to their conquests, since it might pay the so-called civilized bailiwicks to supply radio sets to the turbulent chiefs within their mandated bailiwicks even though it may result in closing down the armament companies.

A New Paregoric

IT BEGINS to look as though the engineers may beat the Federal Radio Commission by bringing something resembling order in the air. Many of the low-powered short-wave stations separated by a great geographical distance but operating on the same wave length are experiencing some success by means of crystal synchronization. At best, however, it is only a local palliative.

The great trouble from heterodyne squeals, grunts and groans is due to the greater carrying power of the carrier wave over and above the program it carries with it. The carrier travels more than twice the distance that the program can be heard, and it is the carriers clashing against each other that cause the squeals.

Eventually engineering advancement will eliminate this, but there are a great many technical difficulties to be overcome.

In the meantime if the members of the commission still think they do not have the power to shut stations down in the "public necessity and convenience" they could at least do a good job by aiding the little stations to equip themselves with crystal controls so that some of the squealing that makes our nights so hideous may at last be silenced.

White Paper is Costly

THE commission which has been investigating the possibility of broadcasting the United States senatorial proceedings reports adversely because it would involve an initial expenditure of more than $3,000,000.

All experts agree that the microphone has killed the old-time orator and compelled public speakers to restrict their utterances to facts. Apparently the commissioners did not realize this important point, otherwise they could not have failed to consider the annual saving to the Government Printing Office in publishing the Congressional Record.

What the Watt Is

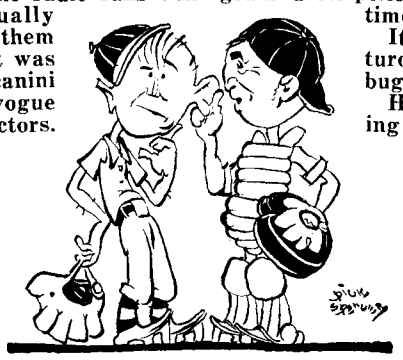
"WHAT is a watt?" asks James Robinson. "I see it on my electric bulbs. It's on the electric irons, and I notice the broadcast stations use it!"

The watt is the standard measure of electric power, Jim. Consequently everything that uses electric power in its operation is subject to measurement in watts, just the same as the use of mechanical energy is measured in horsepower.

Now you can figure out how many horses you have on your favorite broadcaster.

Historic Confabs

WHAT the catcher says to the pitcher when they hold a formal conference in the middle of the diamond has puzzled baseball fans ever since fixed traditions have dominated the national sport. It looks as though the radio fans will have something equally intriguing to bother them if the precedent that was set by Arturo Toscanini should become the vogue with eminent conductors.



The last time Arturo was guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall he went into a heavy conference with Jack Poppele, the engineer who has been responsible for WOR's flawless transmissions and pick-up of these noteworthy concerts. The conversation became so profound and lasted so long the announcer was hard put to stretch his biographies and program descriptions to take up enough time.

It looks as though Arturo has become a radio bug in earnest.

He was probably telling Jack, in the boasting way that fans have, that he "had the coast last night so that you could hear it all over the block."

Anyway you may have three guesses as to the topic of the conference if I have not guessed it right.

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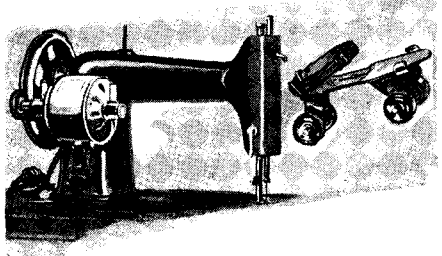

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L1039

The Thunder God

Continued from page 7

"I appoint myself your general manager. Where the other fellow's money is to be spent you are a combination of French peasant, Levantine Jew and Armenian, but where your own money is concerned you are very careless and liberal. When you make your lease, take me into your confidence. You're the greatest electrical engineer in the world, Julie, but that lets you out. In all other affairs you're the natural and inevitable receiver of gold bricks."

"Yes, sir. Any further remarks, sir? I love to have you patronize me. Of course I know you're a leader of men and thoroughly at home in the company of roughnecks on a hard, dirty job, but —I wasn't such a terrible frost in France, was I?"

"Your men followed you because they loved you. They feared to let you out of their sight, on the supposition that if they did something would happen to you."

"I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself."

"Perhaps, although I doubt it. Nevertheless, you're going to have volunteers for that duty as long as you live. However, let's quit talking about you. How is Mercedes?"

"Oh, fine, fine."

"How does she accept the news that you're going into business with me?"

"Well, not so good, Ben. She thinks, perhaps, I'll not make as much money on my own as I would on a general superintendent's salary."

"She's right. Was she unconvinced when you left her a little while ago?"

"Not at all. Not an iota, my dear inquisitor. She's forbidden the banns."

"You expect to talk her out of it, of course?"

Julie heaved a small sigh. "No, I'm tired of using moral persuasion, Ben. I'm just going to do my job in my own way hereafter. I'm just a trifle weary of being managed, even by those who love me and mean well by me."

"You ungrateful pup! Of course you realize that a revolution is treason until it succeeds, when it becomes the purest patriotism."

"Nevertheless, I'm going to revolute, Ben. Why not? Haven't I got the sinews of war? Leadership is man's natural prerogative in family life, and whether his leadership be good or bad, still, if he's worthy of being a husband he's worthy of being trusted to produce the wherewithal to support his family decently. Until Uncle Jarlath's executor got on my trail I never gave this matter any consideration, being too busy with other things, but of late I've developed a philosophical streak."

"Impossible! Julie, what you've developed is the stubborn streak which emerges so surprisingly in the mildest and most agreeable of men. But don't try getting stubborn with me, you devil. You'll agree to my dictatorship without question."

Julie smiled at his friend. "At any rate, it will be a benevolent dictatorship, old hard-head! Such are easy to stand. When do we eat?"

WHEN Gloria Justin arrived at the riding academy she found Ben Whitton awaiting her there. "Got rid of Julie," he explained, "so I concluded to exercise my own horse. I have hired one for you. Let's go."

They had ridden halfway through Golden Gate Park before Ben Whitton spoke to the girl again. "It's a very great shame, Gloria, that you never married Julie."

"He didn't ask me," she reminded him, and gave him a sharp, swift sidelong glance. But he was immersed in his profound thoughts, his somewhat gloomy gaze fixed on the horizon.

"The worm," he said presently, "is beginning to turn."

"Meaning what?"

"Don't dissemble with me, of all men, Gloria. He's tiring of his wife's domination. Julian Grannis and I have known each other intimately since the days when he carried a morning newspaper route and I worked for the local butcher on Saturdays and thereby earned the nickname of Butch. But I do not know the man. Sometimes I think I do, and just about the time I'm proud in my own conceit he does something that disproves all my carefully collected theories regarding him. I never thought he'd revolt on Mercedes—hence I'll never trust him again! There's only one person in this world who never has any doubts as to Julie, and that's his wife. She knows him from soul to vermiform appendix—yes, she does *not!*"

THEY rode another half mile in silence. A faint smile that fringed the man's strong mouth gradually broadened until at last he turned to Gloria with a chuckle. "Don't disappoint me, Gloria," he begged. "Don't shatter my faith in my own tremendous understanding of womankind. Haven't you any curiosity at all regarding Julie and his wife?"

"Regarding Julie—yes. Regarding Mercedes—none. I know all about Mercedes."

"Well, what do you know?"

"That she isn't as Spanish as her name would imply, for instance."

"Named herself after an automobile, eh? I suppose she thought the name fitted her complexion."

"Her father was a sea captain—a Norwegian brunette who married an Irishwoman. Good, decent stock for the upbuilding of a democracy. They saved their money and invested it shrewdly, and when they died—they were both drowned in a wreck when Mercedes, known then as Nora, was ten years old —they left an estate of some $50,000 in trust for their child and to be turned over to her when she should attain the age of eighteen. The income took care of Nora nicely. She went to a finishing school in the East, and when she returned she was quite capable of doing anything except earning a living. And she had to do that very promptly, for it appears her fortune was represented practically in its entirety by stock in a shipping company which went into bankruptcy about that time. There being no more dividends, Nora—I mean Mercedes—married Julian Grannis."

"Hum-m! How do you know all this? First I ever heard of it."

"That's because I'm not usually a gossip. And I went to the same convent as Nora Lindberg."

"Know her pretty well, eh?"

"I said I knew all about her, not that I know her. Why, should I? I have had no opportunity. Although one of Julie's oldest friends—and we used to be very dear friends—I was not invited to his wedding. Subsequently he expressed his disappointment at not seeing me there, so I realized it wasn't his fault and that the list of friends he desired invited had been edited. I pleaded illness to Julie. Is Julie happy, Ben?"

"I think so. Not particularly unhappy, at any rate. I imagine he senses, occasionally, in a vague way, that he is more or less inhibited, that he is treated as if he were a little boy. But he's mad about Mercedes."

"I hope Mercedes is devoted to him, Ben. Julie needs something more than a wife. He should have a combination wife-trainer-guardian-mother-confessor-guide-philosopher and friend."

"I don't know what he has, Gloria, but I suspect he hasn't got all of that. And I never knew a man who had. I think, however, that Mercedes is reasonably fond of her husband, although I doubt if she could ever think quite as much of Julie as she does of herself. After she has helped herself she's perfectly willing that he should have what's left."

"You must know her rather well."

"No, but I know her type. Since the day she married Julie, she has, in a quiet but devilishly efficient manner, managed to keep him from associating very much with his old friends. She has

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the collie-dog instinct for herding her husband. Perhaps she's the possessive type. I have never been to Julie's house for dinner, nor has he ever been able to induce his wife to accept an invitation to my house for dinner. She doesn't decline, of course. She's gracious and friendly and so regretful—but there's always a headache or a prior engagement . . . well, I understand. So I have given up the idea. Let's canter the next half mile or so."

WHEN they resumed their conversation Whitton told her of Julian's legacy, of his secret plans, which, under no circumstances, must be revealed to his wife.

"You're right, Ben. The worm *is* turning," was the girl's sole comment.

"I wish he'd go to the assault and have it over with. I do not relish his fear of Mercedes."

"Is it fear of Mercedes or is it a great craving for peace, Ben?"

"Perhaps the latter. He has some half-baked theories in electric induction he desires to work out, and I daresay, if Mercedes knew that he had over $650,000 he'd find himself engaged in discussions about money matters—which is something he isn't interested in. Yes, undoubtedly she'd cramp his style, although she'd never realize it or admit it. Perhaps Julie knows his own business better than I do. I admit I'm prejudiced in his favor . . . the idiot never should have married. He is a dreamer, a poet, a creative artist—marriage destroys such men. They never quite fulfill their early promise—at least while they remain tame husbands like Julie."

Gloria had no answer to this masculine philosophy, since her own, being feminine, conflicted with it. She had always believed Ben Whitton to be predestined to bachelorhood. She had no difficulty in visualizing him as a lovable and faithful friend, but as a lover she suspected the rôle would still have been subservient to that of friend.

While, as she told Ben Whitton, she was well acquainted with the early history of Mercedes Grannis, Gloria hadn't the slightest idea as to what sort of woman the girl she had known at fourteen had developed into. She would not even hazard a guess, for she knew age and experience of life softens people. She remembered only that as a little girl Nora Lindberg was a beauty. But Gloria would have included her in the list of the less popular at the convent. She was selfish; she had more spending money than the other girls and in a little locker at the foot of her bed in the dormitory she kept candy which she ate secretly at night, never offering any even to her intimate friends. She had instinctive good taste in dress and was distinctly imperious in her demeanor toward others, even her teachers.

In her studies she appeared contented with mere passing marks; she had a sweet voice and played the violin very well for one of her age; except in the matter of violin practice she was indolent and had no taste for athletics or youthful games.

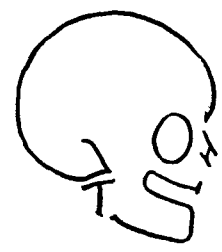
When she was sixteen Gloria Justin first met Julian Grannis. It was during her freshman year at Leland Stanford and Julian, who had been graduated as an electrical engineer at the age of twenty, had returned to the university at twenty-six for some postgraduate work under the famous Professor Ryan. He had been one of Professor Ryan's most promising pupils, and after six years in the practice of his profession, he had returned to sit again at the feet of the master. He was a tall young man, slim almost to the point of spareness, his ordinarily fair complexion finely bronzed by the heat and snows of far-distant places. When Gloria was introduced to him at a dance given by his old fraternity he looked gravely down at her with the eyes of a dreamer, a visionary, an idealist.

She saw much of him during that semester; he developed a habit of meeting her accidentally, and once he begged permission to drive her up to San Francisco in a villainous old cheap roadster. She invited him to her home for dinner that night, and her parents liked him greatly. Her father declared him a queer duck, but sound and likable. Through him she met Ben Whitton, who had been graduated in the same class with him. Whitton had come into the city, following the completion of a canal-digging job down in the San Joaquin Valley, and was out of employment.

Then Julian went away to Peru, and at parting had the temerity to ask her to kiss him good-by. And that old-fashioned deference she liked, for she had met many youths who essayed that privilege sans permission.

So Gloria kissed him—and suddenly found herself in his arms and sensed that he was trembling. "I don't want to leave you, Gloria," he murmured. "I've never met a girl like you before. It hurts so to leave you. You'll not forget me, will you, Gloria? I'm not a very social animal, and I don't suppose I'll ever get very far in the world—I'm not that kind, you know—can't bear the push and shove and battle that seems to be necessary for a fellow to indulge in nowadays if he expects to get along, but—"

Nameographs



"Ghost," by H. K. Ellis, 27 Harding Ave., Edgewood, R. I.

And there he paused, embarrassed, his utterance choked by a flood of feeling. And then Gloria knew that she loved this young man who was so different; knew too that he loved her and dared not confess it. Ah, yes, he was poor! His clothing was demoded and cheap, his sole resources the undoubted intelligence that shone in his wistful eyes. . . .

"I'll not forget you, Julie," she promised. "Do you want me to write to you?"

His eyes were wide with wonder and appreciation. "If you'll be so kind. It will be lonely down there, and your letters will help." Then he kissed her suddenly, fiercely, passionately and she commenced to weep . . . he kissed away her tears, his hands awkwardly smoothing back the hair from her cheeks, the while he looked at her hungrily and said: "You're such a sweet girl. You'll have many beaux, Gloria . . . but I'll come back. It's a two-year contract, and it means a lot to me. Perhaps then—"

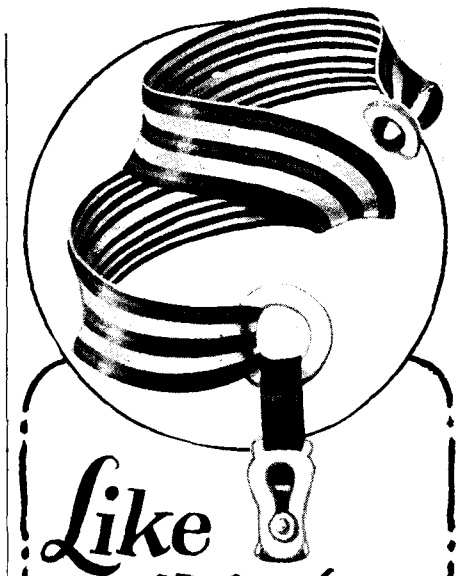
But again he resolutely conquered his desire. Quite soberly he said, "Good-by, sweetheart," and hurried out of the house.

THEY corresponded, but not as avowed lovers. From Peru he came home to go to the war; was in San Francisco a day and they lunched together; then he went east to a mobilization camp with Ben Whitton . . . she had never even seen him in a uniform, and that had been a deprivation, for he returned to San Francisco from the war and appeared again before her arrayed in civilian clothes, the mold of fashion and the glass of form.

He explained to her without reservation that Ben Whitton had selected his raiment for him, and with juvenile pride pirouetted before her and found great joy in her appreciation of his appearance. He limped a little, but did not tell her he had been wounded; of his service he had nothing to say, but of Ben Whitton's he was voluble almost to the point of boasting. Later she discovered he had been awarded the D. S. C., a Croix de Guerre with palms, the cross of the Legion of Honor and the D. S. O. of the British Empire. But this she learned from Ben Whitton.

She saw him several times during the succeeding week; they lunched and went

(*Continued on page 52*)



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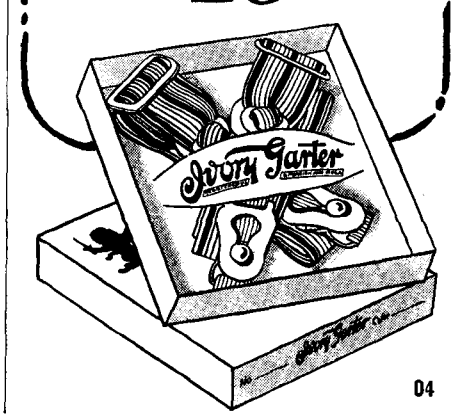

04

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 51

to a matinée together. Then the necessity of finding a job became paramount, and he went away. And this time he did not ask her to remember him; he mentioned nothing of the pleasure a letter from her would afford him, nor did he kiss her good-by. He was the devoted *friend, nothing more.*

A long time after he had gone, and when the ache of disappointment had been, in a measure, dulled by time, she learned that he had met a girl named Mercedes Lindberg in France. She had been an entertainer in the Y—singing and playing the violin.

Presently Gloria learned from Ben Whitton that Julian was in town again, and one night she saw him at the theatre with Nora Lindberg. Later he married her, and from Ben Whitton Gloria learned he had gone to Madrone as field superintendent of the Western Sierras Power Company.

Gloria was a prideful young woman; she was no weakling. Resolutely she set herself to the task of forgetting Julian Grannis, nor did she entertain for him the slightest resentment; she felt no bitterness in her defeat. After all, they had never been engaged. It was merely one of those things that might have been; she was young, and time cures all hurts.

She had been quite assured he was out of her mind forever until they met two years later. Then Gloria suspected that, in all probability, he would never be out of her mind; as she cantered along the park bridle path now with Ben Whitton she knew for a certainty that, even though opportunity had been denied her and Julie to permit their mutual attraction to burgeon into love that could weather the vicissitudes that love is heir to, nevertheless it had been for her the grand passion of her life.

And yet not for this lost love did her heart ache, but for the object of it. Poor Julie! He so thoroughly deserved happiness. And it pained her to reflect that possibly he was not getting it—at least in the full measure he deserved.

AFTER parting with Ben Whitton at the Palace Hotel, Julian Grannis caught a Market Street trolley and rode to the ferry, where he left the car and turned north along the Embarcadero. From dock to bulkhead he wandered, pausing to gaze, with juvenile curiosity, at bumptious little tugboats shouldering liners into their berths; at stevedores trundling truckloads of merchandise up to a steamer's cargo slings; at launches darting out to the battleships at the naval anchorage. At Lombard Street he found a little South Sea trading schooner discharging copra and made friends with the mate, who gave him a pineapple.

Continuing his stroll, he came to Fisherman's Wharf, and spent an hour looking at the blue-and-white-hulled trawlers with their Neapolitan crews; he fraternized with an old man mending a brown seine, ate a large crab freshly boiled in a huge caldron outside the fish market and decided that life was good—if only he didn't have to go back to the hotel and explain to Mercedes where he had been since leaving her and what he had done. She would laugh when he told her—and of late her mirthless, somewhat sardonic little chuckles at his vagaries had commenced to irk him. He wished he didn't have to go back for quite a while; he would have liked to rent a drop line, purchase some bait and fish for shiners off the dock as he and Ben Whitton had been wont to do away back in the purple twilight of the long ago.

Good old Ben! He had been very successful. Why, he had a suite of four offices—one for himself, one for Gloria, a general office that housed his bookkeeper and estimate clerk and a drafting-room with two draftsmen. There was a vacant office at the end of Ben's suite, and Ben had told him he could rent that. Of course he'd have to furnish it even though he never occupied it. . . . He wondered what bank Ben Whitton would decide to deposit the draft in. His own bank, probably. A new account of that magnitude would put Ben in right with his bank—probably stiffen the old boy's credit. Ben was smart. He thought of such things. Dear old Ben! Why, he had offered Julie a loan, not knowing that his friend was rich! But that was Ben all over. Homely old car horse! He could always be depended upon to see to the heart of a situation without the aid of a blue print.

WELL, he was glad he had put a bridle on his tongue that day he went to Peru—that day he had almost forgotten he was a penniless nobody. Undoubtedly Gloria had been mighty fond of him in those days, but, thank Heaven, she had been too young to suspect the profundity of his feeling toward her. Puppy love! People soon got over puppy love! He had. Undoubtedly Gloria had had many a little affair de cœur since then. Strange she had not married. If Ben Whitton had sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole, he would ask her to marry him . . . dull dog, Ben, in some ways.

He walked back along the Embarcadero and took a trolley uptown to the modest little "family" hotel where Mercedes awaited him. He was sensible of a slight feeling of depression as he entered the elevator; he had a premonition of impending unpleasantness. Not a domestic spat, of course—Mercedes was too well bred for that sort of thing, thank God—but an atmosphere surcharged with misunderstanding and lack of sympathy. Lord, he wished he had the knack of pleasing her, of refraining from doing the things that set her nerves on edge and brought a cool protest from her adorable lips.

He thrust his key in the lock—and the door opened suddenly and swiftly before him. Mercedes was standing before him, and he saw instantly that she was more than usually displeased.

"Well, Crœsus," she greeted him, "I've been waiting for you to return."

He realized instantly that she knew his secret and, despite his embarrassment, he wondered how she had discovered it: in what asinine manner he had failed to cover his trail. Still wrapped in his cloud of perplexity, he entered the sitting-room, sat down with his hat on, and looked up blankly at her. Her wonderful dark eyes were bright with anger, and he realized she was with difficulty controlling an impulse to lash out at him furiously.

After a silence of several seconds, during which she supposed she had reduced him to pulp, Mercedes spoke:

"Julie, why didn't you tell me? You've kept this secret from me for more than a year. You knew how happy the news of your good fortune would have made me. You must have known—if you know anything, which I sometimes doubt—how much worry and depression, how much disgraceful scrimping and saving it would have spared me. Julie, what have you got to say in your defense?"

"Nothing, my dear," he replied with a vigor and suddenness he had never hitherto manifested. It should have warned her, but it didn't.

"I'm ashamed of you." Her voice rose on a strident note.

"Did I leave a letter lying around?" he asked with eager curiosity.

"You did—and I read it."

"I'd forget my fool head if it wasn't part of my physical equipment. Well, I have nothing to explain. It's my business, Mercedes. Hereafter you will sing soft and low where I am concerned. I'm a little bit weary of being bossed. No more of it, please. It has but recently occurred to me that you've been running me ragged, and I've had enough. Now, erase that look from your pretty face, and let's talk about something else."

Mercedes stared at him, frank incredulity now replacing the look of repressed fury in her amazingly lovely eyes. Suddenly her lip commenced to quiver, and she fumbled in her handbag on the table for a handkerchief. Julie eyed her unconcernedly.

"No use trying the tyranny of tears on me, Mercedes," he suggested. "That plan isn't workable any more. You weep too readily, and tears will never again bring me fluttering to your feet, to proclaim myself an abominable brute and admit a fault I have not committed. I've got to the point where I decline to abuse myself to win your smile and forgiveness. Go take a jump in the lake."

This was too much. Mercedes uttered a low, dramatic cry and swooned. Julie was distressed and frightened, but not to such a degree that he failed to note that his wife had taken excellent care to precipitate herself on an adjacent sofa; he was not much concerned, therefore, when she slipped limply to the floor and lay there face downward.

"That carpet's dirty as the devil, Mercedes," he warned.

In about a minute Mercedes sighed gustily; then she commenced to kick up and down very violently, beating a devil's tattoo that raised a miniature cloud of dust from the ancient carpet.

She had never done this before, and Julie wondered why she did it now. He decided at length that this was because she had never been forced to do it previously. Plainly she was in hysterics, and because this was a new note in his domestic drama he sat quietly looking at her, listening to her wild sobbing, her perfervid moaning. She was pitiful. Julie admitted this to himself.

SO AT last when Mercedes realized she had failed, rose, went into the bathroom and locked herself in, Julie fled. He had no very coherent idea whither he was bound, but a cinema theatre happening to loom suddenly in his path, he entered. It was deserted, except for the first ten rows of seats, so he sat down in the very last row, comforted by the darkness, and listened to the organ sob out an air that seemed strangely familiar. After a while he remembered the title. It was Love's Old Sweet Song.

He sighed and got out. He didn't like Love's Old Sweet Song—not just then. "I wonder if Gloria's name is in the telephone book?" he soliloquized. "I'll ring her up and ask her to have dinner with me. She'll understand. She knows I'm not one of these doggy married men who aren't understood at home. She knows me! By jingo, I'll ring her up."

He went to the public telephone in the Palace Hotel, looked up Gloria's number and entered a booth, but could not get an answer to his call.

As he came out of the booth the girl attendant in charge said to him, "Don't forget your pineapple, mister!"

It was true. He had carried the pineapple which the mate of the South Sea trader had given him back to the hotel as a votive offering to Mercedes. Throughout the unpleasant scene there he had clung to it. He had even carried it into the cinema palace. . . .

"A man gave it to me. I don't want it. Would you like it?" he blurted.

"Oh, thank you. I'd adore it."

She looked after his retreating form. "That boy friend's cuckoo," she decided. "If he didn't want the pineapple, what'd he mean by carryin' it around with him?"

She did not know that Julie was asking himself the same question and not finding any acceptable answer. However, he did not pester himself long with the problem. It occurred to him presently that in a copy of the Electric Engineering World he had in his pocket there was an article on thunderbolts by Dr. Nirander, of the University of Upsala, Sweden. Nirander was the world's authority on lightning . . . Julie found a seat in the lobby of the hotel and read.

A passer-by heard him murmur, "Remarkable. I must visit Upsala. That Swede knows things I'm going to find mighty useful!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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As necessary as the morning shave

The Five O'Clock Boy

Continued from page 16

have to watch my diet pretty closely. That's all I do have to do to keep in trim, except for the sports, that I'd play at, anyway. But it's not so easy. Boy, how I love to dig into a flock of potatoes! When I lay off during the summer I never lose a chance. Then two weeks before I start work I cut down again. And, as a matter of fact, I feel 1,000 per cent better."

Wednesday matinées, not so highly regarded by most of the profession, are meat for Oscar Shaw. The audience is largely made up of women and children.

"They eat up the love stuff and the 'cute' scenes," he said. "The men get the wisecracks, but when you get the women and the kids laughing at something like trick pantomime you can clown to beat the band.

What Makes 'Em Laugh?

"INCIDENTALLY, that's about the only thing you can be sure of when it comes to figuring how you'll get over. I never have been able to dope out audience psychology. You can't tell from one night to another what will get them. But you can tell something about the mood of the audience. Like most players, I have a key line. In this show right after my opening song I say to the girl over the phone:

"'Oh, yes, you can slip over when all your servants have gone out.'

"You see, I've never met her, and she has led me to believe, over the telephone, that she is an heiress, when, as a matter of fact, she's just a kid who works in a cleaner's shop.

"Some nights they laugh uproariously at that line. Other times it just lands with a thud like a bale of newspapers. And if they don't get that line, then I know that they're not going to be so *forte*—not so *forte*.

"Why, after I've been a week or so in a show I can tell you, when I come off after my key line, what the audience is going to be like during the performance.

"In this show there's one bit of business that they always laugh at. I am alone on the stage, my girl has just left me and I take out a cigarette and a patent lighter—which always works the first time—and the minute the flame spurts I suppose there's some sap out there who has a lighter that's a dud and when mine works right away his wife pokes him in the ribs and he starts a guffaw that the whole audience takes up."

But alas for a star's confidence in his lighter. A few nights later, when this writer was out front, the lighter foozled on two tries and Shaw had to abandon the attempt. And it didn't hit the audience as funny at all. There wasn't a laugh.

"Well," said Shaw later, when teased about this, "that was the first time since the show opened. But I'm off prop lighters from now on. I'm using my own now."

"Man," remarked Shaw's dresser, Jackson, a few moments later while the player was on for the lighter scene, "that lighter is the bane of mah existence. Ah have to play chauffeur to it, and if it don't work—blooie!"

Speaking of laughs, there's nothing that gets an audience like impromptu, unrehearsed stuff.

"It's a doggone funny thing about ad-lib stuff," said Shaw. "You'll walk on there tonight, and someone will miss a cue or go up in his lines and you'll slip in a gag right out of a clear sky that gets as big a laugh as anything in the show. It may be a line or it may be a bit of business.

"I remember when we were playing in Leave It to Jane. We were in Wilmington, Del. Now, on the road, I don't know why, but you never get two encores. You either get one or you get three or four, while in New York you get one or two. If you wake 'em up out of town, boy, you *wake* 'em!

"Well, this night Georgia O'Ramey and Earl Fox and I were called for three encores and then we took a bow—but they kept on applauding. This was during the Sir Galahad number. We came out again and gave them another encore, and just at the finish I noticed a great big tuba in the orchestra. It must have been telepathy or something because just as if we'd rehearsed it Fox and I picked up Miss O'Ramey and slipped her head-first into that horn. She hadn't known what was coming, of course, and she kicked and made gurgling noises down there in that horn while the audience went into hysterics. As they say in the classics, we 'wowed 'em.' *That* stayed in.

"American audiences are phlegmatic compared to European ones. I remember in the London Opera House a few years ago, when we were giving them Come Over Here, there was a riot at the finale. They threw hats and handkerchiefs and programs into the air and cheered like Americans at a ball game. In Paris it was the same."

If Americans are slow to cheer, they're not so reluctant to write. You ought to see Shaw's mail!

The bulk of the letters follow a set formula: a paragraph of just how "crazy" the writer is about Mr. Shaw, a paragraph explaining that it is not the writer's habit to send such letters (one lady from Pittsburgh took pains to assure him that she was not "one of those silly matinée worshipers") and a final timorous paragraph requesting an autographed photograph.

Every one of them is answered, and those who ask for them receive photographs, although it's doubtful whether even the obliging Mr. Shaw will go so far as to autograph them, as one unknown admirer requested, "to Elinor with love from Oscar in memory of our pleasant evening together."

"This thing runs into money," said Shaw. "It costs me about 74 cents each to send the photographs, and I'm no movie star with a contract that puts that expense on the pocketbook of his managers." But he's like a kid about his mail. I know he opens every letter himself and reads it, and he answers them himself too.

Some of the writers depart from the formula a bit and some even venture to criticize.

Occasionally comes a letter with a really helpful suggestion. In The Five O'Clock Girl, for instance, Shaw now sings his opening song into the telephone, standing up. This, from an admirer in Upper Darby, Pa., who didn't sign her name, explains why:

"It was most painful to me, a Shaw fan, to hear your awkward opening song. Is it that you tried to sing softly? Do try to sing it louder, and do sit more comfortably on the sofa."

"I knew there was something wrong with that number," Shaw told me, "but I didn't know just what. When I got that letter I realized that it was difficult for me to sing on that uncomfortably deep sofa, so I tried standing up after that, and it went fine."

Matinée Madness

JUDGING from Mr. Shaw's fan mail, there seems to have been one semester in a certain exclusive finishing school in Pennsylvania during which the young ladies devoted most of their time to writing the star. It started with one modest request for a photograph, which was granted. Then the recipient wrote to beg one for a classmate who "had a secret crush on a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra until she saw you, then it was all off."

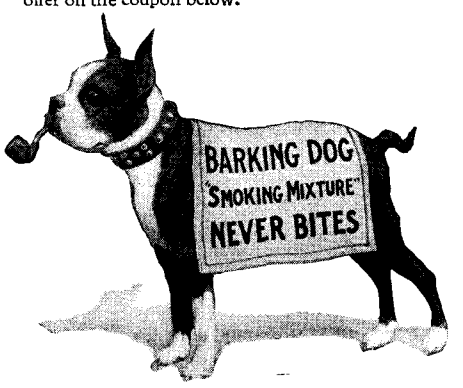
The photograph was sent, and then a flood of requests followed. It must have been tough on the Philadelphia Orchestra that season.

Mr. Shaw, by the way, has no children.

"But out at Great Neck we have four

(*Continued on page 54*)

Tobacco Pouch FREE!
If your dealer does not yet feature Barking Dog Smoking Mixture, you may get an attractive MacScott tobacco pouch FREE. Because three out of every four new smokers who try Barking Dog will become regular customers, we can afford the liberal sample offer on the coupon below.



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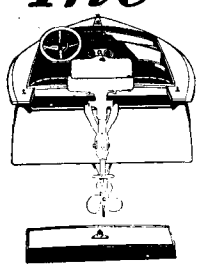


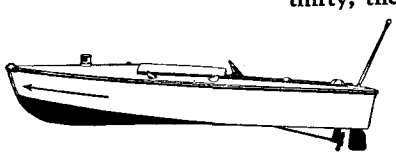
Stern view of Red Arrow showing one outboard motor mounted on transom, with demountable rear deck section removed.

Here's rocket speed in a dashing swagger model as new and bright as the rainbow after a squall.

Sturdy framing, corrosion resisting Armco plates, lifeboat air chambers make the Red Arrow a true member of the Mullins family where safety and long life go hand in hand with beauty and speed.

Thanks to Mullins production methods, here is a speedster that just has *everything* — and just about hits bottom on price—way below what it looks like.

And thanks to the 1928 model *Duplex* hull, you can have your Red Arrow equipped with the Gray four-thirty, the bigger Universal Super-Four, or buy it without the motor for use with one or two outboards.



The side view gives a splendid impression of the clean racy lines and harmonious proportions of this vee-bottom speedster.

But, you want to know a lot more about it. Ask us to send you a copy of the new 1928 four color "Book of Boats." There you'll find all the dope.

Four Sea Hawk Models for 1928 in Armco Metal or Aluminum.

MULLINS

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265 DEPOT STREET - SALEM, OHIO

The Five O'Clock Boy

Continued from page 53

Pekingese, thirty-eight canaries (all named after friends, and I can tell 'em apart too) and Lord knows how many goldfish.

"I bought a farm with a ninety-year-old house on it, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Pennsylvania, not long ago. It's always been my ambition to own a farm—a dream of mine, as it were. That's why we've called the place El Sueño, which means The Dream in Spanish."

Not So Collegiate

HIS father died when he was quite young, and it was the need of helping support his mother, who lives in Logan, Pa., that sent young Shaw into weight guessing and soap peddling early. He is NOT, despite the widely circulated mimeography of a certain press agent, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

"That's bunk," he said, "although it nearly got me into trouble once. Just before we opened with a show in Philadelphia—where I'm pretty well known—the press agent thought it would be cute to broadcast that I was a U. of P. graduate.

"When I came out of the stage door alley after the opening show there was a group of about a dozen young college boys waiting for me. Said their spokesman politely:

"'We understand you're posing as a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and as a member of the Phi-something-or-other frat.' The press agent had outdone himself apparently.

"'Not at all,' I said; 'I never went to college, and I never said I did.'

"Well, it took me almost an hour to convince that belligerent bunch that it wasn't my fault what the papers said. Finally we parted friends, but the management had to write a letter of apology to the college and to the frat, I believe."

Mr. Shaw got another complaint of a slightly different type the same evening that I talked with him. In his current show he says of his valet:

"Oh, Hutchens is a liar; he's a super-liar, he's a walking gas meter."

This drew a letter from an association of gas companies asking that he please refrain from using the gag because it was unfair and that gas meters were just as reliable as his watch and so-and-so and so-and-so.

"Silly," he said. "A gag like that can't hurt anything. Why, one of the greatest automobile businesses in the world thrived on wisecracks—the Ford."

They did change the line, but only because they found a better one. It's "he's a walking taximeter" now.

Oscar Shaw wants to do a lot more movie work when his stage contracts will let him. But he prefers musical comedy because he likes the kick that comes from having an audience on hand to register promptly and decisively just how you're getting over. How is all that interests him, by the way. He never bothers to try to analyze why.

That's probably one reason why he gets over so regularly and so big.

Love Has Gifts

Continued from page 24

"Why not?" asked Daphne. "There must be a number of pleasant things in the world that Whipple money will buy. *I* shall care for it after them, but I shan't stay here to keep track of it; and I shan't be lonely in Paris."

Vagn's lips set in a thin line. He wiped off the mirror and adjusted it carefully. When he spoke again his voice was gentle and quite detached. "Come here beside me and watch. Don't move unless you have to and don't speak above a whisper."

She crouched on the floor beside him and, in the mirror, she saw something move. A bird's silhouette showed against the gray dusk of the chimney; and as it grew less difficult to see she made out details of its markings, the pale throat, the faint light shimmering over its feathers. For a long time they sat, shoulders touching, in a curious, watchful silence. Vagn was absorbed, his eyes rapt, and presently Daphne was astonished to feel her heart pounding and her breath coming quickly as if, in that silence, they were sharing some odd emotion. She turned toward him and looked into his eyes.

He smiled at her, "I shall want wages for my work," he said. "If you really can paint at all, paint that for me."

So she painted it for him. In answer, she told herself, to the cool challenge in his voice. Afterward she went on painting for herself. The walls of the upper room filled with gay sketches. In the wide rectangle between the windows she hung her first finished canvas, a brown-gold corner of the wood lot with the sunlight lying like thick yellow dust on the dry moss under the hemlocks.

As she had said, the tower was a refuge. Most of her free hours she spent there. She had thought of painting rather as a dilettante hobby, but now, with the stillness of the fields about her, she worked with an absorption, a delight that surprised her, and, on the whole, amused her. When she was tired of working she walked in the wood lot, spreading like a fan between the tower and the river, or sat still in some sunlit coppice, watching the flickers and chewinks above her head, the gray squirrels foraging near by. For all her amusement she knew moments when her throat filled and she caught her breath with pleasure in the sun-dappled quiet, the fragrant stillness all about her.

Once she chanced on Vagn Jorgens lying beside a thicket where a ruffed grouse had her nest. She had seen him only once or twice since the rainy Sunday at the tower, and she loitered with him along the faint path, flanked by dogwood and elder, while he pointed out unfamiliar birds: a golden-winged warbler, a brown thrush, a tanager.

"The undergrowth and evergreens keep them," he explained. "They come earlier in the spring and stay later in the fall than birds can on cleared land a hundred miles south. I wish—" He hesitated boyishly. Then he plunged. "Would you walk an extra mile around with me, past my house? I've something I'd like to show you."

"'Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain,'" murmured Daphne. "Why not?"

Without analyzing it, she found herself happier than she had been for days.

HIS house stood close to the wood lot. Between it and the road was a plot of grass shaded by two well-grown elms; and further off, across the road, gray barns loomed, and a concrete silo.

Daphne stood at the doorstep looking about. "It's lovely here," she said. "You live here alone, do you?"

"Except for the hired people. My foreman's wife tends to the house for me."

"Some day you'll marry."

His slow smile crumpled his lean face. "Likely enough. I'm not yet thirty. Still—" He took out his knife and began to cut the thorny stalks of a yellow rose, hesitating as if he wanted to say something more. Presently, it came, "Still, I have never asked a woman to marry me. I want much—too

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much, perhaps. Love has gifts—and I want them all. If I cannot have all, I want nothing. Years ago I came to that."

"Gifts?"

"Passion, that is the body's gift," he said quietly, "understanding from the brain and tenderness from the heart. And spiritual companionship. Comradeship. Of the spirit. Many men live long lives, married, and love brings them no gifts at all; or at most one or two. But I want all of them. You see—my people had them. They were very ordinary country folk, but they were gift bringers to each other. They needed nothing else. Even I was outside. But I am what I am because they loved each other."

Daphne stood, faintly smiling. By all the traditions of her upbringing, his intensity, his earnestness were crude and uncouth. She wanted to meet them with the trivialities which were her weapons of defense, but she could think of nothing to say. She turned her face and looked through the open door into the living-room.

"How many books you have," she said. "Was it a book you wanted to show me?"

"Not a book, exactly," he went past her and lighted a shaded lamp standing on a plain brown table. She saw him fumbling at the drawers of his desk. When he came back he was carrying a thick sheaf of old-fashioned foolscap. "It's a lot of notes in manuscript. Mr. Whipple lived with the idea of exposing the home life of hole-nesting birds. He felt that the wood lot had something to give the world. He wanted to do it from the time he was a young man, but he couldn't get to it—to the real work of it, I mean—until he was old. He had to earn leisure as well as his possessions. He spent over seven years on the swifts. I've sat with him nights watching them in the mirror with the lamps placed to light the nest and the sides of the chimney. I was fifteen when he died, but I had been tagging at his heels for ten years and when I found his sisters meant to burn all his old papers, I offered to pay for them with garden work. They made me work three summers for them, but this manuscript is worth the time. It needs arrangement and compilation,

Nameographs

"Paavo Nurmi," by R. Sinclair, 421 20th St., West, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada

"Galli Curci," by Lucy de Base, 1315 Main St., Stevens Point, Wis.

A couple of gifted runners—one track and one scales. But just another splendid pair of Nameographs if that's the way you look at it.

but the meat is there. It's finer than almost anything I've read. Almost no one has the patience for so many years of observation."

Daphne looked curiously at the small, rugged, heavy writing. "Why show it to me?"

"You see, you"—he stammered suddenly—"you paint so well. I didn't guess at first that you could paint so well."

AFTERWARD he walked home with her through the June dusk. There was a windy glow in the west and a faint silvery mist above the river. Her aunts were rocking on the side porch. In their silence Daphne felt anger and braced herself to meet it.

"Was it the Norskie down by the hedge?" Abbie asked.

"It was Vagn Jorgens," Daphne answered coolly. "I met him in the wood lot and he walked home with me."

"A Whipple signed the Declaration," Aunt Mattie said in her high, sharp voice, "and you waste your time on this Norskie. His father couldn't speak English. A peasant out of Norway!"

"And his son was an officer in France," Daphne's even voice went on in the dusk. "Why not spend time on him? He shows me things I can't see for myself. 'Things of the senses, things of the spirit.' I rather like him," she said.

Mattie smiled from the corner of her mouth. "He thinks you're to have our money. Doesn't he know we are planning you shall have it?"

Daphne was silent.

"Doesn't he?" Abbie asked sharply.

"I—suppose he does."

"It's what he's after. These Norskies are out for themselves, all of them. You can tell him that no son of an immigrant will get his hands on a penny of Whipple money." Her old thin voice shook suddenly with obscure anger. "If you know which side your bread's buttered, miss, you'll not see him again."

"I won't see him, of course," she said placatingly, "if you'd rather I didn't."

AFTERWARD, lying sleepless on her narrow bed, it occurred to her that the whole situation called merely for cleverness. How was anyone to know whether she saw Vagn or not? Her aunts were old, both of them, over eighty. They rarely left the house, and if they tried they could not climb the winding tower stair or follow her through the wood lot. Secrecy was an easy matter if she kept her wits. And—why not?

After that Daphne and Vagn Jorgens met irregularly, when he could find time away from his work. It was a curious, almost impersonal companionship—she at her painting, he lost in the old manuscript, musing over it, following with a certain fineness, in his compilation, the exact wording, the accuracy of the notes. After the garrulity of the old women, the man's silences refreshed her. Besides, her own interest in the book was roused. Out of the things he brought her to read, in the hours they spent in the wood lot, had come something absorbing, so that she forgot him often when he was close beside her. She was even startled when, at last, he spoke. They were coming to the tower after a long afternoon.

"There's a moon tonight," Vagn said. "I want you to drive with me. We are leaving no time, in all this, for each other."

Daphne's cheeks suddenly grew hot. It was, she recognized, a beginning, the initiation, of courtship.

"We should be having time for each other," he went on slowly. "I'll come to your house for you at eight."

"Oh, why not here?" Daphne asked lightly. "I can slip away, I think."

"Slip away?" He drew a deep harsh breath. In his amazement he began to stammer: "Do you not wish me at your home? Daphne—Daphne, you have never asked me—"

"It isn't pleasant—" But her eyes wavered from his. "You wouldn't like it, and I wouldn't. Better go on as we have been."

"We can't go on as we have been," Vagn said.

An odd sharpness came into his face. He folded his arms, and they stood facing each other through a miserable little silence. When he spoke, the trouble in his voice underlined his awkward precision of speech:

"Have they forbidden you to see me, Daphne?"

"They are so very old," she murmured. "Prejudiced too, and harsh...."

"They are so very *rich*," he flung at her. "Have they put their money between us?"

It was exactly what they had done, of course. And she had made her admirably cool choice, placating them with

(*Continued on page 56*)

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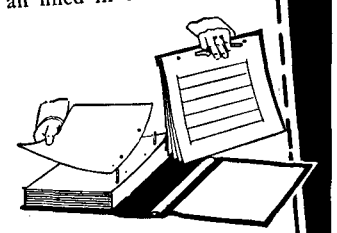

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Love Has Gifts

Continued from page 55

her promises. Well, why not? For a little while their wills were paramount; her whole future depended on their yea and nay. Better—wasn't it?—to shut this man out than risk the Whipple money. She liked him more than anyone she had ever known, but he wasn't worth that. What could there be between herself, sensitized, sophisticated person that she was, and this young farmer?

"You can see how it is," she said.

"Yes. I can see."

There was a helpless silence. Daphne was not looking at him, but she knew he was standing rigidly, arms folded, eyes fixed straight in front of him. But as he turned toward her, searching her face, she caught herself swaying within the circle of his outflung arm. It closed about her, and she heard the shaken murmur of her name and the hard pain that rang beneath it. The moment had the unreality of a dream. She felt his body tremble as he drew her to him. His kisses—flaming, gentle kisses—fell on her mouth. Then he was gone, and she was stumbling up the winding stairs, the back of her hand pressed hard against her lips.

A COOL, gray twilight filled the upper room. The swifts stirred with sleepy chuckles behind the shutters of the wooden chimney. From the white oaks beyond the window came the metallic whirring of the katydids. For a long time Daphne lay in the morris chair that Vagn had mended, trying to think, trying to plan ahead for the days when she would not see him. For he was not coming again. He knew that she had refused him for the sake of the Whipple money and he would not come. He had not even wanted to kiss her. He had turned toward her blindly, irresistibly, as she had gone to him; but afterwards he had left her and in his leaving she found finality. There were to be no more secret meetings, no evasions, no subterfuges. He would come to her openly, an accepted lover, or he would not come. His code was as simple as that. After what seemed a long time she realized with a throb of amazement that she loved him for it.

Only, of course, she did not love him enough. She was too cool, with her clear Whipple judgment. She could not bring herself to exchange her way of life for his. The gifts he asked of a woman—passion and understanding, tenderness and comradeship—were not hers to bestow. Some other woman would give him those. The thing for her to do was to stop loving him altogether. He wasn't coming back.

September went its way, and October came in a blaze of color. Autumn haze hung on the distant hills deepening toward night like a purpling bruise. The wood lot took on the emeralds and ochers of a medieval tapestry. Poplars were golden-yellow, maples crimson, ashes red and brown. When she walked along the paths, Daphne scuffed through heaps of russet leaves. Flocks of birds, flying south, lighted in the plantation, feeding on the viburnum and wild rose, filling the grove with twitterings. Through the day she worked at the tower. One of Vagn's sayings—"Everyone who has the stubborn energy for work knows a kind of happiness"—stayed with her, and she smiled a little whenever it recurred, thinking of it, thinking that the man who loved her had himself put into her hands the single weapon strong enough to combat love. Without the absorption of it, even the cool-headedness which was her pride must have yielded to her longing for him.

If not happiness, she knew a kind of apathy. She had her quiet room, high in the trees, her canvases, the books she was already studying intently, the manuscript her grandfather had begun. She tried not to think beyond the months that it would take to make it ready for a publisher. It was mechanical work, hers yet not hers, but she gave it her heart and her mind and her soul and fourteen hours a day of her body. At home she forced herself to eat and talk. She could not always force herself to sleep.

ONE night a stranger came in after supper and was closeted with Abbie in the farm office.

"It was Andrew Bergerson," Mattie told her when he had gone. "Tomorrow he will begin the clearing of the wood lot."

"The wood lot?" Daphne whispered. "What do you—?"

"We are having the undergrowth cut out and some of the pines. In the spring we shall turn the sheep in there for pasture. And that useless old tower is to come down. I've a letter from a wrecking company in Chicago that offers three times as much for those foolish plate-glass windows as Amos gave for them."

"Aunt Abbie! Aunt Mattie!" In her amazement she had risen and backed toward the door. There she stood staring at them, her heart filled with helpless, bewildered anger. They were so rich. They were so old—so old. And still they wanted money more than anything. "Please—please. It's valuable as it is. Grandfather planted the coppice himself. Why do you spoil it?"

She looked at them with a look they must have seen many times, a look aghast, dismayed, beseeching.

"What good is it?" Abbie said dryly. "It is waste land now, but it can be turned to profit. Lumbered off, it will make fair pasture, and the pasture can be sowed to corn."

"But the birds." She whimpered suddenly like a child in punishment. "We'll lose them. It's the coppice and the pines that bring the birds."

Mattie sent her a cold, sidelong glance. "Birds?"

"And what," Abbie asked at the same moment, "do we care about the birds?"

Daphne did not answer. She had discovered there was nothing she could say, nothing she could do, nothing that anyone could do. The wood lot belonged to these two old women, and they could destroy it if they willed. They would work down from the crest of the hill to the river. She would hear the whine of the sawmill day after day, like the snarl of a beast over its victim. And she could not stop it. They could not see that there was something in that tended woodland that could be given to the world. It was too intangible as yet, too unprofitable. She felt stunned with the blood driven from her heart and the breath from her throat. She must go away, out of that room, she thought confusedly, she must think. Think. . . .

FIVE bitter, sleepless hours after midnight she got out of bed, dressed slowly in the dark and slipped down the narrow stairway out of the house. It was dark in the wood lot, but beyond the river a thin gray light presaging dawn was welling slowly up from the horizon. She walked hesitatingly, feeling her way with her foot groping ahead on the path as though she were moving along the edge of an abyss. Mist eddied up from the river, hanging among the trees, trailing spume before her. Through it, with the first glimmer of the sunrise, the red sumacs showed like fire opals. Before Vagn Jorgens' house a crimson winesap gleamed, smashed in a rut of the road.

He was standing in the middle of the room, tall and lean, his bright hair snaring the sunlight. Beyond in the kitchen she saw a table laid for breakfast, heard someone moving about the stove. He stood there with his head bent a little, yet looking at her—waiting for her to speak. And she tried to speak, but all words died on her lips. Less than half a dozen steps separated them and yet moments passed and still they went on looking at each other.

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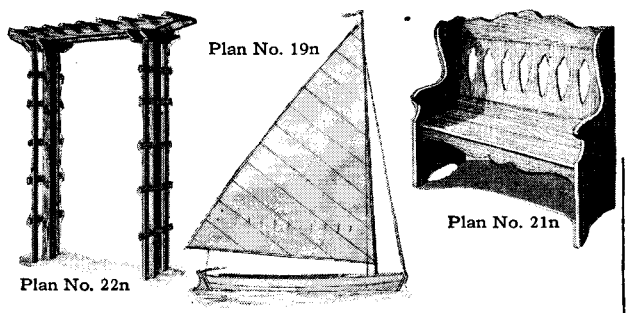

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"Vagn, I've come to tell you something; to ask you." Daphne found syllables at last and took a step toward him. She told her story in the briefest phrases. "Is there anything," she asked desperately in a cool voice, "that can be done?"

"I can buy the wood lot," Vagn answered—"lock, stock, and bird tower. They've offered it for sale."

A waste of woodland. Something the Whipples didn't want. Only, she remembered stupidly, he too cared for birds, wanted them as her grandfather had. She thought of her aunts' aversion, contempt. This would make another chapter in their Iliad.

"You'll not get it for a song," she ventured dryly.

"Hardly for a song," he agreed. "They wouldn't, you know. I don't care—"

"It'll mean debt for you. Won't it? And your farm's clear. . . ."

"WHAT is debt to me? At thirty? If my father could earn seven hundred acres in his lifetime, I can pay for thirty. I'll give them a mortgage."

"A mortgage for—birds."

"Not altogether," Vagn said.

She lifted her eyes and saw the pulse beating swiftly in his throat as he met her look. Her own throat thickened and her heart hammered, hammered, hammered. She went around the table and stood close to him, and when he folded his arms tightly, his odd gesture of repression (to keep them, Daphne thought, from going round her), she slipped her slim hands under his big ones.

"Vagn," she whispered, "Vagn—Vagn, I love you. I shall never all my life love anyone but you."

"But do you love me *enough?*" His voice was almost harsh with his intensity. "While we can still— Think, think well, Daphne. Be sure you know what you are doing."

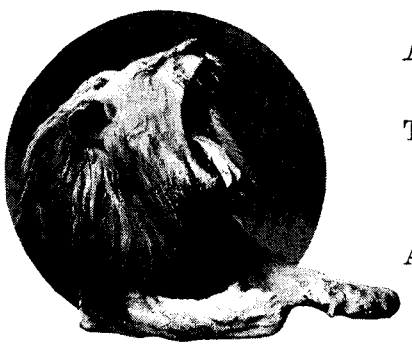
She knew so well what she was doing. The world was breaking about her—the blue sky outside drifting away in tenuous waves, the solid earth under her feet tipping—but she knew perfectly what she was doing. She was smiling at Vagn through wet lashes, the hands that might have hidden her face locked under his, her quivering mouth and brimming eyes bare to his look.

"I'm asking you to marry me. I want that mortgage for my wedding present. I want—you. Vagn, I'm ashamed. I was trying to stop loving you. Torture, it was. I didn't realize how utterly I needed you."

He did not say anything for a little. His arm slipped around her, and he made awkward little patting motions on her hair and across her shoulders. "Don't cry," he said at last. It sounded beautiful because he said it huskily.

"Oh, let me cry. Why not?" But when she felt his arms tighten she lifted her face and flung her head back in the crook of his elbow. They two who belonged to each other, to whom love had brought all gifts— "We could get a license, couldn't we, today?" she asked.

He stooped to kiss her wet eyelids. "Yes, we can get a license," he said breathlessly.



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
William L. Chenery, Editor
Charles Colebaugh, Managing Editor

Bombs or Ballots

HOW has it happened that Chicago, one of the truly great cities of the world, has become the victim of endless gangs of warring criminals who shoot down their business rivals with machine guns and plant bombs under the houses of their political opponents?

The recent campaign in Chicago was conducted with unparalleled violence. The houses of city officials, judges and even of a United States senator were blown up and these were merely spectacular examples of what is a routine performance.

If you concentrate your attention on the violence of the last months and years, Chicago with upward of 60 bombings seems to have suffered appalling losses in prestige and morals, if not in money.

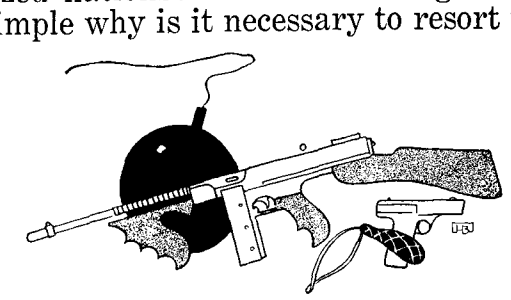
Chicagoans have not the excuse of the old Russian terrorists. Chicago has the forms of a modern efficient government, not ideal of course, but in good hands serviceable enough for an imperfect world.

In other respects Chicago is an inspiring community. Imagination, daring, prodigious enterprise, and solicitude for the poor and the weak characterize its famous leaders.

Look at the imperial sky line which rises on the edge of Lake Michigan. See the building of streets in the air, the bodily removal of a powerful river, vast developments arising overnight, beautiful conceptions. Chicago is a miracle city.

In education, in centers of culture and of humanitarianism it is a world leader. Its universities are the workshops of famed scholars and scientists. Its spiritual leaders, such as Miss Jane Addams, are admired the world over.

Why does a rich, energetic, intelligent, educated metropolis yield to the political methods of remote semi-civilized nations? When balloting is so simple why is it necessary to resort to



"This works fine in my racket, and it oughta work in yours"

bombs and bullets in the settlement of political—or business—rivalries?

The answer is simple enough. Chicago is now the victim of apparently uncontrollable violence because during a number of years otherwise respectable people condoned the use of violence for what they considered good purposes.

Gangs of hoodlums have found employment in Chicago for thirty years and more. They have taken part in circulation wars between rival newspapers. They have been employed in the struggles between building contractors and labor unions. The list of those who have for one reason and another profited by the violence of lawless men during the last few years is very extensive. The customary excuse is self-defense and often it is true enough.

But violence cannot be used even in a good cause without doing irreparable injury. No honorable person condones bombing but many honorable people have condoned and approved the employment of hoodlums who use bombs. Thus violence became entrenched. Then came prohibition.

Chicago, like New York and many other cities, has been in open revolt against prohibition since the very passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Consequently, Chicago found, as did most other cities, that only by ignoring bribery and lawlessness could it get its liquor.

Obviously the controversies between men engaged in a contraband business could not be settled in the courts. So men outside the law, bribers and managers of an illicit trade, went to machine guns and bombs.

Politicians joined hands with bootleggers. Bootleggers used assassins in their trade. Pistols, machine guns, bombs, in southern Illinois even airplanes, were among the weapons employed by outlaw liquor dealers.

Officials sharing the loot of this civil war are in no position to restrain such criminals. So bombings and murders are not punished. The bombers and murderers grow confident as they find themselves immune from punishment.

By easy stages terror became a political tool.

If Chicago cannot clean out its gang of outlaws, the federal government can. More than once in the history of this country local crime has defied local authority but never has the national government been successfully challenged.

But it is hardly conceivable that a community as proud and as powerful as Chicago will be driven to seek national aid in defending itself. By local initiative the bombers and murderers will be brought to justice. When that is effectually accomplished Chicago will have added greatly to the achievements which long ago made it one of the memorable cities of the world.

Gambling With God

LIFE insurance was called "gambling with God" by the French in the sixteenth century. So the law barred it as impious.

More than one half of the residents of the United States held policies at the end of last year, calling for $87,000,000,000. They accounted for almost three fourths of the world's outstanding total of $101,000,000,000.

No one fears divine Providence will be angered if we take this method of smoothing the financial path of those who live on. So the underwriters distributed $1,500,000,000 to beneficiaries in this country in 1927.

Four centuries ago it was all right to insure against the loss of goods in shipwreck, but an offense against good morals to seek protection for a family by the same plan. Two hundred years more were required to establish the identity of the principle involved.

We don't gamble with God in saving for the future by building an estate. Life insurance amounts to just that.

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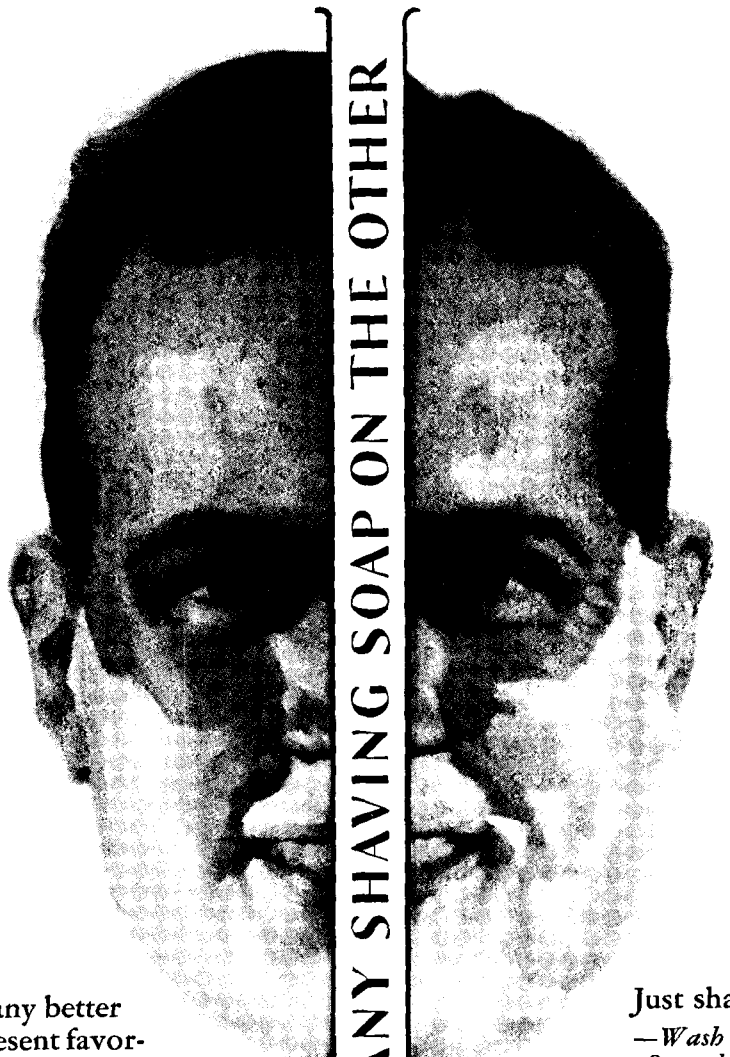
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW UNLESS YOU



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But millions of happy shavers think BARBASOL has everything else beaten at least *three* ways: *faster, smoother, closer.* We hope *they're* right.

Why not settle this shaving question the modern American way?

Use your favorite shaving soap just the way you use it every day—lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again—but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling BARBASOL. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in.

Just shave! Like this:

—Wash the face {and leave it wet}
—Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}
—Shave!

Do this three successive days, and—

It will tell you, smartly, which is the soap side, alkali burn and razor pull and beard resistance.

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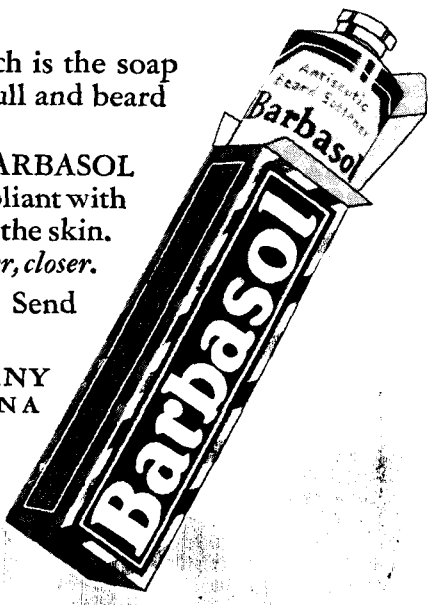

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